

nie Restaurant,
rd Street, between Spring
Broadway.

secretary, Mr. Wishon
unable to be present. The paper
discussed at length.
The program this afternoon and this
includes the following papers:

Prof. W. L. Dudley, H. Lind-
ley and Dun McPherson.

amount of several thousand dollars and had arrangements made to pass \$3000 worth when detected and arrested. The men gave fictitious names.

regular \$1.50 at "The Owl" only... \$1.00
Martin's Baltimore Bourbon,
regular \$1.50 at "The Owl" only... \$1.00

Lydia Pinkham's \$1.00 Compound,	65c
at "The Owl" only.....	
Carl Renner's Malt Extract,	20c
at "The Owl" only.....	

price is 50c; our price

Best we sell it. Regular
25c.



The Owl Drug Co.
DEPENDABLE DRUGS
320 So. Spring St.
Cut Rate Druggists
DICTATORS OF DRUG PRICES

Goods delivered free in Los Angeles and Pasadena.

Freight paid on all purchases of \$5 or more to railway points within 100 miles of Los Angeles.



The Owl Drug Co.
DEPENDABLE DRUGS
320 So. Spring St.
Cut Rate Druggists
DICTATORS OF DRUG PRICES

Another Batch of Association "Knockers."

Every Price a Crowd Bringer.

Lennox Complexion Cream, 40c.

We have tested and sold ALL of the advertised face creams and can recommend Lennox as being the best now before the public. It removes freckles, tan, sunburn, moth patches and discolorations just as the manufacturers say it will, and ladies tell us that it makes the skin soft as velvet. Hundreds of women customers have used it for years, and you could not induce them to use any other kind.

Fine Toilet Soaps.

We cut to kill. All association stores would charge double were it not for "The Owl's" deep cuts.

Cuticura Soap, regular 5c. at	15c
Pears' Soap, regular 5c. at	10c
Packer's Tar Soap, regular 5c. at	15c
Green Castile, with wash rag, regular 10c. at	10c
White Castile, with wash rag, regular 10c. at	10c
4711 White Rose Soap, regular 5c. at	15c
Munyon's Soap, regular 5c. 10c. for	25c
Kirk's Juvenile Soap, regular 5c. 10c. for	50c
Woodbury's Facial Soap, regular 5c. 10c. for	50c
Physician's and Surgeons' Soap, regular 10c. 15c. or more	90c

Carter's Swedish Hair Renewer 50c.

For freeing the head from dandruff, restoring the natural color and producing new growth where the hair has fallen off. A few applications will stop the falling out of hair and restore gray hair to its original color. This is the most satisfactory hair renewer it is possible to buy. We've tested every one claiming any merit and the results obtained by Carter's proves it far superior to any other brand. Sold everywhere for 75c—our price 50c.

Medicinal Liquors.

The best assortment of leading brands recommended by physicians. We are never just out. These are the kind of prices that make the combine sick.

Canadian Club Whiskey, regular \$1.50, at "The Owl" only	\$1.00
Hunter's Baltimore Rye, regular \$1.50, at "The Owl" only	\$1.25
Guggenheimer Rye, full quart, at "The Owl" only	50c
McLewer Bourbon, full pints, at "The Owl" only	50c
Black's White Scotch Whiskey, regular \$1.50, at "The Owl" only	\$1.25
Martin's Baltimore Rye, regular \$1.50, at "The Owl" only	\$1.00
Martin's Baltimore Bourbon, regular \$1.50, at "The Owl" only	\$1.00

Owl Specials.

The articles priced below are not sold as cheap in any other city in the United States, simply because "The Owl" keeps prices down.

Mc size California Syrup of Fig, at "The Owl" only	25c
Castoria, baby cries for it, at "The Owl" only	25c
The size Sordodont, at "The Owl" only	50c
Pierce's Medical Discovery, at "The Owl" only	50c
Pain's Colory Compound, at "The Owl" only	50c
Lydia Pinkham's \$1.00 Compound, at "The Owl" only	65c
Carl Reuser's Malt Extract, at "The Owl" only	20c

Glover's Dog Remedies.

Absolutely reliable—they have saved the lives of many valuable animals.

Glover's Vermifuge, regular 50c. at	40c
Glover's Mange Cure, regular 50c. at	40c
Glover's Blood Purifier, regular 50c. at	40c
Glover's Distemper Cure, regular \$1.00, at	85c
Glover's Eye Lotion, regular 50c. at	40c
Glover's Canker Wash, regular 50c. at	40c
Glover's Fit cure, regular 50c. at	40c
Glover's Imperial Tonic, regular 50c. at	40c
Glover's Lintiment, regular 50c. at	40c
Glover's Liver Pills, regular 50c. at	40c
Glover's Diarrhoea Cure, regular 50c. at	40c

Carter's Cascara Compound 25c.

A remedy for curing headaches, colds, fevers and all the ills and diseases arising from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels. You could hunt the drug stores of the town over and not find such a thoroughly reliable remedy for these diseases as Carter's Cascara Compound. It's the best remedy for its purpose there is made—we've tried it, and we've tried others—because Carter's is the best we sell it. Regular price is 50c; our price 25c.

MOOSEHOODS WIN SECOND.

Hard and Played a Faultless Game.

Artwell Was Wild and Quite Woolly.

Looles Run Was Made by Doubles—Cripples Take Another.

ART AND DESIGN.

Los Angeles School of Art and Design.

Classes in drawing, painting, sculpture, etc.

Director: L. K. M.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

209 N. Union Avenue.

Classes in Latin, Greek, etc.

Principal: G. Adams.

Collegiate School.

Classes in English, mathematics, etc.

Principal: J. H. Brown.

St. Mary's Military School.

Classes in military drill, etc.

Principal: J. H. Brown.

St. Mary's College.

Classes in liberal arts, etc.

Principal: J. H. Brown.

St. Mary's Normal School.

Classes in teaching, etc.

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PEARY ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Return of Brigman, Who Says Peary Will Reach the Pole, Only Five Hundred Miles From Cape Necla.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—Herbert L. Bridgman, secretary of the Peary Arctic Club, who conducted the Peary expedition this year, and the young men who accompanied him, have returned home. With them came Mrs. Peary and her little girl, who was born in the Arctic regions eight years ago.

CONGRESSMAN CROWLEY.

Uses Pe-ru-na in His Family for Catarrhal and Nervous Affections.

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DR. HARRISON & CO.

SPECIALISTS FOR MEN.

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SPECIALISTS FOR MEN.

BUSINESS

Send Name and Address To:

"Did you throw stones?" asked the Court severely.

"Did you throw stones, dear?" she asked ever so softly.

Joe shook his head vigorously.

"He says he didn't throw stones," she said to the Court in a tone of relief.

"Did you hit the Chinaman with any stones?"

She repeated the question to Joe in the mother tongue and said back to the Court, "He says he didn't hit the Chinaman."

When Joe left the stand they started back to their seat hand in hand, but the sight of the other two forlorn little boys standing in front of the bar all deserted and with no one of the many lawyers in the room to offer a friendly hand was too much for her.

She turned back abruptly and put her arm around one of the little boys and asked him "Did you throw stones Willie?"

She ended up by defending the whole three of them.

Joe was left off with a fine of \$2 and the others were fined \$4 each.

Grace Fined.

F. P. Grace, the railroad man who was arrested in the middle of a private Fourth of July celebration the other night, and charged with carrying concealed weapons, was fined \$10 in the Police Court yesterday.

Friends at Court.

Walter Davis and S. Obhlech were brought up in the Police Court yester-

requisite thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely freed the brain from the aching and throbbing to have it.

Pictures Delayed

THE TIMES regrets to announce that, owing to

day for disturbing the peace by a fight in the tenderloin. Davis was fined \$25 and Obhieh \$15. It seems that the two are favored characters at the Police Station. They were in a state of hilarious intoxication in the early hours of the morning, and were allowed to go out on \$20 bail by Clerk Tyler in spite of their condition, and although they stirred up a row at the station that would have ordinarily been enough to have caused their arrest all over again. Blessed are the merciful.

paper depends, however, on getting the paper into the hands of outside persons. That might be accomplished in the community if its advantages are properly brought to their attention. This phase of the matter has been very much neglected in most communities. Sometimes a board of trade or other commercial body has seen to it that a certain number of copies of the local papers were mailed to subscribers abroad. In many of the newspapers in eastern publications has been used to secure the names to send these

DEVELOPMENT
OF THE COAST.

**NEWSPAPERS COME IN FOR THE
FIRST HONORS.**

The Private Individual Has no Chance

**INTERNATIONAL
GOOD ROADS CONGRESS.**

**CONTRAST OF OUR ROADS WITH
SOME ABROAD.**

Senator Earle Commends Work of

to Count for Much—If you Would
Build Up Your Community, Support
Its Newspapers.

[SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.]

Advertising is the force which has developed Western America, and more especially the Pacific Coast, so rapidly that its growth has been little short of miraculous.

All of the advertising in the world

Mr. Haupt showed some examples of neglected highways in various parts of the United States, and in contrast some of the modern paths of business and of pleasure travel here and abroad. Capt. Chittenden's illustrations of road construction and maintenance in the vast national park.

cannot possibly make a permanent success of a proposition which is not what it purports to be. Misrepresentation may sometimes bring temporary benefit, but can never produce a permanent success. The advertising which has forced this western country forward so rapidly has been grounded on the sure foundation of merit. Nature provided the stock of goods. The men who first came to realize the qualities of the stock in hand set about promoting it. The result is a stupendous

larged into a bureau, and that an appropriation of \$150,000 should be made to Congress for this purpose.

That it is necessary, for the purpose of carrying on the work of good roads construction, to establish and protect a chain of organizations in each State, Territory and county for concerted action, and that the vice-president of each State for the national good roads association be authorized to organize a State good roads association in his respective State or Territory.

Now, if you grasp the full import of my idea, you will understand that every one who has been in any way instrumental in building up the West, has been to just that extent one of the promoters of this gigantic advertising scheme.

The outreaching of this idea is so wide that it calls up many thoughts which have not occurred to the ordinary advertiser—thoughts which it will pay him to ponder in order to apply the principles to his own individual business.

In the nature of things, you and I have not been so situated as to make our effort count for very much in the advertising propaganda of the West. Who have been the leaders in this work? First of all, I should place the newspapers.

It is a common fault with most people to lose sight of the true relations of the newspaper to the community in which it is published.

Because of its semi-public character, because it exerts itself to further the

I do not propose to discuss the ethics of the case, because there is a great deal to be said, pro and con, but it will pay you to take the representative paper in your community and go over it page by page, with the idea constantly in mind that that paper is the private property—the bread-earner—for its owner.

There are newspapers galore in every section of the country, but it is my contention that the newspapers of Western America have done more to develop the territory in which they are published than has been done by

The papers in most other sections. It is easy by instituting comparisons between the more important dailies of the Rocky Mountains, and the dailies in cities of the same size east of the Rocky Mountains, to show pretty conclusively that our large dailies give a more complete service in every feature than do the eastern dailies.

Not only is their service interests of local readers more complete, but many of them have attained to positions of such influence that their editorial expressions are looked

papers a place in the newspaper world and has made them of inestimable value to our section, because it has given them a broader circulation and a more careful reading than is ordinarily accorded to papers of like caliber:

It has consequently enhanced many fold the advertising value of these publications.

Our important papers give much more attention to development news, to write-ups of our adventures, to

This is the reason that they have been so valuable to their section.

This is the reason that I feel that our important newspapers are in an altogether different class from the eastern publications.

The local newspaper is the best advertiser of any community.

The outside benefit which a com-

munity is to derive from such a news. |

Riverside, and San Bernardino Counties--News of Their Towns

PIONEER FOUND DEAD IN SAN BERNARDINO.

J. J. EVANS HAD BEEN IN STATE HALF A CENTURY.

Three Mexicans Held for Trial on Charge of Arson--General Rally of Anti-Saloon Forces to Be Held Next Month.

SAN BERNARDINO, Sept. 21.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] J. J. Evans, one of the pioneers of the city, was found dead in bed this morning. He had retired in his usual health last evening, and spoke cheerfully when called this morning. Two hours later he was found dead. The deceased was born in Indiana in 1835. He came to California in 1852, and had resided in San Bernardino over a quarter of a century. He leaves a widow and a large family by a former wife, who died several years ago.

CHARGED WITH ARSON.
Three Mexicans, who live in the lower part of the city, were arrested last night on a charge of arson. They had been making trouble at a house in the tenebris district, and were taken into custody under circumstances that pointed to a deliberate attempt to set fire to the house. Justice Thomas placed the three in jail, each pending trial, in default of which they went to jail.

ANTI-SALOON RALLY.
At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the San Bernardino County Anti-Saloon League, held yesterday, it was decided to hold the county convention in this city October 23, and to hold the county rally for a general rally of the anti-saloon forces.

SAN BERNARDINO BREVIETTES.
A complaint on judgment was filed yesterday in the case of R. R. Thompson vs. Joseph Brown. In September 10, 1927, the plaintiff was given judgment against the defendant for \$416.13. It is alleged that the judgment has never been satisfied, and the plaintiff asks for another judgment to prevent the original one from being outlawed. John Hurst, the fellow who, while drunk, caused the people of Barstow to think he was crazy, yesterday walked away from the County Hospital, where he was being held pending an examination. The officers will make no effort to arrest him.

Lily Belle Vale Kier, wife of William E. Kier, died yesterday afternoon at the home of Alex. Kier, on Base Line. The deceased was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Vale, and a native of this city, where she was born in 1871. She was survived by the widower, and a son.

Mrs. Cecilia A. Hunter has filed a petition to be appointed guardian of the person and estate of her son, who is entitled to a pension on account of the death of his father, who was killed in the Spanish-American war.

Some twenty-five bootleggers at the Santa Fe shops are still out on a strike, because two of their fellow-workers were discharged for alleged incompetency.

This was circus day, and great crowds of people flocked to the circus from every direction to see the giraffe, the elephant, and the other things.

County Clerk Pfeiffer and wife are back from a ten weeks' stay in Los Angeles and vicinity.

Mrs. E. A. Stewart has returned from an extended stay at San Diego. A valuable male belonging to Ed

Roberts was stolen from his Rialto ranch. Mr. and Mrs. Herman Dabney have returned from their wedding trip.

Pictures Delayed.
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REDLANDS TRAITOR HAD TO GET OUT.

SOCIALIST COX TOOK THE HINT AND DISAPPEARED.

Was Notified by Committee to Leave for Parts Unknown, and Took the Advice in Good Faith--Notes and Personal.

REDLANDS, Sept. 21.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] One Gavville Cox, a Socialist, so-called, made himself obnoxious to people here by speaking in a disrespectful manner of the beloved dead President of the United States, and public indignation rose to a high pitch. Yesterday a committee notified Cox that he would be given until 4 p.m. to leave for parts unknown. In the evening a body of men called at his place to see whether he had taken the advice, and to take action if he had not. But Cox had gone. He had taken his leave at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and left no sign to indicate where he has found a haven. Things would have been made hot for him had he attempted to remain.

In justice to the Socialist gang to which Cox belonged, it must be said that he was expelled last evening, according to report.

REDLANDS BREVIETTES.
Rev. L. P. Hitchcock of Schenectady, N. Y., is filling the place of Rev. J. H. Williams, pastor of the Congregational Church, who is away on a vacation. The subject for the morning discourse tomorrow is "Lessons from a Storm at Sea," evening, "Secret of a Happy Christian Life."

A meeting of the veterans of the Civil War is to be held in the Y.M.C.A. building next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing a branch of the Loyal League, a patriotic order intended to crush out anarchy.

D. C. Reed, principal of Lugonia schools, gave a reception this evening at his residence on Orange street to the Trustees and teachers of the district.

The regular Sunday 3 p.m. meeting for men only at the Y.M.C.A. will be addressed by J. L. Spears on "Citizenship."

F. A. Morgan has gone to Randburg to look after his interests in that mining section.

C. L. Partidge left last evening for Philadelphia, to be gone for a month, on business.

Mrs. J. E. Brookings and daughter, Mrs. George, returned last evening from a ten days' visit in Los Angeles.

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ONTARIO.
NAME CHANGED.
ONTARIO, Sept. 21.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] At a meeting of the Ontario Fruit Exchange at the packing-house at Nared yesterday, it was decided to change the name of the association to the West Ontario Citrus Association. The following-named were elected a board of directors: L. B. Crawford, president; F. D. Greene, vice-president; C. D. Adams, secretary; John Crawford, W. L. Pinkney, S. C. Pitzer, W. D. Hole is manager.

FROST PROTECTION.
The last report of the committee of six, appointed to test the merits of oil pots and baskets as a protection to lemons against frost, will be given Tuesday afternoon at a meeting of the Ontario North Ontario and Cucamonga fruit growers at the North Ontario packing-house.

ONTARIO BREVIETTES.
Miss Clara Garbutt and Shepard Mitchell have gone to Los Angeles to take up their work at the University of Southern California.

Mrs. A. C. Sykes is ill at her home on 10th street. The students of Ontario, who leave next week to take up work at Pomona College, are the Misses Mary, Hattie Freeman, and Cora Dyer, and Messrs. Ralph, Noble, Fred, Ross, Gray, David, and Harry. Harry Hawkins, Frank Palmer, Frank Taylor and Warren Eberly.

Brotherhood Lodge celebrated the golden anniversary of Rebekah Odd Fellowship and Orphans' Home Day last evening with a social at the Hobbs residence.

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RIVERSIDE.
CHILD'S BONES BROKEN.
RIVERSIDE, Sept. 21.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] The six-year-old son of C. D. Haslam, whose home is on East Fifth street, met with a painful accident last evening. He slipped from a hay stack, on which he was playing, falling to the ground and breaking two bones in his left arm.

RIVERSIDE BREVIETTES.
Mr. and Mrs. George N. Reynolds and son returned Friday from a four months' European trip. They are accompanied on the outward journey by Mrs. J. J. Hewitt, Miss Ethel Hewitt and Mrs. N. P. J. Button. Mrs. Hewitt and daughter returned some weeks ago on account of the serious illness of Dr. W. W. Robles. It will be several weeks before Mrs. Button returns. Mr. Reynolds expresses the hope that his family will have a way home, that an unusually large number of tourists will visit California this winter, and that business on this coast will be more prosperous than ever.

M. S. Bowman has been elected secretary of the Riverside Y.M.C.A.

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FULLERTON.
SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.
FULLERTON, Sept. 21.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] A held Sunday-school convention was held at the Presbyterian church yesterday and last night. The Sunday-schools of all denominations of the northern part of the county being represented by over 150 workers. Dr. Crowther will speak against the use of alcohol. The church was tastefully decorated by the people of the Methodist Episcopal Epworth League. Tea and coffee were served by the ladies of Fullerton at the church, and lunch provided for those who did not bring it along. The session was interesting.

The regular monthly meeting of the Farmers' Club will be held at William Crowther's next Saturday afternoon. Mr. Crowther will speak against the use of alcohol. The church was tastefully decorated by the people of the Methodist Episcopal Epworth League. Tea and coffee were served by the ladies of Fullerton at the church, and lunch provided for those who did not bring it along. The session was interesting.

SANTA ANA.
Miss L. Haskins of Eugene, Ore., and Mrs. W. H. Surgeon visited in Los Angeles today. The public schools will begin next Monday.

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ANAHEIM.
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.
ANAHEIM, Sept. 21.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] A meeting of citizens has been called for next Wednesday evening for the purpose of organizing a chamber of commerce, representative of Anaheim and the northern portion of the county. The call is signed by Herman Stern, J. F. Mercereau, R. F. Zerman, H. A. Johnston, A. E. Booth, J. D. Duckworth and Fred G. Albarn, as a committee of organization.

ANAHEIM BREVIETTES.
Rev. W. T. Wardle, who recently arrived with his family from Arizona, has been chosen pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Anaheim.

Miss Bertha Krug, who is well known in Anaheim, was married in Los Angeles this week to N. Velzy.

The grape harvest is now on and indications are that the yield will be up to the average of recent years.

Co. E members turned out well yesterday at the State shoot, held on the Fullerton range. The highest scores were made by Stern, 57; Selinger, 56, and Day, 55.

The cannery is now putting up foodstuffs under a Torba label. The fruit is said to be of excellent quality.

Mrs. Barbara Parker and daughter have gone to Long Beach to reside.

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ALUMINUM TEA KETTLES.
Never wear out. Pittsburgh Aluminum Co., 212 South Spring street.

Best Toot Butter, 35 Cents Pound.
Nothing like it. Ed Hoyle, 605 S. Broadway.

F. M. Parker, Plumbing.
Repairs, 265 South Spring street. Tel. red 2181.

retary of the Riverside County Mutual Building and Loan Association, which was organized last May. The directors are: H. W. Leighton, J. S. Castleman, G. B. Bittling, W. B. Clancy, McCann, J. C. B. Bittling and W. H. Robinson.

Miss Florence Phillips has returned from attending eastern tour. The annual harvest festival of the Salvation Army commenced today, and will continue one week.

The circus attracted to Riverside yesterday one of the largest crowds ever seen in the city.

Miss Ina Crawford is in Los Angeles for a few days' visit with friends.

S. G. Ramsey and N. J. Brown have exchanged 5000 acres of land in Southern Missouri for 108 acres at Riverside, where, it is reported, they intend stocking a large dairy farm. The deal was made with G. A. Oyster, Los Angeles, and the consideration is reported to be \$30,000.

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CORONA.
PEOPLE'S TRIBUTE.
CORONA, Sept. 21.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] News was suspended Thursday. The G. A. R. Sons of Veterans, school children and citizens attended memorial services in the opera-house. Rev. E. T. Walton, Judge W. S. Day of the Third circuit, and others were present. The choir sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "America." "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" was rendered by Mrs. A. L. Walton. The school children all deposited flowers on the grave of the slain.

CORONA BREVIETTES.
The City Trustees adjourned last evening, owing to respect to the dead President, after adopting suitable resolutions.

Dr. W. A. Jones, government surgeon in the Philippines, has arrived in Corona to join his wife, as the guest of J. E. Cook.

M. Findley returned Wednesday from San Francisco.

Mrs. Oscar Stuart and Miss Fairbanks are the guests of the Misses Fraser.

G. A. Shepherd returned Wednesday from Buffalo and other eastern points. Mr. Shepherd was at the exposition on the 10th of September, and was a few feet away when the President was shot.

I. A. Wellington returned last evening from an outing at Alpine.

Mrs. Frank Scoville pleasantly entertained young lady friends Wednesday afternoon at La Grange place, upper Main street. Misses Maude Baird, Dorothy Clayton and Bessie Brubaker were guests.

Misses Lizzie and Jennie Andrews entertained at their home on West Main street, last evening. The guests were Misses Lizzie and Jennie Andrews.

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THREE YEARS FOR FORGERY.
Joe Pico, a young man of Spanish descent, who stole a check from a fellow-workman at the Arlington Hotel a short time ago, and forged the signature of the cashier, was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary at San Quentin.

ITALIAN BEATS A WOMAN.
An old woman by the name of Howard, who keeps a peanut stand on State street, just below Montecito, was beaten and bruised night before last by an Italian named Julius Pinetti. The latter had purchased some peanuts at the stand, and gone away with them, returning a little later to demand his money back. When this was refused, he struck Mrs. Howard and knocked her down, then proceeded to kick her several times. The Officer Dowell was near at hand, and on being called, went after Pinetti. He was running away, and was caught by the police. He was sentenced to three months in the County Jail.

SANTA BARBARA BREVIETTES.
No trace of the body of George Buena, who is supposed to have

been killed by the Hyacinth. Commenting on the recent competitive trial of the British men-of-war Minerva and Hyacinth, the Engineer says: "A consideration of the circumstances of the trial shows that the results were curiously typical. In every way they support the contention of those who advocate the superiority of the Scotch boiler over water-tube boilers, but they do more than this. They go to show that the recent high-pressure practice of the admiralty is justified in principle, and is in no wise better than the older system."

"The statement that within less than two hours from the receipt of the signal of war that the Hyacinth's speed may appear incredible. It is, however, perfectly true. It is no matter of wonder that the Hyacinth's speed was so great, but the fact that the Minerva was so little behind cuts the ground from under the feet of those who maintain that the Scotch boiler is too slow for naval purposes. The draught was never forced; it was assisted by the fans, the pressure not exceeding about half an inch. No doubt the result was secured by boiling the water, the bottom water remaining comparatively cold. If a hydro-kinetor had been used several hours would have been lost. This is by no means a solitary instance of what can be done in an emergency. The boilers were in no way injured. On the home run they were properly treated. They were never forced beyond their normal limits. Power—400 indicated horse power—which they can attain with speed may appear incredible. It is, however, perfectly true. 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LONG BEACH.
NO ROOM FOR CROWD.
LONG BEACH, Sept. 21.—[From The Times Resident Correspondent.] The Methodist Episcopal Association has not fully perfected plans for the enlargement of the Tabernacle. The memorial service Tuesday demonstrated that the building is inadequate for a Long Beach crowd, and that the remodeling must be done before next season.

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ZEB TAYLOR'S ROMANCE.
BY CARL H. KING.
Published under special arrangement with the author, Mr. Zeb Taylor, by the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

A RARE COLLECTION OF WATER LILIES.
HUGE FLOWERS TO BE EXHIBITED IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.

An interesting description of the Victoria Regia and other famous blossoms—cultivating the plants—pods where they are grown.

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Original Specialists for Men's Diseases.
Dr. Meyers & Co., Largest, Oldest, Best Institution for Curing Men.

DR. MEYERS & CO. 218 S. BROADWAY.
Los Angeles.
HOURS—Daily, 9 to 12; 1 to 4; evenings, 7 to 9; Sundays, 10 to 12.

Weak, Nervous Men;
Lost vigor and vitality; shattered nervous system, caused by overwork and excesses, resulting in weakness of body and brain, losses, pains in the back, loins and kidneys, and other distressing symptoms, unfitting for business or pleasure. Our special system of treatment will cure YOU, no matter who or what has failed.

CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON in diseases of the blood promptly and thoroughly cured, and every trace of poison eradicated from the system forever, restoring health and purity.

VARICOCELE—Hydrocele, swelling and tenderness of the organs and glands treated with unflinching success.

DR. KING & CO. 1301 S. Spring
Los Angeles, Cal.

WRITE if you cannot call at the office, fully describing your symptoms. We will send you a book of valuable information free of charge.

CONSULTATION FREE—Cure Guaranteed in Every Case Accepted.
Office Hours—From 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Sundays, 10 a.m. to 11 a.m.

THE GREAT NORTHERN
Daily Palace and Tourist Sleepers. Dining Cars (meals a la carte) and Buffet-Smoking-Library Car through the finest scenery on the continent. For full particulars, folders, etc., apply to any Southern Pacific agent, or

E. S. BLAIR, Gen'l Agent,
633 Market St., San Francisco.

DON'T MISS LAST CHANCE.
HALF RATES EAST
To Buffalo and Return, \$87
Oct. 3d and 4th, 1901.

Union Pacific
Through Pullman Standard and Tourist Sleepers—Dining Cars and Free Reclining Chair Cars.

DOMINION LINE
Record Voyage 6 Days, 7 Hours, 22 Minutes.
DUNSTON TO LIVERPOOL, via QUEENSTOWN, NEW ZEALAND, via SYDNEY, 1000 miles, Oct. 23 to 29, 1901. Fare, \$10.00. Cabin, \$5.00. Stateroom, \$10.00. Dining, \$5.00. Bed, \$5.00. Bath, \$5.00. Laundry, \$5.00. Tip, \$5.00. Total, \$50.00.

Best Tub Butter, 35 Cents Pound.
Nothing like quality. Ed. Hoag, 605 S. Broadway.
Big Cut in Wall Paper.
Best paint, \$1.00 gal.; 7-foot opaque shades, \$1.00. A. Walter, 611 S. Broadway.

a.

part of trade
giving, mark-
complete in
come, rather
today we can

new Derby shape,
the very hand-
includes large

\$80.00
with exquisite
pump shoes and
\$45.00

Forget-
lete for \$42.00

rich floral
\$34.00

in open-stock
we can at all

use of gaudi-
the most
less gather-
in the West
tion of low

Co.

able impressions
Dye Works
and Best Equipped.
and Renovating.

IS THE TIME

have your fall and
garments renovated.

New Store
S. Spring Street

Trade, 1901

ported colors for

nents Cleaned

shades for fall and
absolutely fast and
durable.

curtains, house-
Best work at

VE WORKS.

and Manager.

608-10 S. Spring, Tel. 11

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ing a specialty.

Full Set of Teeth
Bridge Work

Gold Crowns
Porcelain Crowns

Fittings

FREE.

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THE OIL FIELD
RIVER GOLF
WITH ONLY HAZARDS.

OF DRILL TAKE TO THE
CRACK AND BRASSIE.

to Build Large Oil Refinery.
Operators Having Hard Work
New Contracts Supplied—Activity
Field Continues.

with all tanks and derricks as
in the game as certain opera-
the Kern River field play it,
is a drawing attraction.

on sections 8, 29, 28, surrounding
the Kern River field have been laid
and reports from that field may
and the ranks of the drill are deserting for
the oil.

Ladlow and F. S. Sheldon of
the Kern River field are said to be responsible
for the oil.

to talk of forming a golf club,
composed entirely of oil men,
the Kern River field play it,
is a drawing attraction.

the United States at that
over \$1,000,000 will be spent on
plant, and when it is com-
All of the oil owned by the
in California will be refined at
the works.

WORKING LIKE BEAVERS.
of the Whittier field are
the beavers to keep up with
and for oil. Just now it is an
up, as the many large com-
some months ago must be
summer the majority of the
have been running full
are now making arrange-
drill new wells just as fast
as they can be sent down.

Oil Company has its well
almost 700 feet, and has a
another.
to handle many barrels more,
a 10,000-barrel wooden
when it is completed it will
the largest tank of the kind in
the country.

for Contractor S. F. Cady
are at work with a portable
Palo Alto lease in the Whit-
Late reports from there are
that the operators have
in making 100 feet of hole,
boulder formation is now in
All attempts to find oil in
of the Whittier field have
one of the greatest difficulties
to solve, through which it is
impossible to drive casing.

SCALDED EAST.
New England precipitated this issue
of "color"—Massachusetts, that good
old abolition State—sending to the Mil-
waukee convention the colored dele-
gate whose presence brought such re-
sults that she almost disrupted the
whole national federation. Mrs.
Josephine St. P. Ruffin of Boston is the
colored delegate who went to the con-
vention representing the New Era Club.
She is editor of The Woman's Era;
her husband was a judge, a
graduate of the Harvard Law School,
an ex-member of the City Council and
the State Legislature. Mrs. Ruffin is
educated, cultured, devoted to philan-
thropic and educational movements.
She founded the Association for the
Promotion of Child Training, for the
establishment of kindergartens in the
South; in brief, she is intelligent and
clever, and moreover does not show
her color.

Mrs. Ruffin was rather proud when Mrs.
Ruffin founded the New Era Club, which
was readily admitted to the State Fed-
eration. The New England Women's
Federation, however, had already ad-
mitted Mrs. Ruffin as a bright and
talented newspaper woman; it seemed
only right to Boston.

When Mrs. Ruffin went with the dele-
gates of the eight Massachusetts clubs
to the federation, the while dele-
gates from the seven were admitted,
but she was denied admission as dele-
gate from the New Era Club.
The convention was willing to admit
her as delegate at large from Massa-
chusetts, or as delegate from the New
England Free Association, both or-
ganizations being too important to be
ignored.

Mrs. Ruffin would not accept the con-
ditions. She had her signed letter of
affiliation of the New Era Club with
the federation. She had her signed re-
ceipt from the federation treasurer,
and there was a stormy session of the
federation board when she insisted
upon her rights. Of course, the ma-
jority won. Indeed, had the New Era
Club been admitted, the southern
women would have left the federation.

Like Bango's ghost, the color ques-
tion "will not down," and in this city
it must be met. The southern women
are not looking for reform in this di-
rection. They are quite willing to help
the colored woman in their own way,
but they will not meet her as a social
equal. They believe she will develop
most rapidly if she depends upon her-
self and her own race. They argue
that the northern woman is a mere
sentimentalist, who believes that con-
tact with white women is all colored
women need to make them equal. It is
regretted by many members of the
federation that this color question
should have come up. Possibly the
New Era Club is the only colored or-
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fort to enter the federation. Already
a National Federation of Colored
Women's Clubs has been organized,
and the work of this southern federa-
tion is to establish schools for colored
children. By effort strength is gained,
by struggling one conquers. In this
case the colored women have seen their
own needs and are meeting them in a
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In the next biennial it is believed the
southern women will insist on inser-
ting the word "color" in regard to eligi-
bility of applicants. Whatever may be
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lively scenes.

Harry Forrester writes to the North
China News that he can prove that
Capt. Clement, the alleged slayer of
Kwangping, who was found dead on
his steamer and was believed to have
committed suicide, was murdered. The
writer says that later he will be able
to upset the medical evidence, prove
that the captain was murdered, and
tell who the murderer was and what
was his motive.

At Southgate, R. I., J. H. Badger,
credit man and book-keeper for the
Robert Clark Publishing Company of
Cincinnati, was shot and instantly
killed yesterday by a negro burglar.
Mrs. Badger was shot in the back.
The negro escaped.

Our store will
not be open
for business
today.

NEW BOOKS.
FOMA GORDEEFF
By Maria Gorky. \$1.50
D'R and I
By Irving Bacheller. \$1.50
CAPTAIN BAVENSHAW
By Robert Nelson Stephens. \$1.50
THE EXTERNAL CITY
By Hall Caine. \$1.50

PARKER'S,
246 S. Broadway, Near Public
Library
Largest, most varied and most complete
stock of books west of Chicago

COLOR LINE COMING
BEFORE THE WOMEN.
PERPLEXING ISSUE TO BE MET IN
LOS ANGELES.

Question That Can't Be Shoved Next
Year by the General Federation of
Woman's Clubs—All Started by Mas-
sachusetts.

Los Angeles cannot shelve the issue
of the "color line" in the convention
of the General Federation of Woman's
Clubs in 1902. At the last conven-
tion, held in Milwaukee in 1900, all is-
sues paled before this one of "color."

At that time each woman in the con-
vention felt that she was standing
upon the edge of a smoldering volcano;
the matter involved such important
principles, and such antagonistic views
were expressed, that nothing could be
decided at once, and so for a time the
chasm was bridged. But the issue
evaded then is coming up here. The
only solution is believed to lie in some
sort of compromise that shall satisfy
North and South.

New England precipitated this issue
of "color"—Massachusetts, that good
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Newbauer's

Store
Closed Today
to Honor
the Memory of
Our Beloved
President.

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ALL DAY
H. F. VOLLNER & CO.
Tulsa and Broadway.

NEW SCIENTIFIC PROCESS.
A Preparation Discovered That Will De-
stroy the Dandruff Germ.
For some time it has been known that
dandruff is caused by a germ that digs
up the scalp into little white flakes, and
by sapping the vitality of the hair at the
root, causes falling hair, and, of course,
finally baldness. For years there have
been all kinds of hair stimulants and
scalp tonics on the market, but there
has been no permanent cure for dandruff
until the discovery of a preparation
called Newbauer's Herpicide, which de-
stroys the dandruff germ. Destroy the
cause the effect will cease to exist. Kill
the dandruff germ and you'll have no
dandruff, no itching scalp, no falling hair.

CLOSED TODAY.
CITY DYE WORKS,
340 SOUTH
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BAJA CALIFORNIA
DAMIANA BITTERS
Is a great Restorative, Invigorant and Ner-
vina.
The most wonderful aphrodisiac and Special
Tonic for the Sexual Organs of both sexes.
The Mexican Remedy for diseases of the
Kidney and Bladder. Sells on its own merits.
NAMES, ALPS & BRUNE, Agents.
222 Market Street, S. F.—(Send for circular.)

Jones' Book Store,
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Books bought, sold, exchanged. Late novels
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Fine
Light
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Bread for every fam-
that uses
Capitol
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Every Sack Guaranteed.

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Today.
G. M. STAUB SHOE CO.
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CORONADO
TENT CITY
\$4.00 Round Trip
Every Day.

It costs less to occupy a tent at
Coronado's Tent City than to
stay at home. You can rent
them furnished or unfurnished.
You can keep house if you like.
Grocery store on the grounds.
Tents with electric lights and
Coronado water. Music at the
Pavilion and a hop in the eve-
nings. Dancing, bathing, fishing,
boating—every day a pleasure.
Only \$4.00 round trip, good till
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Ask Santa Fe Agent
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Table and Pocket Cutlery, Carvers,
Shears and Scissors.
JAMES W. HELLMAN, Headquarters, 161 North Spring St.

PICTURE FRAMES
FOR SCHOOL DECORATION
Ebonized and Papier-Mache
FRAMES
New and Artistic Designs
30 and 35 cents at Times Office

To the Holders of
Industrial Policies of the
Pacific Mutual Life Ins. Co.

THE PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. has retired from the Indus-
trial Insurance business, and, by a contract with the Metropolitan Life In-
surance Co., the Metropolitan has agreed to assume all the Pacific Com-
pany's outstanding industrial policies with the consent of the holders thereof.
The Metropolitan is the largest Industrial Company in the country, being as
large as all the other companies put together.
It has over \$62,000,000 of assets, over \$8,000,000 of surplus, nearly 5 1/2
millions of Industrial Policies in force for an insurance amounting to nearly a
thousand millions of dollars.
It paid over \$8,000,000 in death claims last year and pays a claim on the
average every seven minutes.
It is the most liberal company in its treatment of Policy Holders in the
whole country or in the world.
For many years it has written more insurance annually than any other
company in the world.
In purely ordinary business, aside from the Industrial, it stood No. 4 last
year, being preceded only by the New York Life, The Mutual and the Equitable.
The Industrial field force—Superintendents, Assistant Superintendents and
Agents—of the Pacific have for the most part joined the Metropolitan. They
will call upon the Policy Holders and invite them to have their policies guaran-
teed by the Metropolitan. The Metropolitan agrees to carry out in every re-
spect the policy contracts of the Pacific, so that the Pacific Industrial Policies
will now have \$2 millions of assets behind them. New Policies will not be re-
quired. The Pacific Policies will be stamped with a contract of assumption by
the Metropolitan.
The Industrial Insurance Offices of the Pacific have become the Offices of the
Metropolitan. In this city the Office and Superintendents are as follows:
MR. H. L. CORSON, Supt., Rooms 7-8 German American Bank Bldg., N. E.
Cor. First and Main Streets, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Metropolitan Insurance Company has established its Pacific Coast Head
Office at 419 California Street, San Francisco, as temporary headquarters until
more commodious offices can be obtained; and from this Head Office policies will
be issued and claims paid. It will be in charge of Second Vice-President Gaston
and of Assistant Secretary Roberts.

JOHN H. HEGEMEN, President. GEO. H. GASTON, 2d Vice-President.
HALEY FISKE, Vice-President. GEO. R. WOODWARD, Secretary.
JAMES S. ROBERTS, Assistant Secretary.

Store Closed
on account of
Memorial Day

SIEGEL, The Hatter.
Under Nadeau Hotel.

601 S. SPRING. TEL. M. 516.
Store will be Closed all Day Thursday.

We Close Today
Promptly at 8 a. m. No deliveries made.

LUDWIG & MATTHEWS, Platt Market

Getting Rich is an easy matter—don't spend all you earn—
save part of your salary every pay-day.
Union Bank of Savings, 223 South Spring St.

ALTHOUSE FRUIT CO
Store Is Closed Today.

212-215 W. Second St. Tel. Main 398.

REFRIGERATOR
The Alaska
CASS & SMURR STOVE CO., 314-316 South Spring Street.

LOS ANGELES FURNITURE CO

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225-227-229 SOUTH BROADWAY CITY MALL

THE FAME OF MME. RUPPERT
HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED BY ANY OTHER
COMPLEXION SPECIALIST

The most imitated woman in the world
For thirty years a successful career
THE DISCOVERER OF FACE BLEACH
MME. A. RUPPERT'S

Face Bleach

Removes Permanently
PIMPLES, BLACK HEADS, FRECKLES,
ECZEMA, MOTH PATCHES, SALLOW-
NESS, and WRINKLES NOT CAUSED
BY FACIAL EXPRESSION. : : : :
Does not cover up but removes the blemish.

Face Bleach

BRIGHTENS, CLEANS and BEAUTIFIES the COMPLEXION
It Improves a Good Skin and Works Wonders with a Bad One.
ITS MERITS KNOWN THE WORLD
OVER. USED AND RECOMMENDED
BY REFINED PEOPLE EVERYWHERE.
Absolutely Harmless and Always Successful.

Drop in and ask to have Mme. Rupert's Face Bleach shown to you,
as you have in mind the possibility of using and wonderful results, explain to
you will be satisfied it is what you need for your complexion.
We always carry a full line of Mme. A. Rupert's Gray Hair Restorative,
Egyptian Balm, Almond Oil Complexion Soap and Hair Tonic.
Call and have their merits explained to you.
Ask for Mme. Rupert's book, "HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL," FREE.

SOLE AGENTS FOR LOS ANGELES.

OLD CROWNS
As the Gold Cap extends all agents of decay it means the most
permanent of all operations upon the teeth and the most satis-
factory to the patient where the condition of the teeth necessi-
tates its use. When the nerve is exposed it can be actively re-
moved, without pain, and the tooth left intact and crowned. By
this process it can be readily seen that where decay has pro-
gressed so far that filling would not be practical, teeth may be
restored to their natural usefulness and beauty. Don't make the
mistake of contracting for Crown and Bridge Work before consulting us.
We make this work one of our specialties and can guarantee the greatest satisfaction in every case, as
DR. SCHIFFMAN is an expert of twenty-five years' experience.

It is with pleasure that I state that I
have had several teeth filled by Dr. Schiff-
man, and that he removed the nerve and
filled the root of one of my teeth and put
on a porcelain crown which cannot be dis-
tinguished from a natural tooth, all of which
was done without pain.
JUDSON B. BUSH,
Of Davis & Bush, Attorneys, 1 Beaufort
Block.
I have just had nine roots taken out by
Dr. Schiffman's method; they were surrounded
without the slightest pain, and I heartily
recommend it to all.
D. C. MORRISON,
Es-Judge Pollock Court, now Davis & Bush,
Attorneys, 11 Douglas Block.
I have had porcelain crown work and some
filling done, and also had ten teeth and
roots extracted by Dr. Schiffman, and taken
great pleasure in recommending his method
to any one wishing dental work done with-
out pain. MISS C. T. W. SCHRAMM,
Mother of Paloma Schramm, corner of
Austin and Wadsworth.
On account of some unfortunate ex-
periences I had in the extraction of my
teeth, I became a great coward in this re-
spect. Today Dr. Schiffman extracted one
of my very reticent teeth without causing
me one particle of pain.
D. E. TRASK,
Judge Superior Court, Los Angeles County.

Dr. Schiffman pulled my tooth. "Did it
hurt a bit?"
C. E. SPEICHER,
Orpheum Publisher.
I couldn't believe it was out till I saw it.
It didn't hurt a bit. GEO. L. MILLER,
Manager Sydine's Lunch Co.
Had lower back molar taken out today by
Dr. Schiffman with absolutely no pain.
E. L. JOHNSON, Cashier, "Second".
To Dr. Schiffman—Dear Sir: It gives me
pleasure to state that you extracted four
teeth for me without the slightest
pain, that the gums healed quickly, that
you filled the gaps with gold teeth, and
with gave perfect satisfaction from the
first, and after twenty-five months' use
are as perfectly good as good
as new. I. W. GASKIN,
1914 Temple St.

No Boys or Students
To experiment on you.
Largest office and dental
practice on the Coast. Last
attendants. Consultation
and examination free. Open
evening, 8:30 to 10:30.
Schiffman
SCHIFFMAN DENTAL CO., 107 North Spring Street.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE OFFICIAL DOINGS.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

Field work for the paving of Seventh street and the resurfacing of Broadway is now under way. Hill street may be paved.

The Fire Commission yesterday ordered Driver Stephen Quiselo to appear on the carpet and explain certain utterances that got Policeman Hiriart into trouble.

The Los Angeles bar will hold an important meeting at the Courthouse this afternoon, before marching in a body to the memorial services at Hazard's Pavilion.

Mrs. Evelyn K. O'Shea is suing her mother and grandmother to quiet title to certain land, she alleges that her mother, Mrs. Peet, destroyed the deed and reconveyed the property to her grandmother.

Rebecca H. Potts is suing J. A. Graves, owner of the Temple-street cable road, for damages in \$15,000 for personal injuries.

James McCoy was sentenced to serve ninety days for striking a woman on the street yesterday.

L. W. Morgan was tried in the Police Court yesterday for obtaining money under false pretenses. He was discharged.

Charles O'Leary, who follows the circus, tried to interfere in a riotous yesterday; the result is that he will serve ninety days.

AT THE CITY HALL.

MORE CITY STREETS SOON TO BE PAVED.

A GENERAL DEMAND FOR BETTER THOROUGHFARES.

Broadway, Seventh Street and Possibly Hill Street to be improved in the Near Future—Fire Commission Summons Fireman on Carpet.

Every indication points to a large increase in the mileage of paved streets in the near future. During the last few years the city has been reaching out into new territory so rapidly that little consideration has been given to the proper surfacing of streets. Now that the wave of progress has touched the imaginary walls of the city limits in nearly all directions, there is a steady and increasing demand for the improvement of the city's thoroughfares.

Visits to eastern cities which have spent years in bringing their streets to the best possible condition have taught many representative citizens the value of the good pavement. A clean, dustless thoroughfare. Not only the merchants and business men of the downtown districts, but likewise the residents of the home sections are urging immediate improvement in the streets.

The lesson taught by Buffalo has not been lost on Los Angeles. That ill-fated but progressive city has miles and miles of paved streets. That radiate for miles from the business center, and are one of the chief attractions of the city by the by.

Chin and sweet are the streets of Buffalo. The street cars do not leave in their wake a cloud of dust as thick as a London fog. It is not necessary for the housewives of the exposition city to dust the best parlor twice a day. Merchandise and dry goods are preserved from inundation by particles from the street that carry with them the disagreeable suggestion of germs and bacilli.

The paved streets of Los Angeles do not present such features because they are too few. From every paved street radiates many streets that are surfaced with dirt. Every time a wagon drives from a dirt street, it is instantly inundated by the sprinkling wagon, onto a paved thoroughfare, and mud from the wheels is flung to the hard surface, is soon dried and scooped into miniature whirlwinds of dirt by the action of the rapidly-moving street cars.

To combat this evil the city has called upon the sprinkling cart—the same of the bicyclist to drop out the dust. How well the system works can be discovered any day by riding down Broadway on a bicycle. In the rear of a street car. Your eyes are soon filled with a motley array of mud, each individual germ riding in made upon its own flimsy chariot; you see two street cars, then three; because uncertain whether you are riding a bicycle or a street car, try to remember how late you were out the night before, and in this mood of introspection man, instead of being soiled, gets mad and bats you over the head with a mallet; the next morning in the Police Court—but the police Court judges don't like pavement—the cobblestone kind they have opposite the station—the rest of the morning scene must be left to the imagination of the reader.

Along Broadway the dust nuisance has become so bad that active steps have been taken to improve the street. Like a chain of ten thousand islands in Broadway after the passing of the sprinkling cart, with its ruck and roar of increasing traffic the pavement has been worn into holes that are today being filled with concrete. The concrete is a continuous rivalry between teams and bicyclists for the coveted driveway. Broadway will be resurfaced between First and Seventh street.

Seventh street, one of the principal thoroughfares in the city, is to be paved from San Pedro to Figueroa street, and will form a connecting link between downtown streets and the latter thoroughfare that will afford a long drive over finely-surfaced pavement.

All the gold work on West Seventh street was completed early this week by the surveying crew of the City Engineer's office. Now the progress on Broadway and East Seventh street. On both these streets petitions have been filed with the Council so there can be no doubt about the completion of the work. It is understood that when the streets have been paved the city will accept them as it has other streets recently paved.

Now the citizens of Hill street are convinced that the should share in the advantages of a paved street. In short time petitions will undoubtedly be circulated among the property-owners on that thoroughfare for this improvement. The project has been discussed a good deal of late, but has never passed the initial stage.

For a long time, said Fire Commissioner Frankford yesterday, I have advocated the paving of Hill street. Mr. Hillman and other neighbors also favor this proposition. It is probable that a petition for the paving of the street will be circulated as soon as actual work on Broadway is commenced.

The short block between Hill and Broadway on Sixth street is badly in need of resurfacing. This improvement will be made shortly if recent plans are carried out.

looking up this work and the City Engineer believes that the competition will result in a lower price for paving than has been before. The cost will be under 20 cents per square foot, it is thought. Special specifications for paving No. 64 were recently passed by the Council for the purpose of increasing the amount of paving. They provide for the use of either natural or artificial asphalt. The introduction of the latter article, made from local oil, will cheapen the price and allow much more competition. The Alcatraz Paving Company and the Southern Refining Company both have refineries here, and the new specifications will greatly stimulate the business of refining oil for paving purposes.

MORE DELAY.

FIREMEN'S PENSION FUND. Another hitch has occurred in the proposed reorganization of the fire department on a basis of physical merit. The Fire Commission seems disinclined to take any action concerning the new pension law until a further legal analysis has been made.

At the meeting of the board yesterday morning Acting Mayor Powers moved that a friendly suit to establish the legality or illegality of the pension law passed by the late State Legislature be begun at once, or steps taken to reorganize the department. After much discussion, in which most of the members displayed reluctance to take any action whatever, Messrs. Kahrt and Vickrey were appointed to confer with an attorney and see what can be done.

Because as City Attorney, Mr. Mathews is bound to defend the new law if an action is brought against its legality, he is available as legal counsel for the commission in this case. Several outside lawyers have already given opinions in the matter, and Acting Mayor Powers yesterday stated that he thought an opinion could be obtained without expense to the city.

Communications regarding the law were received from the Chiefs of the Sacramento and Stockton fire departments. No action has been taken by those cities toward carrying out the provisions of the law. Henry Guthrie, Chief of the Sacramento fire department, says in his letter:

"That point of the law where the city pays for a death outside of accident to discharge of duty is the stumbling block to its execution. In recognition of his past services as a fireman, the board reconsidered its action in discharging Lieut. J. C. McKinley from the force last week, and allowed him to present a resignation, which was at once accepted. This action was touched in order that McKinley might go to other fields of labor without the handicap of a dishonorable discharge. For several years McKinley was a good fireman, but about the first of this month he got drunk and was discharged by the board."

Stephen K. Quiselo, driver of engine company No. 4, Aliso street, will appear on the carpet at the next meeting to be held at the City Hall. It came to have made concerning Officer Pascual Hiriart. Some time ago Hiriart was charged with making defamatory statements relative to the assassination of the late President, but was entirely exonerated and restored to duty after an investigation of the charges. Since been made against Officer Matuszewski.

The Chief of Police feels that a great injustice was done Officer Hiriart, and does not brook with equanimity the statements and affidavits which led him to suspend that officer. It came to the Chief on good authority that Quiselo on the morning of the 11th inst., while ready to depart for his home, called at breakfast in the restaurant of Tony Milovich, No. 316 North Main street.

Chief Eliot wants to know why such statements were made. Quiselo is said to have stated further that the remark was made in front of the Aliso-street house, at that he was making a statement to the effect that he had "punched the stuffing out of" Hiriart had not been in full uniform.

Chief Eliot wants to know why such statements were made. Quiselo is said to have stated further that the remark was made in front of the Aliso-street house, at that he was making a statement to the effect that he had "punched the stuffing out of" Hiriart had not been in full uniform.

John W. Heaney, the inventor of a contrivance to aid in fire fighting, appeared before the board and gave to the board the use of the apparatus during the life of the patent.

Chief Strohm was instructed to appoint a first lieutenant to take the place of T. J. McKinley, resigned, before the next month. The ranking officer will be advanced in promotion, and a general promotion all along the line will take place in accordance with the civil-service rules of the board.

Sad Mourning Emblem. Perhaps the saddest mourning emblem in the city hangs above the Mayor's balcony at the City Hall. It is a flag with the blue field and white stars, but the center, but it is short history that is today filled with sadness because of the death of the great and good President, William McKinley.

The flag was made in honor of the visit of the City Executive to the city, Mayor Snyder had the balcony decorated with flags and patriotic bunting. Gay streamers floated from the windows over the happy throng that crowded the streets to suffocation. The balcony was so crowded by Mrs. Snyder and a coterie of ladies, prominent in local society circles. When the thronging of the balcony were about completed, a lady appeared at the City Hall and presented the Mayor with this flag, asking him to use it in decoration of the balcony.

By order of Acting Mayor Powers, the fire bell in the City Hall tower will be tolled today during the funeral of the late President. At 1 o'clock, fifty-eight strokes, one for each year of William McKinley's life, will resound upon the air at intervals of thirty seconds. At 2 o'clock, the bell, including the library, will be closed today.

Rebate of Taxes. Tomorrow morning the first batch of 250 personal property rebate demands will be ready for payment at the office of the City Auditor. The rebate is a reduction in the tax rate this year those who paid taxes on unsecured personal property last year. The rebate, 5 cents on the \$100 of valuation.

Want That License Back. Charles Andrews, legal adjuster for the Ringing Rock circus, wants the City to refund the license fee of \$150 paid for today. The circus-license fee is \$150 for the first year and \$100 for succeeding years. As the circus management called off the performance for this afternoon in honor of the late President, an unprecedented thing for

ATTORNEYS TO HONOR THE LATE PRESIDENT.

WILL MARCH IN A BODY TO PAVILION TODAY.

Memorial Resolutions to be Adopted by Los Angeles Bar This Afternoon—Matuszewski, Alleged Russian Court, Convicted of Larceny.

Lawyers the city and county over are proud of the magnificent work, civic and professional, done in the distinguished life of the late President McKinley, who arose from the vast ranks of the law to the Presidency of the United States of America.

A meeting of the Los Angeles bar was held at the Courthouse yesterday to adopt appropriate measures with reference to the funeral observances here today, and to order fitting resolutions drafted in memoriam of the great American.

Judge Lucien Shaw, president of the Los Angeles Bar Association, was elected chairman, and Frank G. Finlay, Esq., served as secretary.

After a short discussion, a motion prevailed that the bar should attend the memorial services at Hazard's Pavilion this afternoon. The members of the bar, gathered at the Courthouse, in Department Two of the Superior Court, one hour prior to the time set for the beginning of the pavilion services. That the legal profession may meet together at Hazard's a committee, comprising Messrs. H. C. Gooding, J. P. Jones and J. W. McKinley, was appointed to make necessary arrangements with the general committee.

The bar will march from the Courthouse to the pavilion with Maj. John T. Jones as marshal. For obvious reasons a large turnout of attorneys is urged to honor the dead and to do credit to the profession. The committee appointed to draft memorial resolutions comprises Messrs. J. D. May, J. S. Mulford, C. Gates, T. M. Stewart and J. C. Bower. This committee will report this afternoon, before marching to the pavilion.

To spread the news of the important bar meeting this afternoon the following resolutions were adopted: Whereupon the bar was adjourned. When Mrs. J. W. McKinley, George J. Leovy, William Chamber, E. C. Bower, J. P. Jones, I. B. Dockweiler, F. A. Stephens, W. F. Haas, Sarah I. Wilde, J. C. Bower and G. D. Munson.

DEED DESTROYED. DAUGHTER VS. MOTHER.

Suit was begun in the Superior Court yesterday by Mrs. Evelyn K. O'Shea, whose maiden name until May 25, 1900, was Miss Evelyn K. Johns, against Jeanie S. Peet and Rebecca B. Spring. The suit is for the recovery of a large tract of land in section 2, township 5 north, range 12 west, S.B.M.

Mrs. Peet is plaintiff's mother, and Mrs. Spring is her grandmother. To his mother, Mrs. O'Shea received from her mother, it is alleged, a grant bargain and sale deed to the above property. This deed was transferred to the plaintiff, Mrs. O'Shea, by her mother, it is alleged, and she subsequently discovered the same. She then brought suit to have the deed declared void, and to have the property restored to her mother, Mrs. O'Shea.

Mrs. O'Shea asks for a judgment establishing the validity of the deed, and in lieu of the destroyed original deed. Her attorney is E. C. Bower, Esq.

DAMAGE SUIT. AGED WOMAN'S INJURIES.

Rebecca H. Potts, an aged woman, who was injured in a street-railway accident at the junction of Temple and Spring streets last May, began a \$15,000 damage suit yesterday.

The defendant named in the complaint is J. A. Graves, who owns the Temple-street cable road. On May 10 the plaintiff boarded a cable car for Grand avenue, and in collision at New High street she was badly injured. The bones in her left leg were broken, the flesh being torn away and the bones protruding through the skin. Negligence on the part of the defendant's employees is alleged. Since the accident plaintiff has been confined in a hospital. She believes she will be crippled for life. Her attorney is James H. Blanchard, Esq.

BANKING AND BOWLING. THE WHITTIER BANK INCORPORATED yesterday. Its capital stock is \$100,000.

The directors are O. M. Souden, Henry J. Fleischman, Los Angeles; A. H. Dunlap, E. W. Rieder, J. C. Hiatt, A. L. Reed, Whittier; T. L. Gooch, Riverside. Of the full amount subscribed O. M. Souden holds 275 shares at \$100 a share.

The Los Angeles Bowling Investment Company incorporated yesterday with a capital stock of \$100,000, divided into \$10 shares, of which amount \$22,000 has been subscribed. The directors are L. J. Christopherson, Brink, James P. Morley, H. Bert Ellis, Al Levy, L. Behrmer, Los Angeles; T. Goodman, San Francisco.

COURTHOUSE NOTES. BREVIETTES MISCELLANEOUS.

BURCH CASE. Ernest Burch will be arraigned in the criminal court tomorrow morning on a charge of larceny. The information was filed yesterday. Burch is a body, who is alleged to have stolen a watch from a tent in the river bottom on August 21.

PERON OF SPEDRO. Sam Peron, who got "Alcoholically hilarious" on Tuesday day in San Pedro, and fought City Marshal, was sentenced to six months in the County Jail by Judge Smith yesterday for resisting an officer of the law. Sam was a.

GUILTY COUNT. A. J. Matuszewski, who says he is a Russian count, was convicted yesterday of petty larceny, after a prior conviction of a similar offense, and will be sentenced Friday. His first larceny occurred in October, 1899, when he stole a \$15 watch. Last July he took a can of gas-

oline from Grannis & Wilson, valued at 75 cents. The inmates of the County Jail believe Matuszewski to be a nihilist, but he has not opened his mouth about the killing of the President. Had he given expression to disloyal sentiments he would have been put in the dunce.

KNOTS UNTIED. Grace Granberry was divorced from J. J. Granberry by Judge York yesterday, on the ground of desertion. Judge Allen divorced Mary E. George from J. Edward George on the ground of marital unfaithfulness.

GRAZEL VIRGIL. Virgil Thompson, aged 45, was adjudged insane yesterday, and sent to Highland. He is afflicted with petulant spirits.

SQUIRE'S TROUBLE. Squire Munroe of San Diego is telling his troubles to a jury in Department Three. He alleges that he is owner of the furniture and equipment in the Munroe Hotel, which was burned last year. Several months ago, he says, his wife, Stella Munroe, sold the furniture in his hotel and shipped out. He is suing to recover.

WELDON MINOR. Judge Shaw made an order yesterday granting letters of guardianship to Merrick Reynolds in the matter of the person of little Francis Weldon of Dr. W. A. Weldon of San Pedro, who has just given up a long legal fight for the custody of the child.

NEW DIVORCES. Suits in divorce were begun yesterday by Daisy P. Poland vs. Archer Poland.

THE INTERIOR COURTS. **STRUCK A WOMAN ON CROWDED STREET.**

GROCER'S WIFE HIT DURING THE CIRCUS PARADE.

Barber Has Two Men Arrested for Fighting—Charles O'Leary Makes Sad Failure of Trying to Play the Role of Good Samaritan.

Mrs. J. E. Thompson, the wife of a grocer at No. 115 East First street, was peacefully watching the elephants go by in the street parade, when a man reached out and hit her on the neck.

Some time afterward, James McCoy was pointed out in a saloon as her assailant. He was immediately put under arrest, and in the Police Court yesterday afternoon, was sentenced to serve ninety days on the chain gang.

The only reason there seemed to be for the act was that McCoy felt like hitting some one about the time Mrs. Thompson got within reach.

O'Leary as Intervenor. Charles O'Leary, said to be a hobo following the circus, yesterday made the fate of the second-class power that attempts to intervene.

O'Leary happened to be passing when an old man named Pierre Requier was driving boys away from his place. He was hit by a horse and carriage and knight to the young and innocent, ran up and struck Requier.

The next thing that happened was O'Leary's arrest, and in the Police Court he was sentenced to serve ninety days.

Morgan Discharged. Los Angeles had the felicity of paying the bills yesterday for Charles W. Morgan, who was arrested for bad debts to time. On his complaint, W. Morgan was tried in the Police Court on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

Morgan used to be a telephone lineman in this city, and was buying furniture on the installment plan. He got within \$25 of making the last payment, he was in a position where he was to be discharged. He was discharged from Allen—the \$25—the furniture. Shortly after this he was hurt by a falling pole, and his savings went for doctor bills. He went north for a time, and when he came back here a short time ago, Allen had arrested him. He was in a position where he was to be discharged. He was discharged from Allen—the \$25—the furniture. Shortly after this he was hurt by a falling pole, and his savings went for doctor bills. He went north for a time, and when he came back here a short time ago, Allen had arrested him. He was in a position where he was to be discharged. He was discharged from Allen—the \$25—the furniture. Shortly after this he was hurt by a falling pole, and his savings went for doctor bills. 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THE ORANGE MARKET.

Special and Authentic Quotations by Telegram.

THE ORANGE MARKET.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—(Exclusive Telegram.) There will be no sales to-day on account of the observance of the President's funeral. The market is expected to be quiet. Fruit prices are steady. Fancy regular, \$1.00/box; choice, \$1.10/box; extra, \$1.20/box.

BUSINESS.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

Los Angeles, September 12, 1901.

FINANCIAL.

MOVEMENT OF MONEY.

The balance is in such a position that the least influence is likely to send gold either way across the Atlantic. The market is expected to be quiet. Fruit prices are steady. Fancy regular, \$1.00/box; choice, \$1.10/box; extra, \$1.20/box.

COMMERCIAL.

NEW ORLEANS, C. Wood Davis, an

estimates that the amount of the change in the market is about \$100,000,000. The market is expected to be quiet. Fruit prices are steady. Fancy regular, \$1.00/box; choice, \$1.10/box; extra, \$1.20/box.

GOES SLOWLY.

The textile industry is expected to be quiet. Fruit prices are steady. Fancy regular, \$1.00/box; choice, \$1.10/box; extra, \$1.20/box.

THE UNITED STATES HAS NEVER

had a national education, either in the sense of the word or in the sense of the word. The market is expected to be quiet. Fruit prices are steady. Fancy regular, \$1.00/box; choice, \$1.10/box; extra, \$1.20/box.

Let your boys be educated

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average 2.50, showing a noticeable advance over last week. Weather wet and cold, with a few showers. Market advancing at 50/75, majority 300; 15c for 200; extra fancy, 4.00/4.50; fine, 3.50/3.75. Only 15,000 in sight. Unusual stocks clearing up, should be a good chance for California after next week.

for local ranch, with sales at 25 cents. Cold storage, selected, are 25 cents. There are in storage here 15,000 cases of eggs. In two weeks 1600 cases were withdrawn. Since the withdrawals began, with the total at not above 20,000 carloads, 17,000 of them oranges.

The end of the citrus fruit is near. Total shipments will be about 34,000 carloads, nearly 3000 being lemons. The new crop now on the trees is generally estimated much less than the one just marketed. Many put the total at not above 20,000 carloads, 17,000 of them oranges.

Deciduous fruits are steady, peaches nearly done, and grapes past their prime. Choice barley hay and feed barley are steady, winter wheat, 1.00/1.10. Live poultry has been in good demand this week, and large fat hens are scarce.

Fresh fish are scarce. Live poultry has been in good demand this week, and large fat hens are scarce. Live poultry has been in good demand this week, and large fat hens are scarce.

Honey is in fair request at 4 cents for good amber, 4 1/2 for light, and up to 5 for the best choice white. Bee men hold very firmly, and this checks business.

Dried Fruits, Nuts and Raisins. DRIED FRUITS—Apples, evaporated, choice, 1.00/1.10; pears, evaporated, choice, 1.00/1.10; plums, evaporated, choice, 1.00/1.10; raisins, evaporated, choice, 1.00/1.10.

NUTS—Almonds, California, 1.00/1.10; walnuts, California, 1.00/1.10; pecans, California, 1.00/1.10; chestnuts, California, 1.00/1.10.

POTATOES—Per cwt., new, choice to fancy, 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

ONIONS—New per cwt., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

BEET—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

MUTTON—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

BUTTER—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

EGGS—Per doz., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

CHICKENS—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

DUCK—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

GOOSE—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

TRUFFLES—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

WATERMELONS—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

PEACHES—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

APPLS—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

ORANGES—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

LEMONS—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

GRAPES—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

RAISINS—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

ALMONDS—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

WALNUTS—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

PECANS—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

CHESTNUTS—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

COCONUTS—Per lb., 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

The stock market today was stagnant. The American department, being accepted, American stocks opened at parity, and were heavy all the afternoon, when New York orders caused a rally of 1/4 to a full point. The close was dull.

Closing Stocks—Actual Sales. Aetna Ins. Co. 100, 100; Am. Ins. Co. 100, 100; Am. Ins. Co. 100, 100.

Am. Ins. Co. 100, 100; Am. Ins. Co. 100, 100; Am. Ins. Co. 100, 100.

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Am. Ins. Co. 100, 100; Am. Ins. Co. 100, 100; Am. Ins. Co. 100, 100.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—Wheat, spot, easy; close, 1.00/1.10; fair to good, 1.00/1.10; sweet, 1.00/1.10.

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Orange County Towns. Santa Ana and Fullerton.

DAY OF MOURNING AT SANTA ANA.

PLANS COMPLETED FOR TODAY'S MEMORIAL MEETING.

All business houses will remain closed and people will unite in doing honor to the Martyr President. Farmers' Institute-Brevities.

SANTA ANA, Sept. 10.—(From The Times' Resident Correspondent.) Arrangements were completed today for the parade and memorial exercises to be held tomorrow afternoon in honor of President McKinley. The grand marshal, Lieut. Harry T. Matthews, issued a general order outlining the parade as follows:

Santa Ana Band, Co. 1 and H. N. G. Co. Grand Army of the Republic, United Confederate Veterans, Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias, Columbia Club and Independent Order of Odd Fellows, forming the first division, to report to Maj. S. H. Glinay at the corner of Fourth and Spurgeon streets, at 1:30 p.m.

Commandery of Knights Templar, Santa Ana Lodge, No. 341, F. and A. M., Uniform Rank, Macabees, Macabees Lodge, members Santa Ana fire department, A.O.U.F. Lodge, Fraternal Brotherhood Lodge, to report to J. A. Bocky at the corner of Fifth and French streets.

Santa Ana school board, teachers and children, Garden Grove school board, teachers and children, to report at the central school building.

The Board of Supervisors, county of Orange, City Council and city officials and prominent citizens, to report to E. S. Wallace at the corner of Fifth and Spurgeon streets.

The procession is to move at 2 o'clock. The line of march will be west on Fourth street, counter-marching on Fourth street to Spurgeon street, then the first division will march north on Spurgeon street to the Methodist Church, and the second division, to the opera house, where services will be held. Every business house in the city will remain closed throughout the day.

HUGGANS FINED.—Chapman R. Huggans of Fullerton was today fined \$50 by Justice of the Peace Willson for violating the new county liquor ordinance. Huggans was arrested several weeks ago for a violation of the ordinance. At that time

he stated that he proposed to carry the matter through the courts, but after due reflection, concluded that the wiser course would be to plead guilty, which he did today. The fight between the anti-saloon people and the interests in the northern part of the county has not relaxed, the anti-saloon people declaring that they will continue to prosecute all violators of the ordinance to the full extent of the law. If Fullerton votes the 24th of this month to incorporate, which, in all probability, it will, the war, so far as the county is concerned, will end, as the municipality will then enact its own laws.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE.—The University Farmers' Institute opened in this city today, the sessions being held in the Knights of Pythias Hall. The first session opened this morning with about seventy-five fruit growers present.

C. C. Chapman of Fullerton was on the program for a paper on the "Fruit Growers' Exchange," but as he was not present, Prof. J. C. Cook of Claremont College, gave a very interesting talk on the subject. Prof. Cook advocated further unity of action on the part of the producers in marketing their fruit in the East. This plan found some objections in the persons of D. Bishop and others, who advocated the f.o.b.

There will be no session of the institute Thursday afternoon on account of the memorial services in memory of President McKinley, but a morning session will be held.

PROBABLE SUICIDE.—It is supposed that the body of Albert Buena is floating in the channel tonight. This afternoon he escaped in a delirium from a sick bed, and his wife could not find him. He was at the end of the pleasure wharf late this evening. The boy was about 20 years of age, and the name of Luis Buena, a merchant of this city.

SANTA ANA BREVITIES.—A party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Shatto, W. H. Brown and sister, J. H. Brown, Miss Mamie Cooper, Mrs. L. Blodgett, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hatch, W. D. Brown, Miss Anna Dutton and Miss Ethel Shatto returned Monday from Pasadena, where they have been attending the McKimley. People of taste will want the best they can get—no pains to provide one of this kind—send it out next Sunday in a supplement. It will be perfectly free to every patron.

Fred Stiel, who has been visiting the family of F. S. Northrup, near Twain, departed yesterday for Boston. Mrs. Stiel and the children will follow to-morrow, and within a few weeks the family will depart for Europe for an extended tour.

A party consisting of Henry Rutherford, Bud Lacy, R. B. Hayes and the Misses Lacy and Lorraine Beckwith, returned yesterday from an outing of a week in Bell Canyon.

J. G. Quick has petitioned the Superior Court for letters of administration on the estate of Mrs. J. F. Foster, deceased. The estate consists of real and personal property valued at about \$12,000.

Nine drunks were landed in the city tonight as a result of an excessive indulgence in circus luncheon with a stick in it. Today they were given the usual fines.

The four-year-old son of John Shover of Newport was lost in the city yesterday in the circus crowd, for more than two hours.

Mrs. Grace Cutler of Riverside is in Santa Ana, a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Pulver on East Santa Clara avenue.

Eby left yesterday for Sacramento to attend the annual conference of the Free Methodist Church at that city.

Miss Lottie Carlyle and Miss Dolly McKee left today for the Needles to take positions in the public schools of that city.

F. E. Kellogg, secretary of the Santa Barbara Walnut Growers' Association, is attending the Farmers' Institute session which will be held here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McClay, who have been spending the summer at Newport Beach, returned yesterday to their home in Edgington. Miss Mabel Edinger, went to Los Angeles today to remain for a few days.

Miss Lottie Padgham has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Mabel Edinger, who has been visiting friends for a week.

Mrs. Hoffman has gone to San Bernardino to visit her sister, Mrs. John Drew, for a few weeks.

Henry M. Perry of Ontario has arrived here with a view to making this his future home.

Mrs. E. M. Blake and children have gone to Los Angeles for a few days' visit with friends.

A. R. Sauer and Earl Cameron of San Diego yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Monaghan of this city have been spending a few days in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Keeler are entertained by Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fay of San Diego.

James Murray and family went to Newport Beach today for an outing of a few days.

George Kuechel and family have returned from an outing at Camp Coronado.

A new vault is being installed in the Woods of Los Angeles are guests of Mrs. A. McRea.

Henry R. Levy has returned from a week's trip in the northern part of the State.

Mrs. Nannie Clark left today for Berkeley, to finish her university studies.

W. H. Marcher of Wisconsin is visiting her brother, James J. Marcher.

Miss Patton, who has been a guest of Mrs. Henry Starke.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Beggs and children are back from San Diego.

Mrs. C. Smith and children are at Santa Monica.

NORTH ONTARIO.—NOTES OF PROGRESS. NORTH ONTARIO, Sept. 10.—(From The Times' Resident Correspondent.) The excavating for the basement of the new citrus-fruit packing-house is near completion. The work of building is to be pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

Edward De Spain and Francis Hagle were married this morning at the Catholic Church. They have taken up their residence in First avenue near Eleventh street.

The articles of incorporation of the Mutual Savings, Building and Loan Association, which has been organized by the County Clerk and forwarded to the Secretary of State. The document is being circulated among the members.

Mr. Pierce, who recently came here from Pennsylvania and bought an orange orchard, has purchased a lot on Second avenue near the Santa Fe depot, where he is to build an office building and open a real estate office.

ONTARIO.—ONTARIO, Sept. 10.—(From The Times' Resident Correspondent.) A petition has been circulated among the stockholders of the San Antonio Water Company for the purpose of inserting in the by-laws of the company a clause empowering the company to generate electricity for power to run pumping machinery. At the present time it costs the company several thousand dollars each season to run its pumps, and it is estimated that a small electric plant would pay for itself in a few years. The petition meets with favor among the stockholders.

DEATH OF WALTER NOBLE.—Walter Noble, aged 70 years, brother of Andrew Noble of this place, died at his home, corner E street and Fern avenue, at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. He was a native of Scotland and had been in this country for a long time. The funeral will be held tomorrow morning from the family residence, Rev. Ralph B. Larkin officiating. The deceased was a member of the Presbyterian church, Canada. He is survived by a widow and seven children.

de Boulogne, M. Caster-Peier could never bear this police surveillance, and more than once he gave the detectives the slip, much to the annoyance of the Chief of Police. Felix Faure looked upon them as most useful and deserving men. President Loubet thinks they are a necessary evil.—(Chicago Journal.)

Police at a Wedding.—With policemen guarding the doors of the Second Congregational Church to keep out the curious, a wedding of a poor shoemaker and his bride, Miss Elizabeth J. Smith, an heiress, was wedded tonight to William Shaw, a mechanic, who earns \$2 a day.

The bride's wealth is estimated at \$50,000. It was left to her by her parents, who were thrifty farmers and died about a year ago. Since then she has made her home with an aunt. Relatives tried to dissuade her from marrying the poor shoemaker, but she showed her contempt by snubbing them in the matter of invitations to her nuptials.

She likewise insisted last night that Rev. E. C. Follows, who officiated, should wear a Geneva gown. He acceded to her request.

She was a granddaughter of a short distance out in the country for herself and husband, upon their return from a tour of the West Coast.—(Detroit Correspondence New York Journal.)

"Didn't you go away at all, Mrs. Dash?"

Mrs. Dash said she was so well fixed now that we could afford to stay at home if we wanted to—so we did.—(Detroit Free Press.)

VENTURA.—NEW ANTI-SALOON MOVE. VENTURA, Sept. 10.—(From The Times' Resident Correspondent.) The anti-saloon people today inaugurated another move for a prohibition ordinance for Ventura county. It is stated that Dan Smith, the Ojai Supervisor whose vote repealed the Supervisor ordinance last week, failed to file his papers within the time required by law after his last election, and is therefore merely a "hold-over" officer. Petitions are in circulation today in the Ojai Valley for the appointment of Gov. Gage of S. C. Gridley for the supervision of the Ojai district. The petitions are being numerically signed and will be presented to the Governor in person by an attorney for the anti-saloon forces. The appointment of Mr. Gridley would again give the temperate people a majority on the board, and assure a prohibition ordinance.

The trial of the case of A. Hope-Doeg vs. Meers, Cook, Bonstall, Blackburn, Collins, Jones, Oldings, Hund and Sudden, is in progress in the Superior Court. Mr. Hope-Doeg is suing a former town marshal and town board individually for \$10,000 damages for injuries sustained in December, 1935, when while hurrying to catch a train he fell from the sidewalk and was injured, breaking his leg.

Wait for it. Everybody will want a good portrait of McKinley. People of taste will want the best they can get—no pains to provide one of this kind—send it out next Sunday in a supplement. It will be perfectly free to every patron.

FULLERTON.—FULLERTON, Sept. 10.—(From The Times' Resident Correspondent.) The committee which charge the memorial exercises tomorrow, in honor of the late President, met last night and completed arrangements for the day. The G.A.R. W.R.C., Masons, Odd Fellows and other lodges and societies will attend in a body, and each of the churches will also be represented by large delegations. Seats are being placed today on the St. George Hotel grounds, and as all of the business hours will be closed and all the people of the surrounding country have been invited to attend, it is expected that at least 100 or 1200 people will participate in the services.

FULLERTON BREVITIES.—It is understood that Mrs. Robert Raines will not contest the divorce suit filed against her, and that her husband, R. B. Raines, will get the custody of the four children. Two of the children are now in the Catholic school in Anaheim, and the other two are with their mother in Los Angeles.

The Rogers-Lathrop Mercantile Company is packing and shipping the entire output of the Golden Belt Walnut Growers' Association, occupying the entire first floor of the building.

G. W. Bell has opened a barber shop at the Santa Fe oil wells.

E. K. Benchley is visiting everything in his line at the packing-house for packing and shipping the entire output of the Golden Belt Walnut Growers' Association, occupying the entire first floor of the building.

Lotz & Croner of Fullerton have been awarded the contract to erect the new Throldhouse at Olands, the bid being \$2000.

Mrs. L. Rols and family have moved from the Hotel Reception to their new home at Olands.

Wait for it. Everybody will want a good portrait of McKinley. People of taste will want the best they can get—no pains to provide one of this kind—send it out next Sunday in a supplement. It will be perfectly free to every patron.

CARPENTERIA MAN.—RETRACTS ON OATH. INDIGNANT CITIZENS WANTED TO LYNCH HIM.

Culprit Says He Made Anarchistic Remarks as a Job-Santa Barbara's Memorial Program—A Bather Saved From Drowning.

SANTA BARBARA, Sept. 10.—(From The Times' Resident Correspondent.) Great excitement prevailed for quite a while here tonight, when a carpenter man, who had been arrested for making a statement about the late President, was being taken to the county jail. The man was being taken to the jail by a police officer, and a crowd of citizens was following him. The man was being taken to the jail by a police officer, and a crowd of citizens was following him.

The prospect of tackling so long a line was appalling, and the average man made an audacious dash down the length and breadth of the line to find some one he knew to get him tickets. One unhappy wretch started out to get himself into a predicament, but he had worked his way up to the box office he had \$20 in his hand to pay the box-office man.

One fellow, whom he scarcely knew by sight, dashed up and before he could protest, dumped \$10 in nickels and dimes and secured a ticket. He rattled off a long list of different tickets he was to buy. When he got to the ticket window he was told that he had to wait for a while.

The messenger boys reaped a rich haul. They stood in line again and again to buy tickets at a cent a hour.

There was one placid old codger shoving along by the public importunity to the window. He knew he was wanted. He decided that he wanted five reserved seats for Thursday and ten for last night, and then he told the clerk that he didn't intend to buy any more tickets.

CIRCUS DAY LIVED OVER.

Ringlings' Show Draws Great Crowds.

Animals and Ladies the Big Features.

Elephants and Clowns Galore. Long Line-up for Tickets.

Barring the fact that the beautiful lady in the pink silk skirt, was invariably in the ring at the other end of the tent, it was a very nice circus, indeed.

Wouldn't it be lovely, if there could be a circus with lady with nothing but pink silk ladies in it? Nobody wants to see the men, anyhow. It must have been the pink silk lady that brought all the crowd out, and then she was always at the other end of the tent. Always pink silk lady.

From the time the Ringling Bros. show struck town in the morning, life was just worth living if you had a ticket to the circus. The Ringling Bros. show struck town in the morning, life was just worth living if you had a ticket to the circus.

The circus train pulled in at the Santa Fe depot about 5 in the morning. It was a pretty tight circus. It has been playing a hard time for the last few weeks on a road that runs through the mountains and over the hills.

While the respectable kitchen clocks of the Fifth Ward were still crawling through the hours that are known only by hearsay, the immense fields of canvas were being erected at Washington street and Grand avenue.

THAT ANXIOUS LINE.—Hundreds stood in line for hours yesterday morning, waiting for tickets to the circus. The line was so long that it was impossible to get a ticket.

The prospect of tackling so long a line was appalling, and the average man made an audacious dash down the length and breadth of the line to find some one he knew to get him tickets. One unhappy wretch started out to get himself into a predicament, but he had worked his way up to the box office he had \$20 in his hand to pay the box-office man.

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The Haunted Mind.

If you have a haunted mind, write to Dr. Pierce for advice. He will give you the best advice he can give. He will give you the best advice he can give.

Dr. Pierce's Medical and Surgical Advice. Write to Dr. Pierce for advice. He will give you the best advice he can give. He will give you the best advice he can give.

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THE CITY IN BRIEF.

AT THE THEATERS.

BURBANK—The Magnificent. **ORPHEUM**—Vandeville.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

Will Speak at Saville.

Hon. Waldo M. Wells will speak at the memorial services at Saville this afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Principals' Meeting.

The meeting of the principals of the city schools, which was to have been held today, has been postponed, and a new date will be announced later.

Silver Recovering.

Hon. Herman Silver, who has been confined to his residence, No. 1231 South Figueroa street, by illness for a week past, is now rapidly convalescing.

Bicycle Stolen.

A Crescent bicycle, belong to a Times reporter, was stolen last night from in front of the Times Building. It is a well-worn wheel with a cork grip on the left side and a leather one on the right.

More School Rooms.

Three new rooms have been completed at the Swain-street school, and will probably be received by the Board of Education today. The following teachers have been appointed for the new rooms: Mary E. Loren, Mrs. Frances Melton and Addie J. Samuels.

Flags for Schools.

The necessity of opening public subscriptions for American flags for schoolhouses in Calhoun Valley has called forth much comment. Standish Kostomarov says that the organization known as the American Mechanicians would furnish them free if such funds were brought to its attention.

No Baseball Today.

There will be no ball game at the Cactus grounds this afternoon because of the late President's funeral. Regular tournament games will begin tomorrow with the Statesmen, and five will be played on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, the latter being a postponed game.

Warns the Public.

T. M. McClellan, No. 737 Maple avenue, has issued a signed warning to the public to beware of the brothers in black who are going around collecting money under the pretense that the colored people want to hold memorial services by themselves. "These people," he says, "are going around under pretense of help and other expenses, and are simply trying to fleece the public."

Fall from a Car.

Miss Addie Joyce, about 30 years old, fell from a Boyle Heights car at First and Alameda streets last evening, and sustained a severe bruise of the left thigh. Miss Joyce was suffering so that it was deemed advisable to take her to the Revere Hospital.

Being treated she went to her room, at No. 2314 West Fourth street. The injury was sustained when the woman attempted to step from the car.

Federal Grand Jury.

The Federal grand jury yesterday considered the charge against Pablo Vasquez, charged with stealing a bank note to higher denominations. A full account of his awkward work was given in The Times as a supplement next Sunday the 23d inst. This is a portrait that will do to frame and keep and treasure. It is fine.

Patrons of The Times visiting Idyllwild and Strawberry Valley on a vacation can make arrangements for The Times to follow them with Dr. L. A. Wright of San Jacinto. The Times will be delivered in the valley on the day of publication.

For time of arrival and departure of Santa Fe trains see "Time Card" in today's Times.

Dr. Shaffner, Frost Bldg. 146 S. Broadway.

Send donations of cast-off clothing, furniture or food supplies to the Good Samaritan department of the Bethlehem Institutional Church, Vine and Ducommun street, or telephone John 23, and wagon will call. Office hours during summer months 11 to 12 daily.

A portrait of McKinley, similar in size and style and excellence to the famous Tonneson art pictures, will be issued by The Times as a supplement next Sunday the 23d inst. This is a portrait that will do to frame and keep and treasure. It is fine.

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Send donations of cast-off clothing, furniture or food supplies to the Good Samaritan department of the Bethlehem Institutional Church, Vine and Ducommun street, or telephone John 23, and wagon will call. Office hours during summer months 11 to 12 daily.

A portrait of McKinley, similar in size and style and excellence to the famous Tonneson art pictures, will be issued by The Times as a supplement next Sunday the 23d inst. This is a portrait that will do to frame and keep and treasure. It is fine.

Patrons of The Times visiting Idyllwild and Strawberry Valley on a vacation can make arrangements for The Times to follow them with Dr. L. A. Wright of San Jacinto. The Times will be delivered in the valley on the day of publication.

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COFFEE HOUSE PROPOSED.

Los Angeles Christian Endeavors About to Provide a Resort Other Than Saloon for Young Men.

Christian Endeavors of Los Angeles propose the city an old-fashioned coffee house before long. The real purpose will be to furnish to young men other resort than the liquor saloon, but it is to be conducted on a business basis. The idea is to rent a suitable room down town as a beginning, and with the proceeds handsome new quarters will be provided, and will be made if possible, more attractive than any saloon.

"The place would have the same hours as a saloon," said Paul C. Brown, president of the local Christian Endeavor Union, "and amusements, reading matter and lunches would be provided. There would be a regular bar, over which nothing, but coffee would be served. Those who chose to lounge in the quarters could do so freely, and for coffee and lunch, a suitable price would be charged. We have not decided whether billiards would be introduced or not."

It is our desire to place the coffee-house on either First or Second street, between Spring and Main.

A committee meeting will be held Sunday afternoon at Immanuel Church to discuss the subject.

PERRIS IRRIGATION DISTRICT.

Suit to Determine Whether or Not It Has Any Property in Riverside County.

In the United States Circuit Court yesterday, Judge Wellborn made an order requiring the Board of Supervisors of Riverside county to show cause why they should not make a tax levy against the Perris Irrigation District. It is alleged, in the complaint filed, that they have not made such levy since 1920. The writ is returnable next Monday.

The order of Judge Wellborn is brought about by the suit of R. H. Thompson against the Perris Irrigation District, for \$2500.00, on a judgment secured in March last. The defendant company claims to have no property, and the argument on question of a tax levy will determine its status.

Nominee for Mayor.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 22.—The Union Labor party convention tonight nominated Eugene E. Schmitts for Mayor. Schmitts is a member of the Musicians' Union.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

The following marriage licenses were issued yesterday from the office of the County Clerk:

George H. Gardner, aged 39, a native of New Jersey, and Margaret Scott, aged 41, a native of England; both residents of Pomona.

Clarence R. Chapman, aged 25, a native of Ohio and a resident of Pomona, and Eleanor E. Loy, aged 19, a native of California and a resident of Los Angeles.

Forest N. Velsky, aged 21, a native of Michigan, and Bertha F. Krug, aged 25, a native of Illinois; both residents of Los Angeles.

Jerry C. Morton, aged 24, a native of California, and Anna Hancock, aged 18, a native of Kansas; both residents of Compton.

Leo A. Standifer, aged 20, a native of Mississippi and a resident of Hynes, and Grace Horton, aged 18, a native of California and a resident of Calabasas.

Israel Murphy, aged 56, a native of Virginia, and Alice Twine, aged 31, a native of Missouri; both residents of Los Angeles.

George W. F. Halliday, aged 27, a native of England, and Susan Leishman, aged 24, a native of Scotland; both residents of Los Angeles.

Nathan Venable, aged 22, a native of Missouri, and Minnie Spicer, aged 18, a native of California; both residents of Los Angeles.

Jra Wilkin, aged 35, a native of New York, and Mary E. Barnes, aged 33, a native of New York; both residents of Los Angeles.

Frank L. Seaver, aged 21, a native of California, and Ada M. Stein, aged 21, a native of Michigan; both residents of Los Angeles.

Herman L. Dalbey, aged 24, a native of California and a resident of San Bernardino, and Dollie Ely, aged 21, a native of Oregon and a resident of Los Angeles.

Harry L. Hill, aged 31, a native of Illinois, and Clara S. Schade, aged 22, a native of Germany; both residents of Los Angeles.

Harry A. Temby, aged 21, a native of Nevada, and Florence A. Knox, aged 21, a native of California; both residents of Los Angeles.

DEATH RECORD.

MEYER—Rosa Meyer, beloved wife of Fred A. Meyer, sister of Mrs. Marie T. Sittel, Mrs. Julia Winter, sister of Mrs. Arthur Winter and Charles J. Schneider of New York, aged 53, died at her home, 1000 S. Broadway, Sept. 21, 1922.

Funeral notice later. San Francisco papers please copy.

KING—A. Whittey, September 21, Joseph P. King, aged 38, son of M. H. King and brother of Mrs. Wm. H. King, died at his home, 1000 S. Broadway, Sept. 21, 1922.

Funeral notice later. San Francisco papers please copy.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express to our friends our heartfelt thanks for the loving sympathy and many kindnesses shown us in our sad bereavement.

MRS. GRACE E. JACOBI.

MR. AND MRS. C. HUBBARD.

MR. AND MRS. C. MILTON ADAMS.

Sons of St. George.

The officers of the lodge request all members of the lodge to attend the mass meeting at Hazard's Pavilion tonight, 8 p.m., and cordially invite all members to participate.

M. O. Mold, Hy. Riley, C. A. Holt, Committee.

Los Angeles Transfer Co.

Will check baggage at your residence to any point. Office 211 S. Spring. Tel. M. 4, or 2nd.

The Lady Undertaker.

Mrs. M. J. Consett, with Ory & Hines Co., is the only lady undertaker practicing in Los Angeles. No extra charge. Tel. M. 2.

Robt. L. Garrett & Co.

Undertakers, 249 N. Main st. Tel. Main 11.

Our Store

will be

Closed Today

from

1 to 5 p.m.

Boswell & Noyes

Drug Co.,

Reliable Prescription Dispensaries,

Third and Broadway.

Store Closed Today.

TIME waits for no man. We can fix your watch.

Watches Cleaned 75c
New Main Spring 50c
New Case Spring 50c
New Roller Jewel 50c

One Year's Guarantee
Geneva Watch & Optical Co.

265 S. BROADWAY.

CLOSED TODAY.

SO. CALIFORNIA WINE CO.,

220 W. Fourth Street.

Tel. M. 332.

AUCTION!

Positively the Last Days.

FRIDAY, SATURDAY,

2 p.m. sharp.

As Mr. Babayan will leave in a few days this will be positively the last chance to secure fine

Oriental Rugs

At great sacrifice.

Sale at the Art Rooms,

330 SOUTH BROADWAY.

LIMBROCK & MILLER, Auctioneers.

New Writing Papers.

We have just received a large stock of the newest novelties in writing papers, consisting of "Pegu" and "Antelope," "Carrara" and "Linen Lawn" papers, all of which are made in new and fashionable sizes. Monogram dies made and paper stamped.

Sanborn, Vail & Co.

337 S. BROADWAY.

WON'T WEAR CHEAP

HYDER'S

\$3.00

HATS.

N. E. Cor. Second and Spring.

HATS THAT BECOME YOU

SEE our Featherweight Trunks and Traveling Bags. D. D. WHITNEY & SONS, 245 South Spring Street.

'Libby' Glass

Very newest designs, direct from the factory.

Parmelee-Dohrmann Co.,

22-24 S. SPRING STREET.

Satin Cerate Makes the skin beautiful and keeps it so.

MRS. WEAVER-JACKSON,

319 South Spring Street.

Branch Store—31 E. Colorado St., Pasadena.

Over-Exertion of Brain or Body.


Take Horvath's Acid Phosphate.

It is a wholesome tonic for body

POINTS AND POINTERS

POINTS AND POINTERS

DREW
&
LAPWORTH
—
REAL ESTATE
Loans, Insurance,
Mines and Oil Stocks.
—
RENTAL AGENCY.
63-64-66 DOUGLAS BLDG.
TEL. RED 381.
Cor. Third and Spring Sts.



HOUSES BUILT TO ORDER—
MONEY SAVED
 Estimates and plans submitted free.
 Terms to suit the buyer.
CALIFORNIA REALTY CO.
BUILDERS
 322-324 BURNING BROOK

OUR BARBARIAN COUNTRY—

11224—5-room house, W. 2nd.
 11226—Three lots, cor. 2nd and Vermont.
 2722—seven-room house, Union ave.
 2724—House and lot, S. L. A. st., bet. 4th and 5th.

132, 2 4 and 5, Heune Bldg.,
 113 W. Third st.

Phone James 2971. Los Angeles, Ca

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1934 - C. F. DETON - 1934

217 LAUGHLIN BUILDING.

FOR SUBDIVISION.


A grand opportunity. 51 lots at half value and close in on car line. I have customers

... west or still between sixth and seventh
 on to Hoover sta. List your lots if you want
 sell.

FOR SALE—LOTS—CHEAP.
 Southwest corner of Adams and Pa
 oma sta.; N3/4 to alley, only \$600.
 Northwest corner Ninth and Coronado st.

3-foot front on Coronado st.; streets on three
sides. \$600.

TYLER & CO., owners.
119 S. Broadway.


 **WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MAIN
street! It's all right.**

See me for several choice pieces of Main-st
property, lying between Fifth and Ninth st
and ranging in price from \$1,000 to \$6,000.
Best chance for advance of any business prop
erty now on the market.

S. K. LINDLEY,
117 S. Broadway.

LIST YOUR PROPERTY WITH US
ROBERT MARSH & CO.
INVESTMENT BROKERS,
Real Estate, Insurance, Mortgage Loans,
RENTING AND COLLECTIONS.
We make a specialty of business property.
TELEPHONE JAMES 414
521 DOUGLAS BUILDING.

FOR INVESTMENTS IN LOS ANGELES
BUSINESS PROPERTY, CONSULT
R. A. BOWAN,
419 DOUGLAS BLOCK.
—
—
—

 FOR SALE—
SOME OF THE
MOST DESIRABLE HOMES
IN THE CITY
AT
— BARGAINS —
SEE

EDWARD D. SILENT & CO.,
216 W. SECOND ST.

F. L. HOPPER & SON—REAL ESTATE.

Hotels and rooming-houses a specialty.
Loans and mortgages negotiated.
Fire and life insurance.

225 S. BROADWAY.
TEL. BROWN 196.

FOR BUSINESS PROPERTY--
and choice, modern homes, you should
my list. I make a specialty of this class
property and hence am posted on what is a
good buy.

GEO. E. HUNTERBERGER,
417 Douglas Building.

FOR SALE--

12.500--Lot fronting about 200 feet on San
dro st., 111 feet on Third st. and 31 feet on
Hyd st.

ERNEST G. TAYLOR,
117 S. BROADWAY.

MAKE YOUR PURCHASES
THROUGH
R. Alderson. He has lived seven years in
Victor Hall tract, keeps thoroughly posted
W. Adams-st. section and always has snap
gains. Notary work free.

F. R. ALDERSON,
118 S. BROADWAY. 318 COFF BLDG.

FOR SALE—
Handsome building lots, in the Breakey tract,
southwest, on Traction-car line. Large lots
to \$475. Funds for building.

RATES & STEELS,
sole agents.
218 CURRIER BLOCK.

FOR SALE—
corner, 200x155 to alley, southwest, at a
price that insures a good profit in a short

00 takes it.

M'GARVIN & BRONSON CO.
204 E. SPRING ST.

Real Estat

FOR SALE-THE

Washington street from
a broad and beautiful view
has advanced in price

CHANCE FOR A MILLION
Parties are anxious to buy
offer 15 per cent above the
prefers to sell them all
WHY LOAN HOUSE
When you can make \$100,000
CONTRACTORS, BUILDERS
You can. Call 1-800-255-1234

tract, building also purchased and released from mortgage to the owner of the lots have an entrance to a newly improved street and curb.

For Sale—4 large and new houses on Washington and Oak sts. near

For Sale—Extra large house on Washington near First st.

JOHN FLOURNOY
FOR SALE
\$125—Lot, Oak St. west of
300 feet.
\$1750—Corner of South St. and
\$1150—Lot on Union, near
\$900—Lot corner South and
\$1000—Lot on Rampart, near
ent.
\$800—Lot between Grand and
on Voltaire.

11200—The northwest corner
 Central ave., Illinois; good
 look it up.
 11200—Lot 11200 on Illinois
 11200—Lot 60 feet on Illinois
 LAM & A. 11200
 Room 1.
 FOR SALE—SOME VERY GOOD
 1170—Monroe st. in front of
 1170—Ave. 16. Highway
 1170—Ave. 16. Highway

\$150—Vallejo st., R. L. & L.
 \$600—For 4 large lots on
 Mission and Orange streets,
 car line.
 \$750—Central ave. bet. 30th
 & 31st—W. 10th is front lot
 corner lot, both streets
 \$1250—West 17th near 10th
 \$2000—Los Angeles st. bet.
 alley.
 \$1250—Fine large lot on
 a corner for big store

SALE—
 the cheapest lot
 10th and
 Main.
 CLARK & BROWN

SALE—LOTS N
 mission ave., \$1250
 Cherry st., \$1250.
 Maria st., \$500.

paving paid.
G. C. EDWARDS
FOR SALE—
 \$205—Lot 50212; a corner
 of Central.
 \$250—Lot 50213, 2nd St.
 Pedro and Central.
 \$225—Lot 50214, 2nd St.
 \$150—Lot 50215, W. 3rd St.
 \$750—Lot 50216; a corner
 Pedro.

1900-Lot 621218, 8. Acres
 12120-Lot 621219, 10. Acres
 12125-Lot 621220, 10. Acres
 Ninth and 10th.
 12125-Lot 621218, 8. Acres
 Second and Third; can be
 GEORGE A. ...
 22
 FOR SALE-LOTS-1200.
 GREAT SNAPS-
 12120-12125 to alley, 12125
 JOHN 381.
 SALE-TWO LOTS

Sale.
\$180—Six180, west of
\$449—Six180, Custer so.
lines; street improvement
paid.
\$1809—Six185 to allow, on
on Alvarado st., near
. Also a whole block
northwest of Third-st
for buildings, at cost
value.
These are genuine bargains

sacrificed; rare opportunity
22 JOHN

FOR SALE - LOTS-

\$1600-120 feet on West
\$2200-80 feet on South
\$2000-75 feet southeast
st.

\$1500-80 feet on Third
\$1090-45 feet, corner of
\$750-50 feet, corner of
\$500-50 foot lot on
\$470-50 foot lot on

SALE-
choice lot on N
within next few
CLARK & BRYAN

\$300-45 foot lot on ...
 Washington.
 \$300-45 foot lot on ...
 SHATTUCK
 22
 FOR SALE-BARGAIN
 \$800-W. 25th near
 \$800-W. 25th near
 \$750-Valencia near
 \$800-Howland near
 \$850-Vermont near
 FOR SALE-LOTS
 NW-W. corner

\$345-25th, east of
 \$1900-Camper 21st, east of
 \$1200-Corondelet, near
 \$1800-Ninth st, corner
 \$1500-Bennie Bras, near
 \$1000-Westlake, corner
 \$2210-Westlake, near
 \$3000-Alvarado, corner
 22 T. W. T. RICHARDS

Corner 25th and
W. 23d and
W. 25th near
Menlo ave. between
Corner Wall and
Washington near
W. 27th near
Corner Westlake and
Hartford st. between
\$200.
Corner 27th and
Corner Seventh and
And others all one

W. H. ALLEN & SONS
FOR SALE—
TWO OF THE MOST
FRONT LOTS IN THE
SECTION; SOUTHWEST
AND GREEN STS.
ALLEY.
A FINE CORNER LOT

WEST CORNER OF
STR.: 34 FEET FRONTAGE
GROSS 1/2
25 LAM
MADE.
FRONT
HAY

FOR SALE—
The last cheap lot on West
Hoover: \$650.
Lot on Bixel between
\$900.
Fine lot west side of

SALE—LOTS—
—Lot 80x120, on
and 18th; 5 bloc
LOCKHART

\$150—Lot 1/2 block north
 \$150.
 3 lots on Bush street
 \$750 and \$800.
 2 lots cor. New England
 streets, \$1350.
 W. H. DICKSON
 Tel. W. 125 1/2

SALE—CORNER
 sts. and down
 Oakdale ave.; lot o
 Fifth; for leas
 is held at J. A
 Bidg.

SALE—
 COLNER, 321 W.
 Pick out your lot
 plans as you lo

OR SALE—

...a sign...
through to Dunbar
between Third and Fourth
able for fine home or
blocks from Third and
at a very low price; see
for particulars.
CLARK & BRYAN

SALE-SNAP
Pico st.
Dunbar on Vermont
corner, \$9,150, to a
sta. Look it up
F. E. DOUGLAS

SALE-LOT
between 10th and 11th
...
W. W. ...

one block of Central; same location, \$480.
\$225-50x150 on New Building.
\$750-50x125 on 11th st. near
\$650-50x125 on First st.
\$1200-50x150 to allow, on
between Ninth and 11th st.
LOCHMAN
ON SALE - PRICES T

SALE - Beautiful lot on 80 ft
guerra, all street improvements
\$960-25x170, 1700 near Cherry
\$960-25x180 to alley, 1000
edro.
\$1100-50x100, Georgia near F
\$960-Lot on Cherry near F
\$960-25x120, San Pedro near
F. G. CALKINS & CO.
Tel. Main 92 16 16
W. SALE - WOOLNEE

11 W. SECOND ST. ...
all lots on Sixth st. ...
Arlington, first lot gone at ...
raised ...
\$185, at 11th and N ...
750.
Grand ave., near 11th st. ...
room house, \$750.
Grand Ave., near 23d st. ...
100.
WOOLNER, GEORGE

R SALE—**A SNAP**—
Lot on east side of
Between Adams and
Hialeah; worth
Price for a few days
EDWARD D. SILVER
214 W. Second St.
Sole Agent.

between 18th and 78th st.
and residence in part; one
asked and good money
lots, S. W., at 1000 each
\$250 a lot singly. For more
few days only. For terms
N. 217 Laughlin bldg.

SALE—FLOWER MARKET
lots, less than 1000,
Union lot 1000, less
211 W. Second st.

Grand ave., near 12th
-room house, \$7500.
Grand ave., near 12th

WOLVER HILL

R SALE — A SNAP
On east side of
Between Adams and
Hill; worth
Price for a low bid
EDWARD A. HILTON
238 W. Second St.
Salem, Mass.

SALE — A BUNCH
between 11th and 12th
and residence in part;
are asked
here, N. W. of
\$200 a lot, empty
very dear only 10
N. 217 Lexington St.
Salem, Mass.

SALE — FLOWERS
flowers, from that
Union, lot about
St. 221 W. Second St.

SALE — CHOICE
in Central are an
property clear,
Address X, box
BUT — TWO BIRDS
molded at, between
only \$100 each;
in Western district
at CO. 140 E.

SALE — A BUNCH
with at, near 10th
at there are full-
N. W. of
broadsides
SALE — 140 N. W.
and, and N. W. of
SALE — 140 N. W.
SALE — 140 N. W.
money, F. D. A.

SALE—
Hotels, Lodging-houses.

[illegible]

ANCES—

[illegible]

TER A
 (1) open to
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 Lady's R.
 FEMALE
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 and M.
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 of Wales
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 M. 1897
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 S. D. T.
 MALG
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 A. N. M
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 GIVE
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 TOW
 drives
 LE-LO
 Apple
 EARN
 G. B. H

LIVE STOCK FOR

[illegible][illegible]

JEFFERSON ST.
R SALE-WHITE AND BROWN
orn eggs, 50c per setting. 1917 & 1918

after today.

R SALE—THOROUGHBRED BLAKE
cockers; Northern strain.
TENEHA ST.

R SALE—A SPLENDID WORK
single or double, 1100 pounds, clean
FLOWER ST.

R SALE—BARRED PLYMOUTH
White Leghorn 4250, 50 per
D. E. 25TH ST.

R SALE—JUST FRESH, VERY
very new (dawn); also graded Java
W. 21ST ST.

R SALE—ON EXCHANGE; FINE
ghibred buff Leghorn cockers.
UFFIN AVE.

R SALE — GOOD, GENTLE
and traveler, \$15. 205 N. ALBANY
ar Temple st.

LE-OWNER GOING NE
 will give a genuine bargain
 venture Hill Copper, Bargain
 United Verde Junior Cop
 dated Oil. Call 445 WILCO

LE-AT A BARGAIN, A
 be moved by October 1
 fields, boiler, engine, will
 ANGELES REA. EST
 CO., 110 S. Broadway,
 LE-OR TRADE-500 SH
 stock. Address V, bo
 LE

SLS AND LEASE FOR
 S. 100 S. Broadway.

MINING—

[illegible]

A dark, vertical, textured strip, possibly a book binding or a piece of fabric, with a lighter, textured area on the left side.

A. J. Hamburger & Sons

SAFEST PLACE TO TRADE. N. Spring & Franklin, L.A.

SEPTEMBER LINEN SALE SECOND WEEK.

One week ago we prophesied the greatest linen sale of our history. It has proven such. We bought more goods and we sold more goods. We have more goods left with which to begin the second week. The buying was tremendous—greater than we anticipated. This phenomenal success is due, first, last and always to the values offered. Of course, the assortment had much to do with it, but without values the assortment would have counted for nothing. Immensity and cheapness are yoked together. We are supplying households, hotels, restaurants, barber shops, lodging houses and every other place where linens are used. Nearly everything advertised last Sunday is still here in sufficient quantity to last for several days. The most notable values of the sale are chronicled here.

Bleached Table Damask.

Heavy white damask in most designs 19c
Good weight and width German linen damask, 18 inch wide 44c
Pure white German linen, made of good round thread 36 inch wide 59c
German and Irish damask, full width 74c
Good assortment 5-7 yds. in floral and conventional designs 98c
Two white German linen 5 yds. wide, satisfactory quality 1.15
5-yd. Irish linen in pure white, good assortment of patterns 1.49

Cream Table Damask.

Cream damask 18 inch wide, nice and broken disc patterns, per yard 22c
Good cream damask, 18 inch wide, cream and cushion 29c
Faint damask, 18 inch wide, per yard 36c
Faint damask, in pretty patterns, medium width 46c
10-inch cream damask, leaf and floral pattern, per yard 59c
Good, good patterns 69c

Damask Cloths.

Heavy double heavy damask cloth, 18 yards long, assorted patterns 1.50
Silver bleached damask cloth, 18 yards long, assorted patterns 1.98
Bleached linen damask cloth, 18 yards long, extra wide 2.48
Fine linen damask cloth, 18 yards long, handsome patterns, bleached 3.49
24 yards German linen cloth, one of our choice patterns, 5 yds. 5.00

Crash Toweling.

Cream crash toweling, 18 inches wide, fancy red border, per yard 34c
Bleached honey comb crash, soft finish, per yard 74c
Fine three quarter bleached crash toweling, 18 inches wide 84c
Bleached crash towels, all linen, soft finish, per yard 124c
Irish linen with red and blue checks, at 84c
Crashed barbed linen crash, 18 inches wide, red or blue 10c
Crashed barbed linen toweling, red or blue checks 124c
Irish linen, 18 inches wide, free from lint, heavy and firm 15c

Bleached Napkins.

Large fine dinner napkins, pure white, neat patterns 98c
Dinner napkins in up-to-date patterns, fancy finish, per doz. 1.39
Extra size fine dinner napkins, 18 inch square, per doz. 1.69
Extra size German linen napkins, fine and strong, crisp finish 1.98
24 yards German linen napkins, extra good, at per doz. 2.39
Irish linen napkins made of pure white thread, wear well, look well 3.15

Turkish Towels.

Bleached and unbleached bath towels, good size, weight and quality, at 84c
Bleached and unbleached bath towels, large size for 10c
Heavy absorbent bath towels, hemmed ends, or unbleached 124c
Bath towels of extra size and weight, bleached or unbleached 15c
Absorbent double loop bath towels, large size, hemmed ends, good quality 20c
Our Giant bath towels, extra size, very heavy, bleached or unbleached 25c
Large soft bath towels, hemmed ends, bleached or unbleached 29c

Cream Napkins.

Good heavy block pattern Turkey red and white damask 95c
Splendid wearing quality at 1.25
Pretty soft napkins in floral pattern, small, designs 1.50
Extra size block pattern bleached napkins, good quality 2.00
Kins. Splendid quality 2.00

Kitchen Towels.

Double yard Marseilles towel, patent absorbent, each 5c
Cream honey comb towel, 24 inch, fast edge, long fringe 7c
Brown honey comb towel, hemmed ends, red border, fringed 7c
White absorbent towel, fast edge, fringed 84c
Fast-edge fringed, trimmed 84c
Crashed linen towel, colored hemmed ends, good quality 10c
Brown sink towel with loop at end, 18 inch wide, fringed 10c
Dish towels, 18 inch, hemmed ends, colored border 12c
Bleached ready for use 19c

Red Table Damask.

18-inch color Turkey red and white damask 19c
Turkey red and white damask, usual width, fast color 25c
18-inch damask in stripes and floral patterns, fast colors 35c
Old-fashioned German linen, oil boiled red and white, serviceable 50c
6-inch red and white damask, made of very heavy thread 85c

Bedroom Towels.

Fringed white cotton towels, very absorbent, each 5c
Pure white birdseye weave hand-towel, long fringe 64c
Black towel with colored border, hemmed ends and fringed 7c
White towel with colored border, colored borders and hemmed ends 84c
White towel with colored border, hemmed ends, good quality 10c
Plain white or fancy bordered hand-towel, 18 inch wide, fringed 124c
Linen white towels 124 inch, red border and heavy fringe 14c
Faint damask, hemmed ends 19c



Newest Autumn Suits

We place on sale Monday a big assortment of new styles in women's dresses which arrived last Friday and yesterday. The very newest styles, the very prettiest styles, the most desirable styles. Every one is up to our standard of goodness as regards making and material. We have plenty of others to show but the few which follow are of special interest.

One exquisite suit is an all wool French broadcloth with velvet vest. The jacket and skirt are trimmed with silk braid. Colors are tan, navy, black and white. \$35.00

All silk lined with best taffeta; plaited ruffle on drop skirt. \$12.50

Handsome all wool Venetian dress in tan, navy black and brown. Silk lined double breasted with taffeta skirt. \$25.00

Autumn Silk Skirts.

Recent arrivals have completed our assortment. The newest and best dress skirts of the season.

Silks made of good taffeta trimmed with lace applied around the hem. \$10.00

French silk dress skirt with ruffles, applied around the hem. \$15.00

French, peau de soie and velvet dress skirts in various styles and all sorts of beautiful trimmings. \$29.00

Autumn Millinery.

Autumn styles are charming and varied. It is impossible to describe all that Dame Fashion permits to be worn and shown. We have a few special values that are worth your immediate attention. The newest, prettiest and best for the price.

Untrimmed Shapes. \$1.00

Trimmed Hats. \$1.95

Trimmed Hats. \$2.00

Trimmed Hats. \$3.50

Ebell Shoes for Autumn.

All the autumn styles and shapes of the celebrated Ebell shoes are ready. Those of you who wear this make can come for the autumn styles believing that the quality has been improved. The Ebell factory is turning out better shoes now than ever before. Increased output makes this possible. We are sole agents for Los Angeles.

There is a shape for every foot. \$3.50

Po-mel-on Bitters.

Every resident of California knows the benefits derived from eating Pomelos or grape fruit. We have a preparation called Po-mel-on Bitters, a table-spoonful of which contains all the medicinal properties and virtues of a large sized grape fruit. It is more palatable than the fruit itself. In fact it has a delightful taste. Po-mel-on is a recommended remedy for indigestion, nervous exhaustion and similar effects resulting from over work, worry and mental exhaustion. Put up in two size bottles, 50c and \$1.00

Ebony Manicure Articles, 19c.

A big assortment of ebony handled articles with sterling silver mounting for manicure. The assortment includes nail files, cuticle knives, shoe horns, tooth brushes, button hooks, nail brushes, letter seals, erasers, stocking darners, etc. All worth much more. Choice for 19c.



The Nicest, the Prettiest, the Daintiest of Lace and Net Curtains.

There are styles in lace curtains as in everything else. During this week we will hold high carnival in the lace curtain department—an exposition of novelties and staples—the first showing of the newest autumn styles. Wherever curtains are made best, there we went for our supply. The assortment has been greatly increased over those of past seasons. The showing is so varied that every taste will find its ideal. When it comes to prices we are sure that ours are lower than the great majority. We have often told you that with quantity comes cheapness. We are the largest buyers, therefore the cheapest sellers. It is difficult to give you any accurate idea of what these curtains are. The pictures illustrate a few of the styles; the types describe others but neither can give a full idea. We urge you to come and inspect, to look through the lines, to compare prices, to study these curtains with a critical eye.

This lace curtain sale is also an exposition. You will find it so when you come to look.

Curtains ends 30 in. wide, by 14 yds long, showing corner of curtains worth from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per pair. 15c

Single curtains and curtain ends, a mixed lot of beautiful pieces, some are 2 yds long, others are 1 1/2 yds; a lot of 1 yds curtains worth \$1 each are included in this lot; choice for 25c

About 300 single curtains representing curtains worth from \$1.00 to \$2.50 each; a grand assortment of 29c

Novelty muslin curtains 24 yds long, by 18 in. wide; better grade of muslin than the above; ruffled edge; per pair 29c

Novelty muslin curtains 24 yds long, by 30 in. wide; better grade of muslin than the above; ruffled edge; per pair 29c

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Arabian curtains 24 yds long by 30 inches wide, wire net body finished with pretty worked edge and lace insertion. Pin dark Arabian color, per pair \$5.95

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Point de Paris curtains, 24 yds by 30 in. Fine striped net body, finished with a wide border of lace and fringe. Per pair \$4.75

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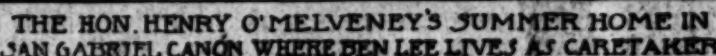
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Scurrilous Caricature.

It is a shameful truth that there is or was, abroad in this country a vulgar and distorted conception of the personality and character of President McKinley. This is shown by the scurrilous and lying caricatures published in the newspapers which descended to the level and pander to the tastes of the class of readers to which, roughly speaking, Chicago belongs. Caricature of this kind is not only unbecomingly and consciously and unintentionally, it is false to add, thus worked hand in hand with anarchy in inspiring the deed that laid low the great, gentle Christian man who was the best of his race, and in the balance,—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]



IN THE HOME

An uncontrolled voice is always un-
annerly. It is wise not to allow a

[COMPILED FOR THE TIMES BY A VETERAN OFFICER.]

The apparatus for setting fuses. The three limber gunners take post. One on the right and one on the left of the trail, the third behind the number on the right. The number on the right aims the search screen, the chain apparatus, the fuse, the elevation and fires. The number on the left corrects deflection and direction, in which he is assisted. No. 2 if the trail has to be changed. No. 3 on the left loads and fires the trail if required. The number serving the ammunition can do so either by standing or kneeling as they prefer. Kneeling they are fully covered from the front. The two first gunners are likewise covered to a certain

to antagonism. For home criticism

have sacrificed much for mere rapidity of fire.

Second Provisional Battalion, under the command of Col. Bosworth, secured a percentage of thirteen hits, getting 222 hits out of 1683 rounds fired at

ITALIAN SUBMARINE INVENTION

An important invention, the work of two Italian naval engineers, Russo and Laurenti, has just been tested with complete success before Signor Morin, the Minister of Marine, and will be immediately adopted on Italian sub-

selfish that the world should blame him because he is so; but the world does just that. It is too busy to probe below what we seem to be to learn what we are, and when it finds a man or woman who is selfish, who expects too much of it, it does not argue with

The wells at Chardonnay on the same underground phenomena are identical. It is estimated that the mighty aquifer extends across the State to the south.—(Marion (O.) Commercial and Industrial News.)

the same curious fact was that of the body. It was surface less than one an inch thick in its thickest part as thin as a flat pie as others.

[COMPILED FOR THE TIMES BY A VETERAN OFFICER.]

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her peculiarities of the gun are arranged for making minute allowances for deflection, steel shields over barrel and wheels to protect men against fragments of shell and jets of fire from the two guns while serving the gun. The gun weighs 2150 pounds, the limber pounds. It is intended that each battery shall consist of four guns and five wagons. Thus the ammunition element will amount to 1240 pounds of battery, or 312 per gun. On the whole, foreign reports agree that the new gun is too heavy, of doubtful serviceability owing to the hydro-pneumatic system, and, lastly, that the French

Egypt the author has arrived at the following conclusions:

themselves proficient in the all-important art of gunnery, and as skilled gunners means extra pay the handy men at Devonport are by no means losing the tenants who are standing their light.—(London Express).

◆◆◆

MARKSMEN AT ALDERSHOT.

The actual number of hits made in recent field firing experiments at Aldershot has been made known. This was that the Second Highland Light Infantry, firing at moving targets at known ranges, made a percentage of 132 hits, 132 hits being rendered out of a total of 1760 rounds fired. The

rounds and obtained ninety-two hits on disappearing targets at unknown

	Length in feet	Weight in tons	Weight of material in manufacture of foot in tons	P.C. tons per ton w eight
own segmental fire-tube gun	27½	23.4	100	37.216
77 gun	27½	28.6	575	51,558½
				1,504

The above table tells us our own story, and to anyone who has followed the development of modern ordnance and familiar with the best that has been in, it will be seen that the development of 1204 foot tons of energy per weight of gun has never been approached, the nearest to it being that of the Krupp 96-caliber 12-inch gun

It is practically invisible, as only a little tube five inches in diameter, pro-

destroyers of the Army and Navy Gazette says: "Perhaps the most striking feature connected with the movements of the X fleet is the absolute disregard which appears to have characterized them in connection with the possible attack of torpedo craft. The truth seems to be that these craft are unable to do any damage in daylight, and that their difficulty by night lies in locating the ships they would attack. Admiral Wilson seems to have used his destroyers for the capture of merchant ships, but it is not easy to see how these vessels can be used for this purpose when we remember their

9 TAKE THE

W. S.
345-347

Bellel

Allen,

the Emperor Augustus
r. "Varus, Varus, give
back my legions!"

Is a thr-rible crowd an' (strengthen by anny' on 'n' if ye have anny' o' can sell or be matchin' kapp' tics. Ar-re we anny bett' bein' th' high tinnis experprisin' rowsmen, yachters iv the w we were whin th' champeen puddloughers an' ewin' mac' Why is England losin' y. Hinnissay? Because I

**"Better
Tailoring**

It's style you want
give it to you.
It's fit you must have
that's a point of pride
us. Best and most
designers and cutters in
Angles.

Christ preached His gospel
crucified, Rome grew and
stern priests of Wodan sacri-
Germanic converts to the new
the bloody altars of their
and, and in turn, were driven
while the cross forced its
the Elbe. The Germans
Alps and threatened Rome
Frankish empire grew out
of a world. Treves, the
of Europe, was
Varus and his legions
only, except this one warrior,
he has held his safe for
when he was found no time
in satisfying scientific authori-
till they reached the place
was untouched and guarded.
This precaution, everything

They system is modern, new,
a theory here.

Suits, \$20.00, \$22.50, \$25.00, \$27.50 and \$30.00

BRAUER & KROHN, Tailors
128-130 S. Spring St., and 1144 S. Main St.

[illegible]

THE TIMES CURRENT TOPICS CLUB

Formed by Experts and Specialists. Seven Courses of Study.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

WORKS IN HORTICULTURE.

Every woman who is interested in the art of horticulture should join this club. It is the only one of its kind in the city. It is a place where women can learn the art of horticulture from the best experts and specialists. It is a place where women can meet and talk with other women who are interested in the same thing. It is a place where women can learn the art of horticulture from the best experts and specialists. It is a place where women can meet and talk with other women who are interested in the same thing.

prograte place in the work. Each home should be a picture, an art set apart from every other area by means of well-placed, well-balanced planting. The house should be the chief feature of the picture, and the planting should form the frame, setting and ornamentation.

Every park should be a series of landscape pictures fittingly placed, and harmoniously blended.

To successfully manufacture such pictures out of living organisms, under all sorts of conditions, calls for the exercise of taste, knowledge and skill of the highest character—a combination of art with the gardening, architectural and the engineering professions.

In these days no man undertakes to build house, factory, mill, schoolhouse, church, store, railway station, city hall or postoffice, without plans and specifications from a competent architect, and the still more fundamental advice of the landscape gardener is coming to be recognized as at least equally essential to the best results.

carefully carried out more than 400 undertakings of varied character, ranging from planting a shade tree to improving Kipping forest at a cost of \$277,000. Miss Wilkinson designs and supervises all its planting, and does similar work for the Affiliated Kyrle Society. Besides her private practice in and about London, she has a regular work of gardening is not included in a landscape gardener's duties, she has only to design, draw the plans and then see them executed. This she does by looking over the place, to be improved or originally laid out, as the case may be. She then takes measurements, studies the situation and then plans the work. The effect she wishes to produce; then draws up the plans, calculates the cost and sends in an estimate of the work as a whole. If it is accepted, she then goes to work, at first going only occasionally to see how they get on, and finally every day, as the work approaches completion.

Miss Wilkinson says that "as a profession for women I decidedly think landscape gardening is ideal. It is all work connected with gardens, is good. But they must be regularly trained for it and have a taste for it, otherwise they will be mere drudgery. To the born gardener, the lover of nature and of country life, the pursuit of this profession affords the happiest, freest and most congenial profession."

Miss Wilkinson is now in this country on her first time, and will come as far west as Chicago, before sailing for home in October.

IN CALIFORNIA.

Over on the Pacific Slope the number of women in various branches of horticulture is legion. Mrs. Birdsell of Auburn, Cal., grows olives, and Mrs. Francis Gallienne, San José, grows flower seeds.

The Lacy sisters, at Fruitvale, Cal., began their work in horticulture under glass in 1902, with a starch box and a window pane, and now have an acre of ground under cover. The first flowers they sold, however, were violet grown out of doors. They received \$8 for their first consignment, and now, between their indoor and outdoor crops, they market the product of nearly 7000 rose plants, 15,000 freesia bulbs, many daffodils, etc., etc. During the rose season they ship an average of seventy-five dozen roses daily. During the winter months the price ranges from \$1.50 to \$5 per dozen, and in summer from 25 cents to \$2 per dozen. There, as elsewhere, the American Beauty always brings the best price.

One of the first of the 100 dozen Ulrich Bruner roses for use in decorations for the banquet given in San Francisco last spring, was from the McKimley last spring.

The Misses Lacy now have 8000 square feet of glass for forcing roses, and it is their ambition to double their plant within the next year or two, which indicates better than words the measure of their success. They say: "We could not advise any woman to go into this business unless she loves it, but for those who do, it is a fascinating task that knows no limit."

DAFFODILS AND PAMPAS-GRASS PLUMES.

Conditions in California favor the raising of daffodils and pampas grass. Plenty of women who go there for pleasure remain to grow

SUCCESSFUL LANDSCAPE GARDENERS.

Mrs. A. E. McCrea of Chicago is believed to be the first woman to practice landscape gardening professionally in America. On her husband's death, some nine years ago, she took up the burden of his business as a nurseryman and landscape gardener, and has continued in practice ever since. Her work has been largely of a public character, though she has taken many private contracts. She has improved scores of back yards, as well as undertaken government and city contracts amounting to from \$1000 to \$10,000. She was for some time landscape gardener at Lincoln Park, Chicago, and is at present consulting landscape architect for several railroad companies, as well as to the city and the State of Michigan.

Where the Board of Education recently appropriated \$1000 for decorating the schoolhouse grounds under her supervision, Mrs. McCrea also has orders to draw plans for two city parks, a lakeshore boulevard and for the grounds of a normal school, a State prison and an insane asylum, all situated in the upper Michigan peninsula, besides having private contract work. She is interested herself in an effort to have landscape gardening added to the curriculum of State agricultural colleges, so that, as she expresses it, "the women of the future may readily obtain training along this line."

Miss Beatrice Jones of Bar Harbor, Me., has practiced landscape gardening professionally with good success

small expense. It is a business, however, and exacts close attention, and the exercise of knowledge and judgment; but any woman who loves to grow flowers and shrubs, and who can command a little ground and a little money, should have small difficulties.

Other branches of horticulture under glass are open to the trained worker. Roses, carnations and other flowers grown for market by a number of women. Miss Dorrance of Dorrancon, Pa., ships 5000 roses to New York daily during the rose season; Mrs. Vesey of Fort Wayne, Ind., grows roses, carnations and chrysanthemums for the wholesale market, and Mrs. Ella Grant-Wilson has recently completed her twenty-fifth consecutive year in the florist business under her own name at Cleveland, O. Mrs. Wilson has charge of the decorations for the funeral, and has been closely identified with the social life of her city. She considers a love for the work a prime requisite of success.

"Enthusiasm, perseverance and work are the essentials. One who would succeed must have health, strength, business ability and practical knowledge, before building and attempting to manage greenhouses." Mrs. Wilson is both florist and a grower—two branches which may be followed separately if desired. For instance, at Dorrancon, Pa., Mrs. Butlerfield has for years supported herself and her mother comfortably on the profits from her business as a florist and grower of roses, carnations and chrysanthemums, and knows nothing whatever of growing them.

In St. Louis, Mrs. Ellison is at the head of a flourishing business. She is a florist, and also a grower, having a downtown establishment, and extensive greenhouses in the neighborhood of Forest Park, on the outskirts of the city. She has probably originated more novel and charming dinner-table decorations than any other one person in this country, and has all of the best business in her line. She is a social and a social world of her big, aristocratic town. Some of her table decorations, in particular, are revelations in the floral art.

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Miss Beatrice Jones of Bar Harbor, Me., has practiced landscape gardening professionally with good success

MALADIES THAT WRECK MANHOOD.

My Modern, Advanced Methods Cure to Stay Cured, Where All Other Treatments Fail.

I treat each case personally and offer an experience of fifteen years devoted to this specialty.



O. C. JOSLEN, M. D.

THE PHYSICIAN WHO CURES

Varicocele in 5 Days (Sufferers), Contagious Blood Poison in 30 to 60 Days, Stricture and Gleet in 10 to 20 Days, Nerve-Sexual Debility in 30 to 90 Days, And All Vital Weaknesses and Diseases of Men.

I want to talk or write to every man who is suffering from any of the above diseases and who feels that he is not up to the proper standard of health, vitality and manhood. These insidious maladies will never cure themselves, but on the contrary, are constantly becoming more and more aggravated, and it is of the utmost importance that you attend to them at once, for if neglected they will in time break down the strongest constitution and wreck the most vigorous of men.

These diseases are a constant menace to your health, and it is very essential to your future welfare and happiness that you have any existing weakness remedied without further delay. My modern, advanced methods of treatment have enabled me to build up an enormous practice, and the fact that it is ever increasing is the best evidence I can offer to prove that I am honorable in my dealings and skilled and successful in the practice of my specialty.

My entire professional career has been devoted to the study and treatment of Nervous and Sexual Diseases of Men, and I understand thoroughly the different diseases which constitute my specialty. Every patient receives my personal attention; you see no substitutes; when you place yourself in my care you may rest assured that you will receive the very best treatment obtainable, and that you will be cured in the shortest time possible. Cast aside all modesty. Your health and manhood are slipping away; you cannot afford to delay. Call and be Examined Free.

Young Men

The period between 18 and 25 years of age is undoubtedly the most important decade in a man's life. During this interval are developed and matured the Physical, Mental and Sexual powers. Circumstances and surroundings have much to do with the formation of character and the individuality of the man, but to a great extent the carving of the future depends on himself. Any deviation from or transgression of Nature's laws may alter or change a whole future. Hard work, long study, intemperance, gambling, evil associates, etc., have broken down many hardy youth and wrecked what promised to be a brilliant career. Temptations, dangers and dissolutions are everywhere, and it requires discretion and strong will power to resist them. Of all the evils besetting our young men, none is more prevalent and destructive than the solitary habit of self-abuse. So common is this vicious practice among boys that not ten in every hundred escape its baneful effects. Modesty prevents parents from advising their children, and the poor victim finds out when too late that he has made a fatal error. We see the victims of this harmful vice on every hand. The salient, pinched, dark-circled eyes, stooping form, stunted development, bashful, melancholic countenance, and timid bearing proclaim to all the world his folly and tend to blight the future. Nocturnal dreams, exhausting losses of vigor, etc., are a constant drain on his vitality, and if neglected ultimately lead to a premature and untimely end.

Middle-Aged Men

The springtime of youth with you has passed. Life is now a sober reality. Experience has been your best teacher. You are wiser and can look back over your past life and point out the mistakes you have made. You see, feel and understand differently now. For some of the sins of your youth you have no doubt already paid the penalty. You have drifted along relying on Nature and a robust constitution to carry you through. Sexual dissipation and excess have been added to your list of transgressions. Private and blood diseases have ravaged your system and undermined your already weakened vitality. Quickness, Backache, Nervousness, Debilitating Drains, etc., are hindering your success and have made your life a miserable existence devoid of all pleasure and happiness. You lack the energy, confidence and personal magnetism which are so precious to every man, and which go to make up perfect manhood. Your neglected weaknesses have developed into organic diseases and Varicocele, Sexual Debility, Stricture, Gleet Poison and innumerable other maladies are dragging you down and sapping your life with misery, suffering and woe. You are old before your allotted time, but if you will awaken to a realization of your true condition and take steps to have it remedied, there are yet many golden years in store for you.

You Can be Cured to Stay Cured.

Reader, does this appeal to you? Are you one of the unfortunate, who have made a wrong commencement and failure in life? Is your weakened system crying out for help? No man who has been guilty of early indiscretions and later excesses is safe until such time as the results of the errors have been removed or corrected. The crisis will sooner or later surely come, and early preventive treatment may save you many days of suffering. My cure for Weak Men acts by overcoming and removing the ill-effects of former indiscretions. It strengthens the weakened seminal ducts, stops all losses and drains of vigor, allays nervousness, removes all reflex complications of weakness and disease, and quickly restores the patient to what nature intended—a healthy and happy man, with Physical, Mental and Sexual Powers complete. The treatment I employ contains no injurious drugs and leaves no bad after effects; it builds up gradually and permanently strengthens the weakened parts and is entirely different from the many cheap, worthless remedies on the market.

Not a Weakness But Symptoms.

By far the greater number of patients seeking relief for so-called "Weakness" is furnished by healthy and robust men. On examination we find a Prostate Gland which has been damaged by either a contracted disorder or early dissipation. These patients have no weakness at all. Prematureness, Loss of Vitality, etc., are the symptoms or disordered functions of the chronically inflamed prostate gland, the very center of the reproductive apparatus. I find by curing this inflammation that full vigor at once returns. It should be understood that toxics, astringents, etc., might cure a real weakness, but would do harm in inflammation. The main object is to reduce the size of the tender, swollen and inflamed prostate. This I accomplish by local treatment, thus avoiding drugs. Men who have unsuccessfully treated for a weakness should now understand the cause for a failure.

I emphatically cure this class of cases, without stomach drugging, proving beyond all doubt my assertions correct.

WILL SEND FREE UPON REQUEST

my fine colored chart of the male sexual organs, which will be found a great advantage in home diagnosis as well as a study for all interested in anatomy.

Varicocele.

Varicocele is a weakened and broken-down condition of the spermatic veins and sexual circulation, due in the great majority of cases to sexual indiscretions. It makes no difference what the cause, be it strain, injury or abuse, it is important that it be cured, for in time it will produce a softening and complete wasting of the glands and result in total impotency. That Varicocele is one of the most serious and treacherous diseases afflicting mankind has been proven beyond doubt. If neglected it will undermine the physical strength, derange and depress the mental faculties, rack the nervous system and ultimately produce a complete loss of sexual power. The sufferer realizes that some unseen hand is dragging him down, that there is a constant drain on his vitality, and he knows in his own mind that he is but half the man he was before this disease stole upon him. He broods over his troubles in silence, loses confidence in himself, becomes morose, irritable and despondent, and it is little wonder that many men become insane from the severe mental strain or commit suicide to escape an existence which promises nothing but solitary suffering and despair.

I cure Varicocele in 5 Days—Safely, Painlessly and Permanently. My method of cure has been used in thousands of the most aggravated cases without one single failure or recurrence. Under my treatment every trace of weakness and disease quickly disappears, the stagnant blood is driven from the swollen veins, arteries and swelling vanish, all drains of vigor cease, the weakened seminal ducts are strengthened, a healthy circulation of pure blood is established, the wasted organs are enlarged, you become stronger in every way and soon will regain that confidence, power and surge of well-being which accompanies good health and robust manhood. My treatment has stood the severest tests. I have prepared a multitude of men for the duties and pleasures of married life. Avoid experiments. The sexual organs are the very mainspring of the body and mind. That manhood run through incompetent, antiquated treatment. I guarantee my cures. I am thoroughly familiar with every treatment in vogue for the cure of Varicocele, and know from actual experience that I can give you the very quickest, safest cure.

Blood Poison.

My special treatment for Blood Poison has cured thousands of the worst forms of this disease. Under its use the ulcers and sores disappear, the hair ceases falling out, the bone pain is allayed, all impurities are eradicated from the system and a complete restoration to good health is established.

WRITE On personal visit is always preferred, but if it is impossible for you to call, write me a full description of your case and I will send you a complete treatment of your symptoms. I have perfected a system of Home Treatment that has proven uniformly successful; thousands are cured by mail who otherwise would be unable to take advantage of my expert skill and wonderful success in curing. All out-of-town patients receive my personal attention, and may rest assured that my very best efforts will be put forth in their behalf, as much as if they were under my immediate care. Physicians baffled by stubborn cases are cordially invited to consult with me. Consultation and examination free. All dealings strictly confidential.

Stricture and Gleet.

Are you afflicted with a chronic discharge from the Urethra? Is there an irritation and irritability of your Prostate Gland and Bladder? Have you tried various forms of treatment without relief? I can guarantee you a safe, painless and permanent cure, even though others have failed; I have yet to see the case I cannot cure. My treatment permanently dissolves the Stricture and removes every obstruction to the Urinary canal. The discharge ceases, all inflammation and soreness is allayed, the sexual organs are invigorated and a complete restoration to normal health perfected. Neglected Strictures give rise to Bladder and Kidney complications of a serious and fatal nature.

DR. O. C. JOSLEN, M. D.

Entire Building Over Wells-Fargo Express Office. Office Hours—9 a. m. to 4 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m. Sundays 10 to 12 only.

CUTICURA SO

his treatment at

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8-oz. granulated milk, pasteurized, best quality. Regular price 25c. Broadway Special, Monday and Tuesday, each.....

25c

DOMESTIC DOINGS.

Memoranda, new fleece backed materials with satin stripes, in 16 different colorings; very attractive patterns; a fabric that is particularly adapted to waist making.

Kimono, dressing gowns and wrappers.

Rayon, 60 inches wide, in 25 different colorings. This is one of the most popular wash fabrics for fall. See them by all means. A Broadway Special at, per yard.....

New fall dress gingham, 39 inches wide, desirable coloring, patterns that are decidedly different.

Splendid assortment of percales in dark colors, stripes and figures; the grade you often pay 15c for.

Dunlop fold second back, flannellette, light, medium and dark colorings, new designs; a grade that is sold in most stores at 90c. Broadway Special, per yard.....

Embroidered flannels, all wool, 36 inches wide, suitable for infant's wear, women's skirts, etc. Would be cheap at \$1.10. Broadway Special, per yard.....

Blondine flannels, 36 inches wide, plain colors, all the desirable shades. You will pay 50c for this grade elsewhere.

House Furnishing Specials

Our house furnishing department is thriving. Just now we're terribly torn up—we're moving. We've discovered many lines of goods that there's hardly enough of to pay for the moving. To these short lines we wish to call your attention.

Fibre Washtubs 49c.

These tubs come in three different sizes; the regular prices have been \$90, \$1.00 and \$1.10. The quantity is limited; we want to sell them in one day. To accomplish this we have put them all in at one price. Come quick if you want one; your choice, while they last, 49c.

Royal Wringers \$2.69

This is one of the best wringing machines on the market; made with hard wood, best rubber rollers, a four-year guarantee with each machine. We sell them regularly at \$2.79; special, Monday and Tuesday, each, \$2.69.

10 Cakes Wool Soap 25c

This is Swift's wool soap—every one knows what it is. Best soap made for washing woolens and delicate fabrics. Always sells at 50c. We have a limited quantity which we will close out Monday at half price. 10 cakes, 25c.

Wire Goods Reduced

5c tea or coffee strainers..... 24c
10c meat broilers..... 5c
15c flour sifters..... 8c
15c Dover egg-beater..... 9c

NEWS FROM THE LININGS.

Black Percales, full 36 inches wide, extra finish, a grade that has always sold at 10c. Broadway Special, per yard.....

Double faced satin allsies, full yard wide, a rich, durable lining, sold regularly at 35c. Broadway Special, per yard.....

Aberdeen canvas, 34 inches wide, a splendid material for skirts, rarely sells for less than 20c. Broadway Special, per yard.....

Silk merceres, street and pastel colors, moiré effect, 36 inches wide. A rich and stylish material for skirts. The grade that is usually sold at \$1.10. Broadway Special, per yard.....

Black mercerized satins, extra quality, full yard wide; a grade that is sold all over town at 25c. Broadway Special, per yard.....

Black Crystal Silks at 49c.

Very lustrous, soft finish, desirable for suits, waists and trimmings; a grade you will find in most stores at 75c. One of our specials at 49c.

Black Satin Duchesse at 89c.

Full 37 inches wide, soft finish, a rich deep black; a grade that is usually sold at \$1.20. Broadway Special, per yard, 89c.

36-inch Black Taffetas \$1.19.

An extra fine quality, heavy weight, soft, smooth and lustrous, excellent for suits, waists, or trimmings; well worth \$1.50. Broadway Special, per yard, \$1.19.

Black Pongee Silk 23c.

30 inches wide, reversible, excellent for trimmings and waists; regular 50c value. Broadway Special, per yard, 23c.

New Panné Velvets 75c.

All the new street and pastel colorings, beautiful quality; easily worth \$1.00. Broadway Special, per yard, 75c.

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The Broadway Department Store

Splendid Showing--Fall Garments

Newest Creations of New York's Leading Tailors!

No department in this big busy store is more popular with the women of Los Angeles than our cloak and suit section. Last season's business was the most satisfactory in the history of this department. This season we will double it if stylish garments of sterling worth at lowest living prices appeal to the women of this community. Past experience has proven to us that price is the mighty lever on which our business hinges. Our specially low prices are what crowd all sections of our store—but price without quality means nothing. Go elsewhere—anywhere—every garment in town then come here, compare the style, quality and price with what you have seen. We will cheerfully abide by your decision.

Exquisite Tailor Made Suits, from \$4.95 to \$45.00
Handsome Walking Jackets, from \$4.95 to \$25.00
Stylish Automobile Coats, from \$19.65 to \$27.50
Elegant Cloth Skirts, from \$2.98 to \$9.45
Rich Silk Dress Skirts, from \$7.45 to \$19.45
Magnificent Silk Waists, from \$3.98 to \$7.39

New Tailor-made Suits \$4.95

Made of wool, home spun, in neat mixtures, double-breasted jackets with fly front, Eton effect, skirts cut extra full, five gored, lined with percaleine, finished with heavy tape binding, extraordinary values, you'll have to see them to appreciate them, don't judge them by the price as they're well worth \$7.50. Broadway Special at \$4.95

Stylishly Tailored Suits at \$7.48

All wool mixtures in dark colors, reefer jackets, double-breasted with fly front effect, velvet collars. Skirts cut five gored and extra full, lined with good grade of percaleine; all sizes; you'll find many suits priced at \$10 that are not as good as these. Broadway Special at \$7.48



Beautiful Taffeta Silk Waists at \$4.89.

Extra grade taffeta silk, in light blue, navy, red, pink or black. Tucked and corded front curving under arm, bolero effect, new sleeve and collar, lined throughout. Stylishly made, perfect fitting. You never saw so much style and quality in a garment for the price. The fact of the matter is it's a higher priced garment. But we sell them at \$4.89.

Elegant Peau de Soie Waists at \$6.89.

These are plain black, of an extra grade material, splendidly made, trimmed and tucked, fancy sleeves, full flaring cuff, new style collar, lined throughout, all sizes. An exceptional value for the price. Broadway Special, \$6.89.

Neat Black Cloth Skirts \$3.98.

Of all-wool venetian cloth; well tailored; full five gored; trimmed with braid and silk stitched ribbon; lined with good grade percaleine. Superior to the average \$5.00 skirt. Broadway Special at \$3.98

Exquisite Silk Skirts \$12.48.

Of silken tulle taffeta silk, deep graduating flounce; headed and trimmed with two rows of ruching; lined with extra grade mercerized percaleine; full sweep. A rich, stylish garment that would be cheap at \$15.00. Broadway Special \$12.48

Fall's Newest Dress Fabrics Here

Our stock of dress materials is being augmented daily by new arrivals from the world's most noted manufacturers. Late novelties of all classes, as well as the always desirable staple fabrics. The looms of Europe, as well as America, have contributed to our fall display—which, though by no means as complete as it will be later, is now huddling over with attractive dress goods that will delight the women of Los Angeles. Our prices are right—absolutely so. We save you the same amount proportionately on an imported novelty suiting that we do on the lowest priced domestic prints. If you are one of our customers you are acquainted with that fact. If not a customer it's a good reason why you should be.

Black Crystal Silks at 49c.

Very lustrous, soft finish, desirable for suits, waists and trimmings; a grade you will find in most stores at 75c. One of our specials at 49c.

Black Satin Duchesse at 89c.

Full 37 inches wide, soft finish, a rich deep black; a grade that is usually sold at \$1.20. Broadway Special, per yard, 89c.

36-inch Black Taffetas \$1.19.

An extra fine quality, heavy weight, soft, smooth and lustrous, excellent for suits, waists, or trimmings; well worth \$1.50. Broadway Special, per yard, \$1.19.

Black Peau De Soie 69c.

For waists, skirts and suits, good weight, very serviceable, rich, black; a grade that sells in most places at \$1.00. Broadway Special, 69c.

Black Pongee Silk 23c.

30 inches wide, reversible, excellent for trimmings and waists; regular 50c value. Broadway Special, per yard, 23c.

New Panné Velvets 75c.

All the new street and pastel colorings, beautiful quality; easily worth \$1.00. Broadway Special, per yard, 75c.

Black Mohair Crepon 59c.

Striped and floral effects, full 44 inches wide, silk finish, worth \$1.00; Broadway Special, per yard 59c.

Black Panné Cheviot 98c.

A handsome material for skirts and tailor made suits, 54 inches wide, reversible, an extra fine grade that is well worth \$1.25; Broadway Special, per yard 98c.

New Novelty Suitings 89c.

In castor, brown, reseau, cadet and navy blue; good value at \$1.50; Broadway Special, per yard 89c.

New French Flannels 42½c.

Perian figures, in street and pastel colorings, suitable for waists and blouses, the regular 75c grade; Broadway Special, per yard 42½c.

New Granite Plaids 25c.

Bright combinations for children's wear, full 40 inches wide, generally pay 50c for this grade. Broadway Special, per yard 25c.

New Fancy Suitings 19c.

Stripes, checks and novelty effects, just the thing for children's school wear. 36 inches wide, 40c grade; Broadway Special, per yard 19c.



Large white iron stone china, best quality. Regular price 35c. Broadway Special, Monday and Tuesday, each.....

LINENS LOW

Full bleached table damask, large floral design, 56 inches wide; other stores call it cheap. Broadway Special, per yard.....

Half bleached table damask, full 72 inches wide, most popular worth 70c; Broadway Special, per yard.....

Genuine Barnaby table damask, unbleached, full 72 inches wide by 45 inches long, worth 17c; Broadway Special, per yard.....

Bleached damask napkins, 1/2 size; pure linen, handsome pattern, they'd be cheap at \$1.25; Broadway Special, per dozen.....

Bleached linen napkins, size 26x36; very desirable pattern; Broadway Special, per dozen.....

Turkish bath towels, bleached or unbleached, 34 inches wide by 45 inches long, worth 17c; Broadway Special, each.....

Pure linen bath towels, good size, made especially for hotel and rooming house use; the biggest bargain of the season; Broadway Special, per dozen.....

A SOAP SALE.

This week we intend doing a little extra business in toilet soaps. We have an unusually large stock. We're changing the locality of nearly all our departments—the soap's in the way. The best way to get it out of the way is to sell it—and the best way to sell it is to price it as we have done—at lower figures than you ever saw quoted before.

4711 Glycerine Soap 12½c

One of the best known transparent glycerine toilet soaps, perfumed with white rose. It sells all over the country at special, 12½c.

Olive oil, cold cream, and glycerine toilet soap, unscented, three cakes to the box. Broadway Special, per box.....

Physician's and surgeon's soap, made from pure vegetable oil, antiseptic, sold regularly at 15c. Broadway Special, per cake.....

Dr. Biglow's antiseptic blue skin soap, a toilet luxury, containing medical properties. Broadway Special, per cake.....

Cake Turkish Bath Soap, 1c.

Bar Francisco Bernaldo Castile Soap, 14c.

10c Cake Ivory Soap, 7c.

Cake Cocoa Borax Soap, 4c.

Large Bar Mottled Castile Soap, 10c.

WOMEN'S FURNISHING

Outing flannel night gown, good quality flannel, trimmed with finishing braid, extra long and wide; cheap at 98c. Broadway Special, each.....

Outing flannel night gown, extra length and width, neatly made with lace and finishing braid; good value at \$1.99. Broadway Special, each.....

Outing flannel night gown, assorted colors, extra quality flannel, trimmed with lace around neck and sleeves; 60 inches long, extra wide; splendid value at \$1.35. Broadway Special, each.....

Children's outing flannel night gown, made with double good quality flannel, all sizes, cheap at 65c. Broadway Special, each.....

Children's Cloth Jacket

A new and complete line of children's jackets. Made with lara, box back, of good quality wool cloth in blue, green, navy, etc. al. etc. Handsomely trimmed with fancy braids, sizes from 6 years. New stylish affairs just received. Prices up to \$1.99.

Children's outing flannel skirts, pink and blue shades, sizes from 6 years to 12 years, grades that sell in most stores at 25c; Broadway Special, each.....

Women's fleece lined union suits, high neck, long sleeves, cotton taped neck, good value at 29c; Broadway Special, per suit.....

Women's heavy fleece vests and pants, gray and white, finished seams, silk taped neck, pants have French bands, well worth 60c; Broadway Special, each.....

Standard Patterns

Are best. There's a feeling of satisfaction in possessing a costume made after these famous patterns. They are accurate in every detail; have seam allowances and printed instructions that if carried out insure perfect fit and besides are acknowledged to be the very acme of style.

This Figure Illustrates Ladies' Costume No. 6780—

(Consisting of a blouse jacket with or without a center-back seam, and a five-gored flare skirt with inverted box pleat at the back, and the regulation top or decided dip, and with a slight sweep or in round length.) Width of skirt at lower edge when draped, 3½ yds. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes from 32 to 44 in. bust measure. The medium size requires 5¼ yds. of material, 2 in. wide, 5½ yds. 44, or 5½ yds. 56. Price 25 cents.

Set of six iron stone china dinner plates. Sold as a bargain most stores at 50c. Broadway Special, Monday and Tuesday, set.....

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WONDERS OF BEE LIFE.

Amazing Intelligence That Characterizes the Little Insect—The Care Taken of the Queen.

(Kansas City Star.) No one who has given even a superficial study to the life of the bee has remained unimpressed by the amazing intelligence that governs the existence and the habits of this industrious insect. So far as known there is no other form of low animal life comparable, for evidence of the highest instinct, with that of the bee. Darwin declared that the bee's brain was the most wonderful atom of matter in the world.

Much has been written on this subject from the standpoint of scientific investigation and from that of practical bee culture, and even the results of this line of investigation, presented in unvarnished form, are fascinating to any one who is alert to the wonders of nature. But probably the most sympathetic, certainly the most poetic, story of the bee yet written is that by

the Belgian dramatist, Maurice Maeterlinck, with a foreword by avocation. The Literary Digest makes copious extracts from Maeterlinck's work. It is in prose poem of great elaboration, showing how much of interest and inspiration may be found in what is regarded by the casual observer as a passing subject.

The life and characteristics of the bee are traced from the awakening of spring, when the workers renovate the hive and the queen lays thousands of eggs in a day. Following the queen, come the workers covering over the cells in which the eggs have been deposited. When, in due time, the hatching takes place, the utility bees again lead a hard, opening the cells for the larva and tipping the tongues of the new-born with honey. When the young bees are old enough to go forth with the honey gatherers, their first circling about the hive so as to fix its location indelibly, "not by some strange instinct, but guided by an extraordinarily minute and precise appreciation of landmarks."

The drones, or males, are born in the same way, but do not receive the same care nor the same diet. They rarely leave the hive, and when they do they fly but short distances. They are tolerated merely for the purpose of propagation. They never work, and in the fall, when the winter's store is in and the flowers no longer yield their sweetness, at a given signal on a single day, all the drones are stung to death by the workers and carried out of the hive. At no time is a dead bee allowed to remain in the living colony, whether it dies a natural death or is killed in the massacre of the drones.

The most remarkable thing about the life of the tribe of honey gatherers is the queen and the care that is taken of her. She is born of the same kind of an egg that brings forth the worker, her size, shape, colors and functions being determined wholly by the kind of war, or rather, the kind of life, that she is given her. A fact that suggested to Dr. Schenck his much-mooted theory of sex predetermination. She is fed beautifully and is constantly attended by her "nurses," who look after all her material wants and stroke her brilliant wings. She is the only ornamental

member of the family, the workers being but faintly striped and the drones being of one somber color. Usually three or four queens are developed at one time and the first one to reach maturity goes forth to slay her rivals among the new-born. If they are not yet out of their cells she stings the larvae and destroys it. If another is as far advanced as she they fight for survival. This combat is described by Maeterlinck as follows:

"Each time, it would seem that the queens, in their passes, present their chitinous cuirasses to each other in such a fashion that the drawing of the sting would prove mutually fatal; one might almost believe that, even as a god or a goddess, the divinity of that race, perhaps, interposes here, and the two warriors, stricken with simultaneous terror, divide and fly, to meet shortly after and separate again should the double disaster once more menace the future of their people; till at last one of them shall succeed in surprising her clamorous or less-wary rival, and in

killing her without risk to herself. For the law of the race has called for one sacrifice only."

When the new queen is in readiness to assume the responsibilities of the hive, the old sovereign, together with all the old bees, "swarm," leaving the home they have built and stocked to the new generation. This has been called the "sublime renunciation" of the bee family. But before the new queen can in turn rear another generation she takes her "nuptial flight," going forth to mingle with the drones—not of her own family, but of some other colony.

One of the most remarkable evidences of some kind of intelligence or superior instinct in the bee is its utilization of the aids that man has been able to give it. It accepts artificial comb or artificial material for building combs, thus facilitating the processes of storing honey. Left to its own resources a great deal of time must be expended in collecting pollen for comb structure and in clustering or festooning in order that the warmth thus generated may make the pollen workable.

September Weddings. Announcements and similar of engraving, 100 complete for \$4.00. Shapes, correct styles. Typographic Co., 226 W. 1st St.



MORRIS

Poultry and Stock Cure for Diseases of Poultry, Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs

Has now become the Standard of the World. Sold under a positive guarantee by all dealers. Let us not excuse for sickness in fowls or live stock, and always pay ten times its price in egg product.

Set of six iron stone china dinner plates. Sold as a bargain most stores at 50c. Broadway Special, Monday and Tuesday, set.....

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19

Los Angeles Sunday Times

SEPTEMBER, 22 1901.

PRICE PER YEAR...\$2.50
SINGLE COPY...5 CENTS

THE PROBLEM OF THE HOUR.



Where shall he drop them?

on Stone china
Regular
roadway
and

ENS LOWER.

damask, large floral designs, full
er stores call it cheap at 25c;
per yard.

8 inches wide, neat patterns;
al,

bleached, full 72 inches wide,
1.00 grade; Broadway

pure linen, handsome patterns;
ay Special,

6; very desirable patterns;

bleached, 24 inches
Broadway

made especially for hotel and
gain of the season;

E.

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an unusually

locality of

soap's in the

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It is to price

tea than you

ne Soap 12 1-2c.

glycerine toilet soaps on the

all over the country at 25c; Broadway

Medicated, carbolic soap, pure

fectant; a splendid soap for

excellent for old sores and

all skin diseases. Broad-

way Special, per cake.

Conit French castile soap, made

rect from France, made from

vegetable oil, five-pound bars,

Broadway Special, per bar

67c; per cake.

Violette toilet soap, highly per-

fumed, excellent for infants.

Broadway Special, per cake.

Castile Soap, 14c.

Soap, 7c.

Borax Soap, 4c.

Bar Mottled Castile Soap

URNISHINGS.

ality flannel, trimmed with

cheap at 95c.

length and width, neatly trim-

ed value at \$1.50.

colors, extra quality flannel,

leaves, 60 inches long, cut

Broadway Special, each

made with double yoke,

at 65c.

Cloth Jackets

Jackets. Made with up-to-date

cloth in blue, green, camel

any braids, sizes from 34

inches. Prices up from \$1.19

Women's fleece lined vest, with

neck, long sleeves, all sizes

neck, cheap at 25c;

Broadway special,

each.

Children's aprons of India

shirt, deep hem, hemstitched

over shoulders, sizes 2 to 6

years; worth 25c; Broad-

way special, each.

Children's aprons of good

India lawn, bib trimmed with

insertion, full skirt with row

insertion, sizes up to 6 years;

Broadway special,

each.

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style.

6780—

without a

skirt with

regulation

peep or in

edge

the pattern

to 44 in.

medium size

material 27

5% yds.

FRANCISCO—by the "Fast Line"—24 Hours

First-class; \$1.50 second-class, including berth and meals; by Pacific Coast Steam-

Shipping Co. Agents, 100 South Spring Street.

Detectives on Clew of Plot.

Bering Straits to be Crossed.

3. Chief of Colville Indians Slain.

British Gloomy over Boers.

Big hotel scheme hatching at

Ocean Park...Leonards may have to

leave Santa Ana...Irrigation matters

at Anaheim...Incorporation question

Dist. Atty. Penney and Assistant D

istrict Attorney Frederick Hallock, w

will assist in the prosecution, lasted

til late this evening. At the cl

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, complete in itself, is served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 Magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal

Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 4, 1891.

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

THIS country is at present being taught in the bitter school of experience. From east to west, from north to south, one great wave of sorrow is engulfing the land. Around that new-made grave in our sister State of Ohio the thought of the nation centers. It speaks to us like a living voice, eloquent with meaning. But a few days since the silent sleeper beneath that hallowed sod stood before his countrymen, his great heart throbbing with devotion to the land he loved, inspired with high hopes for its future, and with devoted purposes for the nation's weal. The great brain was forever active in planning for the advancement of humanity. No thought of self enfeebled his untiring efforts for the good of others. A patriot soldier; a hero of many battles; a noble Christian statesman, exemplifying the beauty of Christianity in his daily life; a wise exemplar of the beauty of the domestic virtues; a chivalrous knight, tender as a woman in his devotion to the gentle invalid wife, the breath of whose life was sustained by his love and care; a great, righteous ruler whom all nations honored, and whom America loved and revered, and reposed implicit trust in his guidance of the great ship of state, he has been struck down by the hand of the cowardly assassin, in the fullness of life and the splendor of his perfect manhood. It was the deed of the anarchist, the mad beast whose lair is among us, and who is constantly striking at the fundamental principles of good government and constitutional liberty.

There is nothing in the teachings of anarchy that harmonizes with the principles of American freedom. There is nothing in its monstrous tenets that the people of the republic can assimilate, for its principles are all at war with constitutional authority and law. The greater the man and the grander his rule of action, the greater his danger from this lurking foe. Facing this fact, shall the American people sit still and take no means of defense against this deadly and unscrupulous enemy? The awful lesson of today, which has made of us the Niobe of nations, calls out with terrible emphasis against such a course. Something should be done, and done at once, to protect us against this enemy of all civilization, of all government. Among other steps suggested is the organization in our public schools of loyal leagues. Let the children there be impressed with the inestimable blessings which a free people enjoy under law, and let them be taught reverence for law and the unutterable evil of lawlessness. Fill their minds with facts that shall reveal to them the terrible nature of the anarchist's creed until they are thrilled with a proper abhorrence of its doctrines, and realize the danger which, with their inculcation, menaces the republic.

Shall we not at once declare the anarchist an enemy to mankind and place him where he cannot poison the minds of the ignorant and unreasoning by his bloody heresies? He has struck down the nation's noblest son, and is not this enough, or shall we wait for further sacrifice?

Oh, let that new-made grave upon which the autumn rains are falling and the dews of night are now shed, where reposes in his last, silent sleep all that is left to earth of our well-beloved President, the Christian hero and martyr, be an enduring protest against our further procrastination with this terrible evil of anarchy. The life of the whole miserable brood is not worth the one great, grand life that has been sacrificed, and let the nation see to it that they are placed in check, so that more lives, sacred to liberty, shall not be cut off by them, or more minds poisoned by their pernicious teachings.

IN THE FAR WEST.

THE Popular Science Monthly, in its recent issue, states that if scientific intelligence may be measured by the criterion of the number of people that subscribe to that journal, California illustrates three times the intelligence of Pennsylvania and Arizona, and ten times that of Maryland. The issue calls attention

to the marvelous educational and scientific development of the West. This number also reverts to the fact that it has been more than a usual coincidence that the fiftieth meeting of the National Academy of Science should have taken place in the West.

A hundred years ago London would have been incredulous at the assertion that on Manhattan Island a city would grow up which would rival the great city of England; that in Colorado and California were mountains rich in minerals and containing coal sufficient to supply Europe, and that educational reports of today would estimate that while England has 25,000, America has 156,000 college students.

International interest has followed the recent meeting of the Academy of Science in the West. Students in attendance at these associations may feel just pride in recent American advance. California, by the examples of such men as Dr. Joseph Le Conte and the late H. W. Harkness, who gave new impetus to the study of cryptograms, has interested the world of thought in many phases of physical science. This State, with its wonderful opportunities for the study of geology, paleontology, archeology and mining resources, has many marvelous fields of discovery. In reading of the vast amount of work of President Charles Sedgwick Minot, and his various books on physiological and entomological themes, one can but wonder what new interests will enlist the thought of another generation. Will those areas which, so far as known, have never been seen by human eye, give the world new studies of geographic outlook? Physicists state that south of 40 deg. south latitude there is a gap in our knowledge of the elements required for the complete interpretation of the facts of terrestrial magnetism. What may be the results of the great national Antarctic expedition now on its way to the southern hemisphere, whose explorers set sail in August from Great Britain and Germany? Will the dreams of such men as Franklin, Peary, Andree and Nordenfjeld be realized?

Humanity moves on its way attended by a vast concourse of martyrs, yet the chips thrown off by the hand of the Sculptor, for some service not plain to us, in the great economy, may reveal visions of divine beauty.

Nicola Tesla's great house of electric communication, built at Wandencelle, L. I., which is to be occupied by an electric plant of colossal power, if it fills present expectation, may establish bonds of relation with countries yet undiscovered. The genius of the modern engineer will complete that which Columbus failed to accomplish, the westward passage to the Indies. It has been estimated that counting the Chinese and Hindus alone, 700,000,000 people look out upon the Pacific. If one remembers the vast number of this continent it does not seem strange that economic seers predict that the Pacific will become the Mediterranean of the future, and that of the three races which will rule the destinies of the world, the Anglo-Saxon will lead and stand as the representative of freedom of thought. The significant fact has been pointed out that four of the great five lands which surround the Pacific are Anglo-Saxon. With a common language spoken by so large a proportion in Canada, the United States, New Zealand and Australia, and the American flag floating over Hawaii, it is impossible not to foresee wonderful relations of academic brotherhood in the Far West. Science, so long an art reserved to the initiated, by such noble State schools as those in California is coming more and more within the range of popular thought.

Ethical judgment is going hand in hand with scientific knowledge. This fact was especially illustrated by the recent meeting of foresters, who urged the care and conservation of the forests of the West as a sincere way of caring for the needs of future generations. It was shown that he who plants a tree offers a silent prayer for rain, since leaf and branch contribute unmeasured fountains to the mists and clouds by the wonders of plant force and mechanism, and fill their active days in mysterious and beautiful processes of labor, which protect the lives of dim-visions children of earth.

L. F. H.

LEST WE FORGET.

Nation of mourning, land of flags half-mast,
Where seventy million people bow in grief,
And weep the loss of their beloved Chief.
Thou who hast climbed the heights; who stood at last
Respected in the eyes of all the world,
From thy high pinnacle thou hast been hurled;
Humiliated, shamed, since thou hast fed,
Protected and sustained a fiendish power,
Strengthening his vile arm for this dark hour,
Because of this our hero now lies dead.

Shall we forget the lesson dearly bought?
Shame of an outraged people come to naught?
Vain be his death, who was a nation's pride?
Nay, let us but remember how he died.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

"CONDUCTOR'S CLASP."

Such is the name of the new disease which the Free Lance declares has been added to the medical repertoire through the "hurry-scurry" of the age, and the bounding propensity of the young and active woman. The cause is this: "A bus appears in sight. The modern girl makes a leap on the lower step. When in midair the conductor grips her hard midway between the shoulder blade and the biceps. The grip or clasp is followed by bruises and contusions. The arm, affected by successive grips, gets tender and sometimes swollen. Medical aid is called in with more or less effect. This is the new disorder known as 'conductor's clasp.'—(London Globe.)

ANARCHY.

Hell opened its door and from its portals
A horrid monster crept. Blacker than
Itself its loathsome form. Its hideous
Burned with a lurid light; its tongue
And each word dropped was fire to kindle
The vilest passions of the soul. Slain
Its offspring, and bloody murder in
Twins. On cruelty it doth feast, unmoved
By unmeasured treachery. No deed
Black to stay its vengeful lust for power.
Its fangs are full of poison and are bared
In readiness to make their deadly thrust
Whenever occasion offers. Swift as the
Thunderbolt and fatal as the avenger
Lightning's stroke are they. Its passions are
Secret. Friendship is not sacred, and its
Guise conceals the foulest purposes.
A hydra-headed monster this and many
Armed, its track covered with venom's
Slime, and today it walks abroad
On murder, lifting the assassin's arm.
Striking at all those who represent the
Majesty of law, and seeking to pull
Down the safeguards of society, all
Barriers to crime, and make the world
With the wine of lawlessness. Oh, how the
Great heart of this nation bleeds today!
What this awful monster's blood-stained hand
Wrought. Damnable as hell its deeds,
And black as its awful midnight. It kills
No conscience, and God it doth not fear.
Brand of Cain is on its forehead, and
Is its consort. Anarchy, spelled with the
Hellish alphabet of crime, its dreadful
Name, and assassination the black robe
It wears. As freely as the sun drops its
Life-giving beams, so freely doth it send
The dagger's point and the dread pistol
Of the assassin. Oh, great free land of
Ours, weeping in anguish by the nation's
New-made grave, all loyal hearts rend with
Speechless woe, up! up! and swear before
Heaven, in Freedom's holy name, that you
Great land, baptized anew in the sacred
Of our beloved and martyred President,
Shall purge itself of Anarchy, nor give
To set its crime-stained foot, or wave
Hand, or lift its voice, mouthing at the
Foulest blasphemies against liberty
And law, beneath the sacred banner of
The glorious Stripes and Stars.

"It is God's way," cried he, our nation
"It is God's way, not ours. Oh, let him
And then he softly murmured—Oh, how
—

While holy trust sustained him—
Thee."

It is God's way, we cannot doubt, to
The threatening dangers that are hid in
And so unto the Cross we cling, through
guished night.
But still, O Land of Freedom, rise to
might—

While this great stricken people do
Oh, let them rise and swear again that
Shall find a home among us here on
shore;

Make this dear grave a stepping-stone
nobler height.
Then may we see God's purpose clear
grow light.

September 18, 1901.

IN SHAKESPEARE'S CHURCH.

UNDER NAME OF RESTORATION
IS BEING DEFACED BY VANDALS
[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] Prof.
in a letter written at Stratford-on-Avon
refers to certain strange proceedings
Shakespeare's burial, carried on under
"restoration."

Sir Theodore Martin recently placed
church a marble pulpit, of exquisite work
permanent memorial to his distinguished
wife. It was a generous and beautiful
not received without an unseemly squabble
sign and its place in the church. It was
duty to relate that it has already been
that its mutilation has evidently been
ordered by some one high in authority. On
tastefully-carved figures about the pulpit
Jerome bearing a crozier. By some
and apparently without any communication
generous donor of the pulpit, or with
whatsoever, the crozier has been sawn
figure, apparently because ecclesiastical
fended by the assumption that St. Jerome
Many and strange have been the
Shakespeare's church in the last fifteen
name of "restoration," a work of destruc
formation have been torn down, and the
back of the bust has been removed to
hideous window, vulgarly suggestive of
"mop." Even the old church doors have
disappeared, vanishing like the gales of
upon a strong man's back, at least by a
will and stern compulsion.

When the visitor looks up to the
tower of the Guild chapel and understands
of homage can possibly perpetuate
its matchless charm and realizes that
money right now might save all that
world, he becomes more impatient of the
ism and unnecessary waste of money in
the church, which make the sacred
the eyes of those who, a few years ago,
and meditate by the grave of Shakespeare.

September 22, 1901.]



In the

A GARDEN

TRAVELS AMONG THE NA

BEST-MANAGE

From Our Own

I AM delighted with Java.
I do in the Philippines and
have made this island a ver
a paradise of the tropics and
beautiful spot on God's green
character as many of the
its mountains are not unlike
although they are grander an
Java is nearer the equator
possessions, but a great part
and the Hollanders there thr
Americans cannot live in the
the Philippines are healthy;
I date this letter, would be a
dropped down from the United
This country is a land of
range running through it fro
and it has more volcanoes to
most any land on the globe.
the mountains through w



slides of me were extinct
even almost to their tops. T
ness with rice fields, and abo
extending on and on until lo
ward plains as fertile as the
water buffaloes and fat cattle
groves of coconut trees and
through banana plantations.
and puffed as it dragged us
aces. In places the rice wa
which bordered the fields we
ness turned upside down in
hundreds of villages of huts ma
by ten plantations and coffee
groves of quinine trees, and
a beautiful plateau twenty
ounded by mountains.

the Heart of Java.

Bandung has about 30,000 pe
Europeans. The remainder ar
ing of Chinese and half cas
botanical garden. The home
shaded by the grandest trees
surrounded by lawns as vel
those of old England, and th
up to the more pretentious h
royal palms, some more than
foreigners live in villas, with
now white, roofed with red t
are large. They are all of c
comfortable.

Even the stores are villas.
the streets, with yards in fro

In the Heart of Java. By Frank G. Carpenter.

A GARDEN OF EDEN.

TRAVELS AMONG THE NATIVES OF HOLLAND'S BEST-MANAGED COLONY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

I AM delighted with Java. It shows what we might do in the Philippines and Porto Rico. The Dutch have made this island a very Garden of Eden. It is a paradise of the tropics and is, I believe, the most beautiful spot on God's green earth. It is of the same character as many of the Philippine Islands, and its mountains are not unlike those of Porto Rico, although they are grander and higher. Java is nearer the equator than any of our colonial possessions, but a great part of it has a good climate, and the Hollanders there thrive. It is not true that Americans cannot live in the tropics. The highlands of the Philippines are healthy; and Bandong, from where I date this letter, would be a health resort if it could be dropped down from the United States. This country is a land of mountains. There is a range running through it from one end to the other; and it has more volcanoes to the square mile than almost any land on the globe. I wish I could show you the mountains through which I rode coming here. On

tropical flowers ornamenting their verandas. There is one just opposite my hotel shaded by a tree whose wide-spreading branches cover about one-fourth of an acre, while on its great trunk scores of orchids are growing. At the base of the tree are tropical plants in pots of red clay, and as you go on into the store it is by some curious dwarf palms growing in tubs on the veranda. That is a jeweler's shop. A little further on is a drug store in a similar garden, and if you would buy groceries, clothing or books you will have to walk through palm trees and flower gardens in doing your shopping. This is so all over Java; it is delightful.

They Live Well.

As far as I can see the foreigners live better here than at home. No city in Holland compares with Bandong for comfort, and I doubt whether there are any in which the children are more healthy and the people more prosperous. The Dutch girls are plump, and fat babies abound. The children enjoy themselves. I have met many parties of girls riding bicycles and have seen several automobiles flying along over the excellent roads of the island. You can buy anything you want in the stores, and the living is as good as that of Europe.

How would you like a hotel which furnishes its guests gin cocktails free twice a day? That is what I get at the Hotel Homan here in Bandong. The big bottle is set out on the table on the hotel veranda, with bottles beside it, and you take as much as you please. The bottle contains Holland gin, so old and so hot that two tablespoonfuls would give a cigar Indian an appetite. The cocktails are drunk by both women and men, and they are, I am told, furnished free at all the hotels. In addition, the living is good and exceedingly cheap. Here at Homan's I pay five guilders, or about \$2 a day, and everything is included. This gives me also my bath morning and evening. There are swings and teeter boards on the lawns for the children, and all sorts of gymnastics conveniences. The hotel has a billiard-room and reading-room, and every guest has a sitting-room and bedroom on the ground floor.

Among the Natives.

The natives of Java live very simply. A few of the chiefs and nobles have houses like the Europeans, and the regents have palaces which are largely kept up by the government; but the great mass live in huts of

rice districts, but these are used merely as watch houses to keep the birds away from the crops. The people walk long distances to their work. They labor in gangs, and are often paid a share of the crop, bringing the sheaves of rice home with them from the harvest. Almost every house has a rice granary connected with it. This is something like a corn crib sloping outward as it goes up, and ending in a thatched roof, which makes it quite picturesque. The rice is stored away in the sheaf and threshed out as needed by the women with pestle and mortar.

Many of the houses have pigeon cots on the poles erected beside them, miniature editions of the houses below. The Javanese breed many pigeons. They have strings hanging from the pigeon houses to the ground, by which they communicate with the birds.

The government keeps a record of the villages as well as of the houses. The gate to every street has a number on it, and, I venture the officials can tell just exactly how many people live in each street and house.

Mohammedanism in Java.

I visited the great Mohammedan mosque here at Bandong, and had a chat with some of the priests in charge of it through my interpreter. The mosque is a beautiful white building with many white columns upholding its porticoes, and with a little moat of water separating it from the country about. This moat is walled with stone and the water is only a few inches deep. It is deep enough, however, to necessitate that all who go in shall take off their shoes. I was told that I could enter if I would come in barefooted, and it was thus that I paddled through the moat and tramped up the wide steps of this shrine of Mahomet. Here I met an old fellow in a long gown and white turban, who walked with me through the mosque. We walked up the steps into a room about 20 feet square, lighted from the top by heart-shaped windows covered with a wrought-iron grating. The floor was of black marble and at the back was a pulpit of white and gold, where the Imam stood and called out the prayers. There were mats before this pulpit and upon them several barefooted Javanese were rising and falling in their devotions. I am told that the pious Mohammedans here pray five times a day. They begin at daybreak and pray again at noon, at 3:30 p.m., at 6 and at night. The mass of the natives are very loose as to their re-



Best in the World

Native Resident



A Village in Java



The Cooking is Done Outside the House

ANARCHY.
and from its awful deep
er crept. Blacker than hell
some form. Its baleful eyes
lurid light; its tongue was
dropped was fire to kindle all
ions of the soul. Hate is
and bloody murder is its
ity it doth feast, seasoned
treachery. No deed too
its vengeful lust for power;
all of poison and are held
make their deadly threats
on offers. Swift as the
d fatal as the awful
he are they. Its plottings are
ship is not sacred, and its
the foulest purposes.
monster this and many
covered with venom's poison
y it walks abroad fattening
ing the assassin's arm,
these who represent the
and seeking to pull
wards of society, all
ne, and make the world drunk
of lawlessness. Oh, how the
his nation bleeds today through
monster's blood-stained hand has
nable as hell its deeds,
awful midnight. It hath
and God it doth not fear. The
on its forehead, and Satan
Anarchy, spelled with the
t of crime, its dreadful
mination the black robe
sely as the sun drops its
na, so freely doth it wield
nt and the dread pistol shot
Oh, great free land of
anguish by the nation's
all loyal hearts rent with their
up! up! and swear before high
dom's holy name, that th's
and anew in th' sacred blood
and martyred President,
of Anarchy, nor give it place
stained foot, or move its banner
voice, mouthing at all times
slew against liberty
the sacred banner of
pes and Stars.

"cried he, our nation's martyr
not ours. Oh, let his will be
tly murmured—Oh, hear from
sustained him—"Nearer, by
we cannot doubt, to make the
angers that are hid in lawless
Cross we cling, through all the
of Freedom, rise in thy name
stricken people do bleed at every
and swear again that Anarchy
among us here on Freedom's
grave a stepping-stone to Freedom
God's purpose clear, and that we
1901.

ELIKA A. HILL

SHAKESPEARE'S CHURCH

OF RESTORATION THE
DEFACED BY VANDALISM
Public Ledger: Prof. ARTHUR
at Stratford-on-Avon, Sept. 11, 1901.
strange proceedings in the church
rial, carried on under the name of

Martin recently placed a statue
pulpit, of exquisite workmanship,
rial to his distinguished and learned
merous and beautiful gift, but I
out an unseemly squabble as to
in the church. It is my opinion
at it has already been mentioned
has evidently been planned
high in authority. One of the
res about the pulpit represents
crozier. By some mysterious
without any communication with
the pulpit, or with any other
under has been sawn away from
because ecclesiastical poetry is
umption that St. Jerome was a
age have been the changes made
rch in the last fifteen years. In
on," a work of destruction and
torn down, and the solid mass
has been removed to make way
vulgarily suggestive of the
old church doors have mysteri
shing like the gates of Gethsemane
back, at least by a strong
pulsion.
er looks up to the hoary, con
chapel and understands that he
an possibly perpetuate much
on and realizes that a little
might save all that beauty
more impatient of the petty
ry waste of money in the
ch make the sacred place
who, a few years ago, loved to
the grave of Shakespeare.

Some of me were extinct volcanoes covered with
almost to their tops. The lower slopes were ter-
red with rice fields, and above them pines and forests
standing on and on until lost in the clouds. Now we
found plains as fertile as the Nile Valley upon which
buffaloes and fat cattle feed; now we shot through
groves of coconut trees and wound our way about
through banana plantations. Now the engine puffed
and puffed as it dragged us up through the rice ter-
races. In places the rice was flooded and the trees
which bordered the fields were doubled, making other
ones turned upside down in the water. We passed hun-
dreds of villages of huts made of plaited bamboo, went
by tea plantations and coffee plantations, and on past
forests of guinea trees, and at last came to this town
on a beautiful plateau twenty-five miles in width sur-
rounded by mountains.

In the Heart of Java.

Bandong has about 30,000 people, and of these 1500 are
Europeans. The remainder are Javanese with a sprink-
ling of Chinese and half castes. The city is a very
beautiful garden. The homes of the foreigners are
shaded by the grandest trees of the tropics. They are
surrounded by lawns as velvety and as well kept as
those of old England, and the wide drives which lead
up to the more pretentious homes are between rows of
royal palms, some more than a hundred feet high. The
foreigners live in villas, with walls and porticoes of
white, roofed with red tiles. Many of the houses
are large. They are all of one-story and exceedingly
comfortable.

From the stores are villas. They are set back from
the streets, with yards in front of them and palms and

woven bamboo, thatched with palm leaves. The walls
of many of the houses are just like basket work; they
are woven in great sheets and sold by the yard. I fre-
quently see a pair of brown, bare legs trotting along
carrying the wall of a house. The wall is bent double;
it entirely conceals the man within, and looks much like
the cover of an emigrant wagon moving along upon
logs.

The native part of Bandong is outside the foreign
section. It is a bamboo village and contains about 30-
000 people. It is divided up into streets and alleys, each
hut having its little garden about it. The houses are all
numbered and the government keeps a record of every
family. Nearly all the houses are small, on the average
not more than fifteen feet square, and so low at the
front that you have to stoop to enter them. The
thatched roofs overhang, covering the verandas in front
of the houses and sometimes the seat around the sides.
The ordinary house contains but one or two rooms, a
recess in the rear forming the sleeping place for the
family. The poorer houses have no beds, for the peo-
ple sleep on the floor. The cook stove is a clay bowl
with a draft below it. The cooking is done outside this
house except in wet weather, and as the stove is portab-
le this is easily arranged.

A Country of Villages.

The houses in different parts of Java are much the
same. The island is as big as the State of New York,
and its 25,000,000 people live in villages. You see no
houses scattered over the landscape. There are no barns
in the fields, and no buildings whatever outside the
towns, excepting on the tobacco, sugar and indigo pi-
nations. There are sometimes sheds on high poles in the

ligious observances. The men seldom go to the mosque,
and their Mohammedanism is of a character more like
that of our Sulu Islanders than that of Arabia and
Turkey. The head of the religion is the Sultan of Solo,
a State of interior Java. This man has a similar posi-
tion to our Sultan of Sulu. The people look up to him
and have faith in his divinity. Their respect for him
increases, however, in proportion to the distance they
live from him, the Mohammedans of Solo being more
lax even than those of West Java.

Among other features of Javanese Mohammedanism
is an abhorrence of pork. The people will not eat this
meat, for they consider it unclean. Not long ago a
native chief had a Mohammedan killed. He was sup-
posed to be a saint. After his death the people deified
him and began to pray over his grave, whereupon the
chief buried a hog in the grave and the people prayed
there no more.

The Dutch officials tell me they have more trouble
with the Mohammedan fanatics than with any other
class of natives, and for this reason they discourage the
pilgrimages to Mecca which are now and then made by
the Hadjis. It is found that the people look up to such
men after their return. They think they have super-
natural powers, and the Hadjis use this feeling to create
trouble with the government. In fact, nearly every re-
bellion in Java has been fomented by these men. Ev-
ery Javanese village has its priest who acts in some
matters as judge. He has to do with marriages, di-
vorces and funerals, and also with the circumcisions
which are common in many parts of the country.

The Native Chiefs.

I find that there are distinct ranks of society in Java

The country has its rich and its poor, its aristocrats and plebeians. The lower classes respect the upper and allow them to rule, and the Dutch have taken advantage of this by working entirely through the chiefs. Right next to the mosque is the home of the native regent of Bandong, a Javanese who receives from the government 1200 guilders, an amount equal to \$480 of our money per month, as well as many presents from his own people. I don't know how large his total income is, but it must be great. He has the disadvantage, however, of having to support all his relatives. Whenever a native gets a fat office or makes a rich strike of any kind his poor relations from everywhere come and squat down upon him. This is so in many other parts of the far East. It is especially so in China, where a rich man often has to support hundreds. In Canton, for instance, I met one millionaire who was keeping 400 of his sisters, cousins and aunts, and their little ones, and gritting his teeth as he did so.

How a Native Nabob Lives.

The regent of Bandong has a large colony of buildings about his house for his relations. He gets as many of them as he can in the government service, thus relieving himself. He lives well and I venture spends the greater part of his income.

There is a race track outside the city which probably enables him to get rid of some of it. It is a mile track with a fine grand stand and hundreds of bamboo sheds or shelters on poles nearby. In these sheds the natives sit cross-legged to watch the races. The grand stands are largely given up to the rich, the nobles and the Europeans. At the races the chief purse is 1000 guilders, and horses from all parts of the island take part. Some of the native chiefs have their own stables, especially the Sultans of Solo and Djokja. There are often 50,000 people present at the meetings. The horses are Australian horses and the ponies from Java and the surrounding islands. The ponies are found best for ordinary travel and they are largely used by the army. They can travel over the rice lands where the heavier horses will sink through. It may be that we shall have to use ponies in the Philippines for the same reason.

The Finest Roads of the World.

And this brings me to the roads of Java. They are by all odds the best of any country of the world; and that notwithstanding Java is on the edge of the equator in one of the rainiest parts of the globe. What is needed more than anything else for the development of the Philippines and Porto Rico is good roads. The Dutch found Java much as the Philippines are now. They organized a system of road building and forced the natives to carry it out. A certain amount of labor had always been given to the chiefs by the natives. This labor was applied to road building. Each man was required to work so many days a year on public improvements and the result is the good system of highways found in Java today. Most of the roads are macadamized. They are ballasted with broken stones ground to the size of a nut and rolled smooth with heavy iron rollers.

How Drained.

Each side of the road has its gutter in which there are openings every here and there for the water to flow off. The road drainage is perfect. There are culverts under the highway and in some places in order that the irrigation system may not be disturbed the streams are carried across high above the roads.

During a ride with Controleur de Groot of Bandong I passed many piles of volcanic pebbles which had been gathered from the streams and brought to the roadside. I asked what they were for and the controleur told me that they were for repaving. He pointed out that each pile bore its number and that the controleurs knew to a cubic foot just how much each contained. This ride was behind a team of high-stepping ponies on a road as smooth as a floor, shaded with tall kanari trees which interlocked their branches overhead, making an arbor many miles long. So far I have not found a road that is not shaded. Some of the trees grow to a height of 100 feet and a walk is not unpleasant even at mid-day.

How They Police the Country.

At short distances there are rest houses or police stations, little shelters about six feet square with tiled roofs upheld by white pillars. Each shelter has a wooden drum and the patrolmen are required to pound upon this every time they pass during the night. The roads are thus watched all night long by native guards armed with knives and lances; they are supposed to protect the houses and travelers. Every native must give two nights a month to road watching, and two days every month to work on the road, so that on the average each native gives a day every week to road work. Some of the officials think this is too great a hardship to the people, but the older Dutchmen say that it is through this that Java has been made the prosperous country it is and that it must not be changed.

Bandong, Java.

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THE WATER CURTAIN.

The principle of the so-called water curtain which was proposed quite a number of years ago for fire protection in theaters, being intended to cut off the auditorium from the stage, has of late been applied in many instances for ordinary building protection, the arrangement being such as to cause water to fall in a sheet—either all around the structure or down one side or several sides of it. In the case of one large public building, of which particulars have recently been given, a seven-inch steel water main is laid around the top of the structure, upon the broad stone table formed by the top of the coping. This pipe is connected with force pumps in the basement, and, through perforations properly arranged, insures the introduction of a substantial sheet of water from cornice to pavement, around the whole or any imperilled portion of the building. The arrangement of the system of piping is said to be such as to permit of operating in prescribed conditions, and additional relays of smaller pipe are placed in position above windows and doors in order to complete the curtaining of those points in the most serviceable manner, should the curtain in the main be broken by wind impinging against the building, or through some other cause.—[Cassier's Magazine.]

TUNA IN THE ATLANTIC, TOO.

BIG FISH OF THE PACIFIC SAID TO BE CAUGHT THERE ALSO.

[Quebec Correspondence New York Sun:] The sudden popularity which the sport of tuna fishing has gained in the last few seasons makes it interesting to recall the fact that Canadians have practiced it from the early part of the last century. It seems to have escaped the notice of many of those who find sport in fishing for tuna at Santa Catalina, off the Pacific Coast, that it is quite possible to enjoy the same pleasures off the coast of New Brunswick, or Gaspé, and even off the coast of Maine and Massachusetts. There is really no monopoly of tuna fishing for Catalina Island.

The elaborate work of Prof. Jordan and Prof. Evermann on the fishes of North America, recently published by the Smithsonian Institution, leaves no room to doubt that the tuna of Catalina Island, the albacore of Nova Scotian waters, and the horse mackerel of the Gulf of St. Lawrence are one and the same fish, a very close relative of the tunny of Western Europe and Mediterranean waters, if not, indeed, the identical species. Under the scientific title of *Thunnus thynnus*, Dr. Jordan mentions the local names tunny, horse mackerel, great albacore and tuna, as applied to this fish, and states that it is pelagic, being found on all warm coasts, and as far north as England, Newfoundland, San Francisco and Japan. As long ago as the time of Julius Caesar, Oppian said of the tunny: "No fish more dreads the cold," and it is only in the heated months that it is found in northern latitudes.

As early as 1862, Dr. Fortin, in his report of Canadian fisheries, testified to the abundance of horse mackerel in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, especially in the bays of Chaleur and Gaspé, and also in the Straits of Belle Isle and Blanc Sablon Bay, and declared that it was then being taken in increasing numbers in the Gulf, partly by spearing and partly on lines.

The fish are even more plentiful now than they were then, and the fishermen much enjoy the sport of taking them with lines, though no sportsmen from a distance have yet tried it in Canadian waters, so far as is known. Rods are unknown to the Canadian anglers who fish for the tuna, but good sport awaits the fisherman who equips himself for the pastime with an outfit similar to that employed by American anglers at Catalina.

It is taken with strong steel hooks fastened to solid lines and baited with herring. More than a hundred were captured by these means in 1862, the year in which Dr. Fortin wrote. He described the sport as quite exciting, although tiring and requiring a good deal of skill, "as in the efforts of the fish to escape they pull with such violence as to endanger the lives of the fishermen by dragging them overboard."

The spearing of these monsters is also much enjoyed by the fishermen, and amateurs spending the summer at Gaspé or on the shore of the Baie des Chaleurs sometimes accompany the fishermen on their excursions. The tuna are frequently seen resting on the surface of the water, when the boat containing the harpooners is usually able to approach within a few feet of the fish. The men are very dexterous in the use of their weapons, which they hurl with wonderful exactness, very rarely missing their aim.

The tuna makes a desperate plunge when struck, but cannot escape, for the point of the spear or harpoon is barbed, and the rushes of the fish fail to disengage it. Sometimes it tows the boat a considerable distance, and often it is necessary to give it a very long line. The constant strain of the heavy line tells upon the tuna, however, and every time that it rises to the surface of the water near enough to be struck, it is speared or harpooned afresh, until, exhausted from fatigue and loss of blood, or perhaps killed by a wound in some vital spot, it is hauled aboard the boat or towed ashore.

A number of tuna were killed this summer in this manner in Gaspé Basin. One taken by John Eden weighed 600 pounds. Their average length is about eight feet, but they sometimes attain a length of twelve or even fifteen feet.

On the New England coast they make their first appearance about Provincetown early in June, remaining until October. On their first appearance they are very poor, but by the beginning of September they become quite fat and are very much hunted for their oil, which sometimes amounts to twenty gallons.

Some years ago Capt. Henry Webb of Milk Island, near Gloucester, harpooned and killed thirty of these monsters, weighing in the aggregate 3000 pounds. If the tuna of Catalina Island attain anything like the weight of these fishes—and it is very likely that they do, for Dr. Jordan examined one from Monterey that was eight feet long—it is not surprising that some fishermen should lose by far the greater number of tuna they hook, nor yet to learn from the letter of a Catalina correspondent that the largest tuna caught there by rod and line weighed 251 pounds.

Mr. Menier, the proprietor of Anticosti Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, was overjoyed this summer to find the tuna, or thon, as his men from France call it, in the waters surrounding his island. They recognized it immediately as the tuna or thon of the Mediterranean waters, which wash the South of France, and they will prosecute its fishery. In the South of Europe the flesh of the tuna is highly prized and is both salted and put up in oil.

In Gaspé the French Canadians salt it down in barrels like pork. It is dark and not usually attractive, although wholesome. The tuna feed in Canadian waters upon all kinds of small fish, being particularly fond of menhaden. Herring and small mackerel are eagerly devoured by them, and they have been seen to swallow whole dogfish weighing eight pounds. Of whitings they are also very fond.

Tyrannical to all the smaller fishes as the tuna is, it flees fast enough before the killer whale, when that monster makes its appearance in the same waters. A Capt. Atwood is authority for the statement that some

fishermen report having seen a killer whale attack the water with a horse mackerel in its mouth.

HE FILLED THE PRESCRIPTION AND THE ABSENT-MINDED HENDERSON CURED IMMEDIATELY.

[Chicago Post:] Old man Henderson, and well meaning, though distractingly absent-minded, started out from his home on a farm near Grove one day not a long while back, bound for the city. He was going to spend a whole day in the city going to do the annual shopping for the family, and some of the neighbors; and he was going to see a night with his son "Fred," who lives on the farm—all of which go to make up an event of some importance in the Henderson family.

"Now, John," said his good wife Mary to him, "I want you to get for me this year. You know you are so much cheaper in town."

"All right, Mary," he returned good naturedly, "just make a list of what you want and I'll bring you."

So just before Mr. Henderson stepped into the car which was waiting to take him to the station, he gave his wife hurried out and handed her a slip of paper.

"I didn't have time to think of all the things in the house, but here are a few," she said.

Mr. Henderson put the piece of paper in his pocket, kissed his wife and was gone. It was a long time before John Henderson got to Chicago. He lived but twenty-five miles away. Therefore, did go preparations were made to receive him. His wife met him at the train and went about as usual, but he forgot the slip of paper which he had given him. When he thought they had reached the city, he went to an ice cream parlor and had some ice cream and took luncheon with "Fred." In the afternoon he went to Lincoln Park. While they were looking at the animals the old man was taken with a chill.

"It must be the ice cream, Jennie," he said to his daughter-in-law, and she, fearing that he had a fever or something quite as malignant, called a cab and hurried him off to the city family physician.

Now, this dispenser of knowledge and things medical was a shining light in the city in which he lived. He boasted of the fact that for the five years he had practiced he had had no cases. Those, he said, were turned over to him when it was too late. Never when he had been called in time to a patient, he was wont to say, but to furnish relief.

When "Fred's" wife and her aged father-in-law arrived the "doctor" was reading a paper. He took the case and said it wasn't anything serious. His manner was convincing, and both the wife and father-in-law were relieved.

"I can fix you up in about two minutes," he said, his cheering remark as he wrote out a prescription.

Mrs. Henderson had so much confidence in the doctor's opinion that her husband's father was to be seriously ill that she consented to his going to the drug store to have the prescription filled. She went on home to superintend the preparation of evening meal.

"I want this filled," said old Mr. Henderson, clerk behind the counter, taking a slip of paper from his pocket and handing it to him.

The youth looked worried as he looked at the paper. "Want it filled, did you say?" he asked.

"Yes, want it filled," was the answer.

"Gave it to me."

"It's the oddest prescription I ever saw," said the clerk, "but I suppose Dr. Jones knows. Give me equal parts, though he don't say so," he said.

He went back of the partition and with a bottle filled with a brown mixture.

"There are no directions with this," he said, wrapped a paper around it, "but I suppose you will use it as you would an ordinary tonic—a teaspoonful of water half an hour before you eat."

He wouldn't take any more of it than I had, he continued, as he handed the old man the bottle.

That evening Mr. Henderson felt fine. He had taken two doses of the medicine, and he was the advice of the clerk, and his gripes were gone.

"That must be fine stuff Dr. Jones gave me," he said to Fred's wife. "Guess I'll get another bottle."

He went home in case any of the folks get taken with it.

On the way home the next day he stopped at a drug store and called the clerk to him.

"Young man, did you keep that prescription I gave me yesterday and I had filled here?"

"I did," said the obliging man; "just a moment. Here, is this it?" he said, returning from the store and handing Mr. Henderson the bottle.

"Did you want a copy of it?" he asked, and took it in his hand.

"No, I don't exactly want that," he said, "but I like another bottle of the mixture. It's fine. Scott!" exclaimed the old man, "is that all you have for me? Why, that's Mary's list—my rhubarb."

They haven't decided yet who the job was done by the old man or the physician.

AN INVENTION TO PREVENT COLLISIONS.

Jan Sassepanski, a young Polish inventor, has several sensational inventions. The first of his useful inventions is taken by a contrivance for collisions on railways and at sea. The basis of which is the effect produced by the rays is to be established in front of the engine. Over the apparatus an electric lamp is placed, which the rays are projected through the distance of four kilometers, and communicates with the engine driver of approaching danger. The paratus is used for indicating the explosion at a distance of four kilometers.

Another very interesting invention is a proof against shot and sword.

Experiments were made yesterday before a number of spectators, with surprising results. A bullet damaged the waistcoat at all—[The London Leader.]

THEIR NAMES.

MANY MEN WHO HAVE BEEN ASSASSINATED.

By a Specialist.

ASSASSINATION.

many of the pages of history are filled with the names of persons by treacherous or by assassination.

of a hired emissary, or by assassination.

of a person by treacherous or by assassination.

of a hired emissary, or by assassination.

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having seen a killer lift its head out of the water and mackerel in its mouth.

THE PRESCRIPTION.

ENT-MINDED HENDERSON WAS
RED IMMEDIATELY.

Old man Henderson, good natured, though distractedly absent-minded, his home on a farm near Dover, a long while back, bound for Calcutta, spend a whole day in the city; he was annual shopping for the family and more; and he was going to spend the "Fred," who lives on the North side, to make up an event of some moment family.

His good wife Mary at the time, "there are a few extra things for me this year. You know them in town."

He returned good naturedly, "what you want and I'll fetch 'em."

Henderson stepped into the carriage to take him to the station from the carriage out and handed him a slip of paper to think of all the things I want here are a few," she said.

He took the piece of paper in his hand and was gone. It was Henderson to go to Chicago, about five miles away. Therefore, when he was made to receive him. "Fred," the train and went about on his way.

But he forgot the slip in his hand. He thought they had finished the parlor and had some refreshments with "Fred." In the afternoon the work. While they were looking at the was taken with cramps.

"Ice cream, Jennie," he said to her and she, fearing that he had tried quite as malignant, immediately hurried him off to the office of the

hour of knowledge and advice on a shining light in the community. He boasted of the fact that he had practiced he had lost only one, said, were turned over to his wife. Never when he had been given to him, he was wont to say, had he

wife and her aged father-in-law was reading a paper. He thought it wasn't anything serious. He was reading, and both the visitors were

in about two minutes, my remark as he wrote out a prescription, so much confidence in the doctor, her husband's father was not that she consented to his going to have the prescription filled, to superintend the preparation of the

ed," said old Mr. Henderson to the counter, taking a slip of paper and handing it to him.

He was worried as he looked at the prescription, "Did you say?" he asked. "Yes," was the answer. "Dr. Jones

prescription I ever put up," said old Mr. Dr. Jones known. "Gee, he says he don't say so," he added.

of the partition and soon found with a brown mixture. "Directions with this," he said, "but I suppose you can't afford to have the prescription filled, to superintend the preparation of the

ed," said old Mr. Henderson to the counter, taking a slip of paper and handing it to him.

He was worried as he looked at the prescription, "Did you say?" he asked. "Yes," was the answer. "Dr. Jones

THEIR NAME IS LEGION.

MANY MEN WHO HAVE BEEN VICTIMS OF ASSASSINS.

By a Special Contributor.

ASSASSINATION has stamped its bloody mark on many of the pages of history, ancient and modern. By assassination is meant the act of taking the life of a person by treacherous violence, either by the hand of a hired emissary, or by one who has voluntarily taken upon himself the task; and generally the term is applied to the murder of a public personage by one who aims solely at the death of his victim. In every age the world has been shocked by some tragic event of this kind. In ancient times assassination was not unknown, and was sometimes applauded; but assassinations by enthusiasts, or men devoted to an idea, was almost unknown among the people of the earth until the religious struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The annals of the Roman Empire are more stained with the blood of assassination than those of any other nation or government. The horrible assassinations of Roman Emperors are simply a series of murders prompted by self-interest or revenge, and have no political significance. Excluding these murders, the following list includes the assassinations of heads of governments—Kings, Presidents, Cæars and Emperors, from the earliest ages to the present time, excepting assassinations of oriental potentates:

Philip II, King of Macedonia, B. C. 336.
Julius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome, March 15, B. C. 44.
Alfred I, Emperor of Germany, May 1, 1308.
James I, King of Scotland, February 21, 1437.
William, Prince of Orange, July 10, 1584.
Henry III, King of France, August 1, 1589.
Henry IV, King of France, May 14, 1610.
Gustavus III, King of Sweden, March 16, 1792.
Paul, Emperor of Russia, March 24, 1801.
Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, April 14, 1865.

Alexander II, Czar of Russia, March 13, 1881.
James Abraham Garfield, July 2, 1881.
Marie-Françoise Sadi Carnot, President of the French Republic, June 23, 1894.
King Humbert of Italy, July 20, 1900.
The following is a list of other important assassinations that have stirred the world:
Thomas Becket, A. D. 1170.
Alessandro de Medici, 1537.
Cardinal Beaton, 1546.
David Riccio, 1566.
Lord Darnley, 1567.
James, Earl of Murray, 1570.
William, Duke of Buckingham, 1628.
Wallenstein, 1634.
Archbishop Sharp, 1679.
Mort, by Charlotte Corday, 1793.
Gen. Kleber, 1800.
Sancet Percival, Premier, 1812.
Kotzeb, the Dramatist, 1819.
De Berri, 1820.
Charles III, Duke of Parma, 1854.
Michael, Prince of Serbia, 1868.
Marshall Prim, 1870.
Georges Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, by communists, 1871.
Burl Mayo, Governor-General of India, 1872.
Isidore Abdul Aziz, 1876.
Lord Frederick Cavendish, in Phoenix Park, Dublin, 1882.
Elizabeth, Empress of Austria-Hungary, 1898.
Canovas del Castillo, Spanish Premier, 1897.
Daniel, Prince of Montenegro, 1858.
Isahmet Ali Pasha, 1878.
Kontslaus Stambouloff, ex-Premier of Bulgaria, 1895.
William Goebel, Governor of Kentucky, January 30, 1900.

Numerous plots and attacks ending in failure have stained the world, the most notable among which was the "Assassination Plot" in English History, a conspiracy some Jacobites to murder William III in 1695. A league of unsuccessful attempts at assassination will be too long for the purposes of this article, but the most important within the last 100 years have been noted as follows:

Isidore Czar Alexander III repeatedly.
Alfonso XII of Spain, in 1878 and 1879.
Alfonso of Spain, 1872.
De C. Aumale, 1841.
Prince Bismarck, 1866, 1874.
Francis Joseph of Austria, 1853.
George III of England, in 1796 and 1800.
George IV, when Regent, in 1817.
King Humbert I of Italy, in 1878.
Isabella II of Spain, in 1847, 1852 and 1854.
Louis Philippe, King of France, six attempts from 1830 to 1846.
Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, 1878.
Napoleon I, by infernal machine, 1800.
Napoleon III, twice in 1835, and once in 1858.
Queen Victoria, in 1840, 1842, 1849, and 1882.
William I of Germany, in 1861, 1875 and twice in 1878.
Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, in 1820.

And recent attempts upon the lives of Emperor William and King Edward VII when Prince of Wales. Many times the assassin has struck down the head of the government—two Cæars of Russia, two Kings of France, one President of the French Republic, three Presidents of the United States, one Emperor of Germany, one King of Scotland, one Prince of the Netherlands, one King of Sweden, one King of Italy, to say nothing of the murder of King Philip of Macedonia, Julius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome, and a number of other assassinations of monarchs in the early ages of the world. Yet, it is true, as said by Lord Beaconsfield in

his celebrated speech in the English Parliament on the death of Lincoln, "Assassination has never changed the history of the world."

Of all the foul assassinations that ever thrilled the world with horror, that of our great and beloved President William McKinley was the most cruel, damnable and dastardly and of him, it may be said, as Henry Ward Beecher said of the martyred Lincoln in his sermon on the assassination, "Ye people behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for Fidelity, for Law, for Liberty!"

JOHNSTONE JONES.

ANARCHY'S CENTER.

THE CRIMSON COLONY AT PATERSON AND ITS LEADER.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—No sooner had the anarchist, Czolgosz, sent two bullets tearing through the body of the President of the United States, than the anarchists of Paterson, N. J., called a mass meeting. Assembling 400 strong in the dance hall back of a saloon kept by one of the "fraternity," they congratulated one another upon the activity of the order at Buffalo, and upon the salutary effects upon the country exercised by brothers brave enough to live up to the order's great doctrine—referring, presumably, to the doctrine pertaining to removal of rulers. No attempt was made to keep the meeting secret. It was an open session—and the police of Paterson permitted it.

There are more confessed anarchists in Paterson, so far as known, than in any other city in the United States. And yet in no city are the police so tolerant of the "Reds" as there. While the authorities of New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland and Detroit are rounding up all known anarchists, making them give accounts of themselves and placing them under surveillance, the police of Paterson are allowing several thousand persons in their city to wave the red flag unmolested and unchallenged.

"I acted alone," says the assassin. "There was no plot, I have no accomplice." But then all anarchist murderers, under cross-examination, swear to acting alone. A score of the "staff officers" in Paterson have said to me: "We act individually." Past killings of rulers show that the killers really do act individually—after the plot is hatched and lots have been drawn. Then it is that the one who drew the fatal lot disappears to act henceforth individually.

Every group or branch of organized anarchy in this country is directed by those occupying the seats of the mighty in Paterson. The assassin declares himself a member of the Chicago group, which is a part of the "Right to Exist Society of America," having its headquarters in Paterson. The assassin further admits that he was inspired by the writings of that high priestess of anarchy, Emma Goldman. The Goldman woman is a frequent visitor in Paterson, and the "writings" which inspired the assassin were contributions over her name which appeared in the principal organ of anarchy in this country, La Question Sociale, published in Paterson.

Paterson, indeed, is to the anarchists of this country what New Orleans is to the Society of the Mafia, what Havana is to the Naningoes, what Paris is to the Comprachicos. The "silk" city of New Jersey is the capital of all the "Reds" in the United States. It is the seat of a kind of university for the training of regicides. Here Bresci, killer of Humbert, was trained. When the assassin's knife sank into the breast of Elizabeth of Austria, in Geneva, the secret service bureau of the world sent extra men to Paterson. Recently, the life of Maria Pia, Queen of Portugal, was threatened. It was a sign from Paterson. At the funeral of the Empress Frederick, at Cronberg, a stronger guard than usual surrounded the Kaiser. The German police were thinking of a city in New Jersey. That uneasy lie the heads of today's monarchs, is indeed in no small degree due to the activity of the Paterson group of the "Right to Existence Society of America."

But because of all this, think not that when you step from the train at Paterson you are immediately confronted by men waving red flags and holding knives between their teeth. For this town is like an apple, and anarchy is its core. Expect to stand on the curb and see anarchists go by, and you will be disappointed. You wish to meet the "Reds"? You must hunt for them. Procure a guide and proceed as for bear in the forest. In the back rooms of saloons, in Market street tenements, here you will find more than one lair.

At No. 335 Market street, on the top floor, back, you will run down the king creature, the leader of the 3500 Italians comprising the society called Dritto All' Esistenza (Right to Existence). This chief of Italians is a Spaniard named Pedro Esteve. In his rooms on the top floor, back, is published La Question Sociale. Editing this weekly paper is Esteve's ostensible occupation. His real life work is sharpening the knives of regicides and fattening the purses of royal undertakers. Here are some of the tools of his trade: "Killing a King makes people think. We want to exterminate evils by force. We never consider consequences. We are opposed to government, which means political tyranny. We do not believe in religion, laws, or individual ownership of property." Esteve exhibits these tools in the columns of La Question Sociale, and gives lessons in their use. The brightest among the Paterson "Reds" are sent to other places, Chicago, New York, St. Louis, Cleveland, Detroit, Denver, wherever there are Right to Exist groups, even to small places like Barre, Vt., where the anarchists number 200, there to preach the doctrines formulated in Paterson. These disciples of Esteve may be called professors of anarchy. They are traveling libraries of universal knowledge as applied to the "removal" of Excellencies, Imperial Majesties and Royal Highnesses. By scattering their theories thus, the anarchists dream of uniting the peoples of the earth in

one vast crimson brotherhood, with Paterson as their home office.

The day the news was received of the attempt upon the life of Maria Pia, of Portugal, I found Pedro Esteve in his office on the top floor, back, type cases to the right of him, portraits of Herr Most to the left of him, anarchist typesetters and printers before and behind him. Indignation gave a parboiled expression to all of his face not covered by his black beard, fanaticism clouded his very evident intelligence.

"You say we, of Paterson, sent over a man to remove that Queen. You say that at the time Bresci sailed to remove the King of Italy, thirty-nine others sailed with him, all with orders to do or die. Now these things are not so." He banged the table with his knuckles. "It is the newspapers that make all the trouble. We did not draw lots to kill Humbert. We work, each man for himself. And none knows what plans his neighbor may be making. Bresci did not kill the man Humbert; he removed a King, a tyrant. He rendered a service to 30,000,000 Italians. But another King has killed Bresci—a life for a life—it is what we expect. We strike, but do we ever run away? Yes, it is true that anarchy is firmly established in Paterson. But the police do not interfere with us. Why should they? Is it a crime to say one is an anarchist? And Esteve threw out his chest, as one who would say: "I am an enemy of everything and everybody, and I am proud of it."

In the editorial office in which Esteve thus freely declared himself a champion of a great wrong cause, the ringleaders of the "Reds" hold their secret meetings. No parliamentary red tape governs their sessions. They have no organization, no rules, no dues, no officers. Simply, on Saturday nights they drift into Esteve's lair, discuss articles in the current issue of "La Question Sociale," and suggest ways and means of helping the "cause." At the same time the rank and file of anarchists are in session in the dingy back rooms of various saloons, where drunkenness is almost unknown, but where men frequently succumb to the intoxication of scariet ideas.

Whenever the newspapers print flaring headlines by which special attention is directed upon Paterson, then the "Reds" call a mass meeting. The town is flooded with posters announcing that an open meeting of Italians—the word anarchist is not used—will be held in Bartholdi Hall. The public, the police and the press are invited. Esteve addresses the meeting on some such subject as "Prosperity in Italy," making no allusion to anarchy. The object of all this is to convince whom it may concern that the meetings of Italians are quite as harmless as other political meetings. The "bluff" is so apparent that even the secret-service men have long since ceased to attend these "mass meetings." It was one of these meetings, a trifle bolder than usual, that the Chief of Police permitted the anarchists of Paterson to hold on the night the President was shot.

"They are quiet, peaceable home-bodies," says the Chief of Police. "Of all the classes in Paterson they give us the least trouble." This is true, so far as the local police are concerned. It is not to be expected that the anarchists will remove the Mayor and other officials of Paterson, just to keep in practice for those that wear a crown.

So, while the local police give no more thought to the "Reds" than they would to a colony of Quakers, the police departments of nations have surrounded the group with detectives whose system of espionage is as complete as that exercised over any band of nihilists in Russia. Every country has at least two secret-service agents in Paterson; Austria has four, the United States half a dozen, and Italy more than all. When an anarchist leaves the city, it is the duty of the secret-service agent to find out where he has gone and account for him. Those agents, unknown, of course, to the "Reds," live among them, fraternize with them and sometimes are present even at the most confidential conclaves.

A WESTERN FUNERAL SERMON.

At an informal setdown the other night of a few professional men, one of them said: "I see that Bret Harte is coming back to the United States and that he will visit some of the former scenes where he found his best stories. Bret Harte is like all Americans who go abroad to live. There comes a time when they want to get back home. They know that they can always find a hearing here. I suppose Bret Harte, however, will find some changes in the section of the country where he met the characters and saw the scenes which made his stories so well liked by all Americans. Other writers have been in the field, and if they have not told what they saw as Bret Harte would have done, they have at least taken off the edge, and Bret Harte will have to draw on his imagination if he gives us anything original as the result of his revisit."

"I was out in the Sierras last summer, but I saw only one character whom I think Bret Harte would have enjoyed as a matter of business. He was a young man who, having touched all sides of mountain life, at last settled down in a place where inhabitants seemed to have huddled in order to rest, as a minister. They told me he was an all-round minister, by which I was given to understand that he had no creed. One of the inhabitants explained that all they wanted a preacher for was to marry the marriageable and bury the dead."

"There had been a death in the community a few weeks before, and the all-round was called upon to officiate. It was his first funeral. Having told the manner of the taking off of the deceased, he said to the mourning ones by way of consolation:

"His time was come and he had to go. The Lord gives and the Lord takes away, says the good book, and the man who writ knowed that was no use buckin', for he said right after it, hurrah for the Lord."

"When I heard the story I felt sorry, for I wished that Bret Harte could have heard it first."—[Chicago Tribune.]

Automobilists and cyclists must look to their laurels. Another great racer is in the field, in the person of Count Tyszkowski, who is about to race from Warsaw to Paris on the back of a camel. The stake is 100,000 francs, the distance by road about 1600 miles, and the journey is to be accomplished in fifteen days. The start is to be made on September 30, and to win his bet the Count must ride into the place of the Hotel de Ville on October 15.—[Paris Messenger.]

MEXICO'S LOURDES.

THOUSANDS CLIMB TO THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.

From a Special Correspondent.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 15.—Travel-stained, worn and weary, more than three thousand people toiled up the steep hill to the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe last week. At their head, followed by his priests and acolytes all chanting the prayers of the church, was the Bishop of Zacatecas. Behind him came the long procession. There were some people there who were fairly well-dressed, but by far the greater part of them were peons, worn and bent with a life's labor, but determined, before they died, to worship at the shrine of Mexico's saint. There were men and women there who had used their last centavo and had sold their few personal effects in order to pay the railroad fare to this Lourdes of Central America. How they would get home they did not know—walk and beg

brackish, strong with soda and just warm enough to emphasize its unpleasant qualities. But the pilgrims could not have drunk it more eagerly if it had been nectar. They drank all they could hold, in the fervent belief that it would cure all bodily ills. Then they filled bottles or ollas and carried some of it away so that those who could not make the pilgrimage could, at least, have the benefit of the all-curing draught.

Strange as is the story of this national shrine of Mexico, it is no more strange than is the wonderful, blind belief which the Mexican peon has in every miracle that it is said to have performed. According to the tales told of it, the blind have been made to see, the lame to walk, and the deaf to hear. These cures are attested by the canes and crutches which have been left behind by these miraculously-cured cripples, and by the offerings and inscriptions which have been placed in the chapel by those who could afford to pay for a record of their cure. And yet, at the door of the cathedral and at every shrine on the hill will be found cripples who drag themselves slowly about and beg for alms. They seem to have been neglected during the miracles. Or, perhaps, they have no desire to be cured and are better satisfied to subsist on the charity of the many pilgrims.



OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL AT GAUDILUPE.

as they went, they thought—but they were happy in having seen the miraculous tilma and in having prayed before its shrine. The sight of the wonderful cloth and its marvelous picture more than atoned for the privations, past and to come, that the long trip entailed. Even the children who had been brought by some of the pilgrims seemed to recognize that the occasion was a momentous one and they peered out from their mother's rebosas, in which they were slung, with big, wondering eyes.

And it was a momentous occasion. To the Mexican peon a pilgrimage to the shrine of the nation's saint is as much a duty as it is for the Mohammedan to visit Mecca. Only with the believer in the Koran the pilgrimage is obligatory; with the Mexican it is a sense of religious duty and patriotic pride that leads to the sacrifice.

This pilgrimage last week was the first of the new century and was planned by the Bishop of Zacatecas months ago. A long time for preparation was needed, for when men work for the equivalent of 12 cents a day, American money, it takes a long time to save up enough to pay railroad fares for a trip of hundreds of miles. And yet that was what these peons had done. How they and their families had scrimped and saved in order to get together enough for third-class tickets, only they can tell. But they did it. Many of them arrived at the shrine without a centavo in their possession, and with the little stock of tortillas with which they started, almost gone. But they were happy and no worry as to the future bothered them. They were performing a religious duty, doing a deed which would earn credit for them in heaven and surely the good Virgin before whose shrine they came to pray would not let them suffer for this, the best act of their lives. So they argued and trusted and, though they had neither money nor food left, they were happy.

The church on the hill was far too small to hold all the pilgrims at one time. Even the cathedral, beautiful as it is, the home of the sacred tilma and filled with almost priceless votive offerings, could not accommodate them all. But the good Bishop of Zacatecas did not bring his flock so far to have any of them disappointed in their desire to attend mass before the wonderful shrine. So he and his assistants said the service over and over again all day long until the last one of the pilgrims had found room in the temple.

While those who could not gain admittance to the church were waiting their turn, they visited the Chapel of the Well, and prayed before the scores of votive shrines which are everywhere on the hill and which almost line the main approach to the church. But the place that attracted most of the visitors was the Chapel of the Well. There they hastened to drink of the miraculous waters of the spring which came from the rock at the spot where the Virgin first appeared to the poor Indian. To the mortal who is disinclined to believe in miracles this water is anything but pleasant. It is

The legend on which has been built all this devout belief is a strange one. It has been investigated and approved as true by the church at Rome, and it has received the official sanction of the Congress of the Mexican government. With this double indorsement there is not a Mexican peon who doubts it. And they are not the only believers by far.

According to the story, Juan Diego, an Indian convert, was on his way to hear service which was being held by the Franciscan fathers. It was the morning of December 9, 1531. To reach the church from his home at Tlalpetlac, he had to pass the hill of Tepeyac. That morning, as he approached the eastern side of the hill, he heard music which sounded to him like a chorus of birds. He stopped to listen and, as he did so, he saw a cloud of all the colors of the rainbow and in the midst of it a beautiful lady. She called to him and he bowed before her. Then she said:

"Know, my son, that I am the Virgin Mary, Mother of the true God. My will is that a temple should be built on this spot, where you and all your race will always be able to find me and seek my aid in your troubles. Go to the bishop and in my name tell what you have seen and heard. Tell him, too, that it is my

wish that a church be built here, and that my will be repaid with many graces."

Juan hurried with the story to the bishop, but little attention paid to what he said. He went home, but at the same spot again saw the Virgin. He told her of the ill-success of his errand, and she replied that he must not be discouraged, but must send a message to the bishop on the following day.

The next day was Sunday and, after mass, Juan found the bishop. This time he was not alone. He saw the beautiful lady again. He was so overcome by the sight that he was unable to speak. When he reached the hill he disappeared, and his servants, unable to see him, reported that he had been seen.

But while Juan was invisible to the bishop, he was again in conversation with the Virgin. He told him that the bishop had required a sign, and she told him that on the next morning she would appear to him. But Juan did not come back in the morning. He found his uncle sick, and he remained with him. Then, on the 12th of December, he came to confession and again passed the hill of Tepeyac. He was afraid of being reproached by the bishop, but he had done as she told him and so he went on. He found the spot where the Chapel of the Well now stands. He appeared to him. She did not reproach him, but told him to climb to the top of the hill and there, on a coarse cloth cloak, with the roses he would find the picture of the Virgin. Juan knew that the hill was steep and that no flowers grew on it, but he went on. At the summit of the hill he found a bush laden with roses. He gathered them and, putting them in his tilma, took them to the bishop. He had told his story to the bishop, and he showed the tilma to show the flowers. The roses fell from the tilma and then it was seen that on the tilma was the picture of the Virgin, as she had appeared to Juan. The bishop fell on his knees and after some time he took the tilma and placed it over his private parts.

The bishop—Zumarraga was his name—worked and built the chapel, now the cathedral, on the foot of the hill. When it was completed, the tilma was hung above the altar. There it has ever since, only being removed when necessary alterations were being made to the church. The summit of the hill, where Juan had seen the miraculous roses, was built another chapel. A third was erected over the well or spring which came from the rocks and marked the place where the Virgin had appeared to the Indian for the first time.

Accepted by the local clergy and by the people, the attention of the Pope was attracted to the miracle. In 1663 it was recognized and was fully sanctioned and confirmed by the Pope. Before that, in 1736, after the image of the Virgin on the tilma were believed to be the picture of the Virgin which was miraculously preserved from the pestilence which was raging in Mexico. Guadalupe had been solemnly elected by the people as their patroness. Hidalgo, the leader of the war for independence and she accordingly became the protectress of the revolution. In 1822, Emperor, created an Order of the Virgin, and as his highest decoration, and afterwards, when he was the first president, changed his name to Guadalupe Victoria. Later, in 1824, Congress decreed that the twelfth of December to be a national holiday.

The church of Guadalupe is now one of the most famous in the world, so experts declare, and has there been spent upon it. But it is not the church, that the interest centers. And this is certainly a marvel. It is the tilma, the poncho, half blanket, that is worn by the Virgin. It is of the roughest material, coarse and irregular meshes. On this the picture of the Virgin is exactly alike on each side of the cloth. Scientific men of high standing have examined it and have testified under oath that it is a work of art and that there is no other picture of the Virgin which has the same characteristics. The tilma of the canvas are to be found four or five times, while the gilding seems to be painted into the garment than painted upon it.

But, perhaps, most marvelous of all is the fact that the tilma remains fresh and unchanged after more than three centuries.

September 22, 1901

preservation of the tilma has ever been an impossible task. It has been executed by the artists in Europe. Artists were the frescoes on the walls of the churches. An idea of the money which has been spent on the richness of the decorations which hangs in front of the head of the painted Virgin. The rim at the top of the tilma is a shield of solid gold. It is covered with sapphires. But to all this wealth the peons paid little attention. They were simple-minded and they bowed and prayed before the Virgin on the tilma. They were happy, and they beg their way home.

MAKING PUMICE

AN INTERESTING STORY OF THE PUMICE INDUSTRY IN ITALY.

According to the London Standard, in Turkey, at that town to see the Virgin, or nine boys, whose ages were carried rows at the loom, which they pull from their left hands, and a flag in their right, dash, with through the web strings, and cut off the surplus end before the spectator has realized. Having been shown the carpet they are to work for these boys rely on their mother's task, for on only two signs of the carpet to be plain pencilled drawing. When or medallions, a boy aged five, the loom, who has the design in his mind, walks up and down, singing-song manner the number of the thread to be used.

A copy of the famous carpet, which is now at the Vatican, being made by one firm. The coloring of the original are, although the boys were working at the rate of from thirty to forty, a careful comparison of the original showed the most minute details.

Nothing but hand work is used in the making of Persian carpets and vegetable dyes are used. The Persian carpets are made by hand and lasting color is the secret of the beautiful carpets. The secret of the beautiful carpets has been lost. The Persians are cochineal, madder, yellow root, walnut and pomegranate.

MINING PUMICE

The German Nachrichten contains some interesting details of the pumice stone industry in Italy. The island of Lipari, in the Tyrrhenian Sea, has a large deposit from one to two miles long and from about 1500 to 2000 feet high. The pumice deposits are worked by means of small teams of mules, and the output is from 200 to 250 tons daily from May to October, during the winter months. The activity about 800 persons, employed in the excavations, amounted to 15,000 tons, and the sale price of pumice is 6d. and 11d. per ton. The pumice is also produced, which fetches a high price, the average price, however, is 10d. per ton. The pumice stone is used for the sort of Lipari to be used in the preparation and cleansing of leather, and other purposes.



PILGRIMS WALKING FROM MEXICO CITY TO GUADALUPE.

CASTRO'S STEEL HOUSE.

A BULLET AND EARTHQUAKE-PROOF APARTMENT.

By a Special Contributor.

AT THIS moment Cipriano Castro, self-seated President of Venezuela, can say, with more of truth than Louis XIV. of France said it: "I am the state." Castro is Venezuela. He has seen no part of the world outside of his own country; inside it he is absolute. The world's attention has been attracted to this South American Republic, not by the possibility of a clash of arms between Venezuela and Colombia, not by the so-called asphalt war, not by the "On to Caracas" cry of the revolutionists, but by the man who is the cause of the noise which his country is making—Castro.

The President, or, to use the only title to which he yet has legal right, the Dictator, works as silently as a servant in rubber shoes. He moves in the darkness, stealthily, as one whose intent may be challenged. He is a bat among the people. His movements have been reported to the nations, and hence the world is watching him. Just now he is preparing for the cry, "Halt!" his preparations being made with a view to at last seeing the world beyond Venezuela. For sooner or later he must follow one or another of his predecessors—Guzman Blanco, who died wealthy in Paris; Crespo, who was shot in battle; Andrade, who is now working for his living in Trinidad. It is not likely that he will depart as did his immediate predecessor, Andrade, who, having escaped through the back door of the palace as Castro and his soldiers crashed in at the front, fled to Barbadoes on Venezuela's only gunboat, and then, with infinite courtesy, sent the boat back to Castro with a note, saying: "I return you the navy; you may need it yourself." Castro's aspirations lean rather to the Blanco method of exit and to a golden exile. Traitors in his own house tell of frequent shipments of gold sent abroad by the thrifty president. So when the people pounce upon him with a slight draft, as it were, demanding that he pay the penalty of his greed, he will not have to stop to look for his pocketbook; his wealth will have gone before him and he can fly on the instant.

Castro rules not with the tongue or pen or sword, but with his thumb. As he moves that thumb, to the left, to the right, so is the law; as Simon said: "Thumbs up, thumbs down." One day last year, in the Prado, a man named Lopez fired a pistol point blank in Castro's face. By a miracle the bullet went astray. When the would-be assassin was brought before Castro, the Dictator jerked his thumb toward the door, and Lopez was thrown into that Black Hole of Caracas, the Rotunda. Recently, when the judge of the Superior Court inspected the prison, none of the prison authorities could remember having seen Lopez after the first days of his incarceration. "Escaped," said the governor of the prison, but offered no proofs. The verdict of Caracas, when the judge told the tale, was "Murdered and buried in the jail." Perhaps Castro had jerked his thumb downward.

The Dictator has the face of a tired man, eyes of the ferret, mouth of cruelty. By temperament he is nervous, irritable, impatient, his excitability finding expression principally in his thumbs. Of government he has shown that he knows as much as a chief of bandits. By some he is called the Clown of Mira Flores, which needs explanation. In the heart of the capital city there is a palace which has an extension built entirely of steel. The house is called Mira Flores, and was the residence of Crespo when that fighting general was President. The steel extension was not built with the forethought of fire—it is earthquake proof. It has two roofs, like compartments in a safe deposit vault; and in this strong box of a place the Dictator spends most of his time. Also the Señora Castro. They come naturally by their fear of earthquakes. When the town of Cucuta, years ago, was shaken from the map as a crumb from a tablecloth, Señora Castro was the only member of her family to escape the devastation. Castro himself stood on a hill outside the town and saw his abode crumble like a house of cards upon the heads of those within. Again, last October, the great Caracas earthquake, in the dead of night, threw Castro from his bed. Then in his fright he jumped through a window to a paved court and broke his leg. The next day he moved from the Yellow House, the White House of Venezuela, to Mira Flores. And there, in the wing where walls, floor and ceiling are all of steel, the Castros eat and sleep. Incidentally the man who published the verses in which the Dictator was christened Clown of Mira Flores, one Dr. Pedro Migares, is at this moment languishing in the Rotunda, having been confined there since last April, when his poem first appeared—all this without trial and by the simple mandate of Castro's thumb.

That the steel house is bullet proof is an added point of merit in the Dictator's eyes. That which Castro most fears is not earthquake, not nature, but human kind. Were he to camp on the summit of Vesuvius, the uncertainty of the prolongation of his career could not be greater than it is as the Dictator of Venezuela. The country over which he rules is a volcano, and Caracas is its crater. And when comes the eruption the first victim will be Castro. A revolutionary army is mobilizing in the field. Colombian revolutionists are pouring over the border to lend a hand to their Venezuelan brothers, with the understanding that the attention will be reciprocated when Castro is overthrown and Colombia becomes the seat of war.

That Venezuela has a revolutionary party is, of course, not remarkable. The conservative element of one administration invariably becomes the revolutionary element of the next administration. But the particular discontented party which is now in the field has a special grudge against Castro. The Dictator shot the

revolutionist's leader, Gen. Acosta. Now, in that country, where such leaders are as thick as straws along a railroad, never before has one been punished by death. But Castro said: "If ever my soldiers capture Acosta he shall be shot." So, last February, when the revolutionist was taken in his lair, the Dictator sent an order for his captors to get Acosta into Caracas before the 20th, that he, Castro, might have the pleasure of supervising the execution. Failing this, the order was to shoot Acosta on the 19th wherever he might be. When came the 19th the prisoner was still 200 miles by horse from the capital—and so Acosta, one of the brightest intellects and bravest soldiers in Venezuela, was made to kneel in the middle of the road, with his back to the firing squad, and thus was carried out another sentence pronounced by Castro's thumb.

To appreciate the importance of the date of this occurrence it is necessary to state that February 20 was the day on which Castro called his Congress together, changed the constitution to suit his own purposes, and declared himself no longer Dictator, but Constitutional President. The constitution forbids capital punishment. As Dictator, Castro might shoot Acostas by the score and his legal right to do so would only be a matter of dispute. But once he became the Chief Executive under the Constitution such an act would be illegal beyond question, and Castro, immune as Dictator, would be subject to the consequences as President.

Castro's own soldiers love him not. "He took away our thin uniforms," they say, "and dressed us up in cloth uniforms and caps, like French soldiers. Besides, he seldom pays us. So he is glad when we desert, simply putting new men in our places." The officers of Castro's army, however, make no complaint. For every time the Dictator uses the military as the instrument for making a golden haul the officers get the drippings. To illustrate: Last fall the soldiers reported that three rich Caracas merchants were hoarding gold within their homes. The Dictator ordered that each of these men be taxed \$50,000 for the "support of the government." The merchants refused to pay. Castro turned them over to certain army officers, who, having made them prisoners, kept them tied to stakes facing the sun all day, and facing an electric light as fiercely bright as the sun all night. Half blinded and almost crazed by their sufferings, they at last yielded and paid the "tax."

Another case was not quite so profitable, either to Castro or his military staff. A German merchant arrived in Caracas and proceeded to collect bills payable to the amount of \$12,000 in cash. Castro not only forbade the German to take the money out of the country, but demanded that it be paid over for "government support." The man was arrested and tortured until he understood that it was his money or his life, and so led the soldiers to the place where the treasure was hidden. A few weeks later one of the Kaiser's cruisers put in at La Guayra, the captain hurried over to Caracas and demanded not only the \$12,000, but the punishment of the officers who had maltreated a German subject. Castro, livid of face, liquidated on the spot, and the guilty members of his staff are still in Maracaibo prison.

Castro has not a single friend among the foreign representatives in Caracas. All the members of the diplomatic corps, on behalf of countrymen who have interests in Venezuela, watch Castro with suspicious, untrusting eyes. For the Dictator has more than once openly asserted that, if he could, he would annul all concessions of land granted to foreigners by his predecessors, and sell the same over again to others. He actually did annul concessions enjoyed by the various Orinoco River companies—all American concerns. But he has not yet succeeded in selling these over again.

For the sum of \$40,000, however, he granted a concession of a part of an American asphalt company's mines in the State of Bermudez. But the mines thus disposed of belong to the asphalt company, both by right of concession of many years' standing and by purchase in fee simple. Hence Castro had sold property which an American corporation owned outright. This, in a nutshell, was the cause of the asphalt war. In the first days of this industrial fight the then United States Minister, Mr. Loomis, in a formal conference with Castro, suggested that Venezuelans should protect American interests in their country in order to encourage the investment of American capital in the development of Venezuelan industries. Mr. Loomis concluded with the statement that Castro's attitude toward the asphalt company was opposed to the policy just outlined, and was calculated to antagonize Yankee capital. To which Castro, in his reply, gave this token of international courtesy:

"Well, Mr. Loomis, those American asphalt people are getting very excited. Take them to a saloon and give them some ice cream to cool them off."

Even the course of justice is perverted as Castro wills. The Dictator recently informed the Attorney General that his legal arguments in the famous asphalt dispute ought to be in favor of the concessionaire's enemies. The Attorney General, however, handed down an opinion in favor of the concessionaire. The upshot of the matter was that the Attorney General was compelled to resign, and a lawyer who agreed to think with Castro's mind was appointed in his place.

The law of Venezuela commands the judge of the Superior Court in each Federal district to inspect prisons, ascertain through the prisoners themselves how their cases are progressing, hear their complaints and provide remedies. The judge of the Caracas district has very recently not only complied with this law, but has made public the result of his investigations. He mentions facts proving that under Castro's government justice does not run in the path of law; that there are individuals in the prisons who were committed by Castro's agents instead of by courts; that a number of newspaper men in the prisons have been waiting for months, and are still waiting, for trial, and that the most shocking abuses are practiced within the prison walls. Following up the publication of these revelations, the judge advised the lower judges to proceed at once with the delayed cases and to order the release of all prisoners unlawfully deprived of their liberty. His orders will not be carried out, for Castro has just thrown him into prison to share the fate of those whom he tried to help.

GILSON WILLETS.

(Copyright, 1901, by Gilson Willets.)

of the tiling and the picture upon it. No attempt has ever been made to clean it and yet it is as fresh as though it was not almost 400 years old. And during those four centuries it has been exposed without any covering, to the smoke of censers and candles and the damp air of the church which, filled with salt-water, corrodes the most solid substances and has rotted away heavy altar hangings of the finest silks. These have to be replaced every few years, but the strange thing remains fresh and strong in the midst of all.

To describe the beauty of the church which has been erected as a home for this marvel would be practically an impossible task. The statues and the paintings have been executed by the finest artists which could be found in Europe. Artists were brought from France to paint the frescoes on the walls and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent on the smaller details alone. As for the money which has been expended and of the richness of the decoration may be obtained from the views which hang in front of the tiling and just above the head of the painted Virgin. This was manufactured in Paris. The rim at the base represents the twenty-two histories of Mexico, each one being designated by a shield of solid gold. Above comes a circle of angels issuing from roses. Between the angels and supported by them are six shields for the six archbishops of Mexico. At the top is an enameled globe on which Mexico is symbolically shown. Above this is the Mexican eagle grasping the globe with one talon, while with the other he holds aloft a diamond cross. At the top of the cross is a ring by which a golden cherub holds the crown above the picture. The entire crown is of solid gold and weighs many pounds. All the shields are surrounded with diamonds and in the breast of each angel is a huge ruby. Almost the entire balance of the surface is covered with sapphires and emeralds.

But to all this wealth in the church the poor, pilgrim pays little attention. A realization of it was beyond their simple minds. What they came to see and what they bowed and prayed before was the picture of the Virgin on the tiling. Once they had performed that duty they were happy, even though they should have to beg their way home.

F. F. THOMPSON.

MAKING PERSIAN CARPETS.

AN INTERESTING SIGHT AT THE TOWN OF AZERBAIJAN.

According to the London Graphic the British Consul at Azerbaijan, in Turkey, it is a most interesting sight at that town to see the carpet looms at work. Eight or nine boys, whose ages range from 8 to 12, sit in rows at the looms, and armed with the wool, which they pull from reels suspended above them in their left hands, and a flat knife, crooked at the point, in their right, dash, with three movements, the thread through the web strings, hook it into the desired knot, and cut off the surplus ends, starting another knot before the spectator has realized what has been done.

Having been shown the design and coloring of the carpet they are to work for the first two or three feet, then boys rely on their memories for the remainder of their task, for on only two or three looms is the design of the carpet to be seen affixed, and then only its plain penciled drawing. When nearing complicated parts or medallions, a boy aged from 12 to 14, the foreman of the loom, who has the design seemingly imprinted in his mind, walks up and down, calling out in a quaint, sing-song manner the number of stitches and the colors of the thread to be used.

A copy of the famous carpet from the Mosque of Ardabil, which is now at the South Kensington Museum, is being made by one firm. The design, coloring and coloring of the original are said to be unique, and here, although the boys were working without the design, and at the rate of from thirty to thirty-five stitches a minute, a careful comparison of the hand-painted copy of the original showed the most minute attention in every detail.

Nothing but hand work is employed in the manufacture of Persian carpets and rugs, and none but natural vegetable dyes are used, and it is in this latter fact that Persian carpets and rugs are supposed to owe their duration and lasting colors, although it is said that secret of the beautiful dark blue dye used in the dyes has been lost. The dyes in general used in Persia are cochineal, madder root, indigo yellow berries, blue root, walnut and pomegranate husks and gall.

MINING PUMICE STONE IN ITALY.

The German Nachrichten fur Handel und Industrie contains some interesting details as to the production of pumice stone in Italy. This is found principally on the island of Lipari, in the northwest of which there is a deep deposit from one to four meters thick, and covering about 1500 hectares (3655 acres), which consists of pumice mixed with lightly cemented volcanic ash. The pumice deposits are worked in a very primitive manner by means of small quarries. The number of men is from 200 to 230, but most of them are worked from May to October, two-thirds being abandoned during the winter months. At the time of greatest activity about 800 persons, including 100 women, are employed in the excavations. In 1890 the production amounted to 15,000 tons, and has increased since that time. The sale price of pumice stone varies between 44 and 111 1/2a. per ton, but very fine qualities are produced, which fetch 175 and even nearly 2200 per ton; the average price, however, is from 57a. to 16 per ton. The pumice stone produced is sold to merchants, who sort it according to color, weight and size, and send it to the town of Lipari to be cleaned and polished. The whole and broken pieces are ground in hand mills to powder. There are sixteen recognized qualities and varieties of pumice stone in the market, some of the best qualities being used in cleaning and polishing marble, leather, etc. About 230 work people, 120 being females, are employed in the factories engaged in the preparation and cleaning of pumice stone for sale.

THE FIGHT FOR GRASS. HOW CONTRACTING SHEEP AND CAT- TLE RANGES LEAD TO BLOODSHED.

From a Special Correspondent.

HELENA (Mont.) Sept. 21, 1901.—A strong effort will be made this winter by those interested in questions affecting the public domain to secure some legislation whereby the public grazing lands can be leased from the government. The United States government now owns between 250,000,000 and 300,000,000 acres of land over which sheep, cattle and horses are allowed to graze free of charge. The existence of this free range or common grazing ground has given rise to many disputes and bloody battles between conflicting live stock interests. The range cattle industry owes its greatness in the past to free grass, but for several years this industry has been passing through a transition stage. The established rancher with land, corrals and a hay stack is rapidly superseding the man who depends entirely upon the public lands for the subsistence of his live stock.

In some localities a code of unwritten law has been framed which has resulted in the division of the grazing lands among a limited number of ranchers, who have observed an attitude of armed neutrality toward each other and have invariably combined to exclude the newcomer looking for new range or for a homestead. The most serious difficulties have arisen from the antagonism which always has and always will exist between the cattle and sheep interests. Where sheep have grazed cattle will starve to death, and the invasion of a cattle range by a flock of sheep is looked upon as a mortal offense, to be wiped out with blood if necessary by the owners of the cattle.

Proposed Legislation.

Many different propositions have been made to Congress to enact legislation whereby the question of free range would be settled by the making of leases at a nominal sum per acre. No one plan has received the united support of those interested, hence it has been difficult, in fact, impossible, for Congressmen from the Eastern States to determine which would best serve the interests of the West. The owners of large herds of cattle or sheep would be very willing to support a leasing law which would not interfere, but rather perpetuate their present foothold upon Uncle Sam's domain. These men would give hearty recognition to a movement which was started in Chicago not long ago by the American Cattle Growers' Association. This association proposes that the government shall lease the public grazing lands in unlimited amounts for a term of twenty years to the highest bidder. Under such a scheme as this, bidding for any one particular range would be confined to those already occupying it, and it would be very easy for a number of owners of large herds to combine and lease an entire section of country, to the exclusion of small owners, who need comparatively small pasturage.

The idea of leasing the public grazing lands appeals very strongly not only to the big cattle and sheep interests, but to the Congressman from an Eastern State, who is not interested in the subject except as a matter of public policy. Such Congressmen have been appealed to many times by western men to advocate this or that scheme in connection with the public lands. They are familiar with the published reports of bloody battles between cattle men and sheep men over the public range, and, in addition, they see no reason as a business proposition why the government should not derive some income from this immense estate, which requires so much money each year for its administration.

Politics Involved.

There are many dangers, however, in any plan which may be suggested and strongly advocated for leasing the public lands. The live stock interests are very powerful in legislation. They not only have great weight in Washington, but, through their control of large areas, have much to say in local and State politics in the district from which they hail. These stock interests would much prefer that nothing be done at all than to curtail in any way the rights they have acquired by custom and mutual agreement. It is usual nowadays to defeat a necessary and popular measure not by opposing it, but by suggesting some modification or difference in method, thus confusing the situation and postponing definite action by Congress until the session is exhausted. The eastern members of Congress naturally expect the western members to agree upon a measure before they can seriously consider it, for the western members are supposed to know best what is to the interest of their own people and States. It would be very difficult, indeed, today to find any live stock man, any land expert, or any government official who has had dealings with the public domain, who will not say at once that he is in favor of leasing the public grazing lands, but each and every one of these men has some plan of his own to suggest, which, strange to say, differs significantly from other plans to make an agreement apparently impossible.

A number of western Senators and members of Congress are heavily interested in live stock. They have acquired valuable ranches and still more valuable range. Their own personal interests favor no change, but their position before the public demands that they should present some plan for ameliorating the condition of the small rancher and for inaugurating a more scientific management of the public commons. If a western member of Congress is frank he says openly that he prefers things should remain as they are, but that if there is going to be a change, he wants it made in such a way as not to interfere with the "prosperity" of the country or with "vested rights." By the prosperity of

the country he means the prosperity of the big cattle and sheep owners. By vested rights he means those rights which have been acquired by mutual agreement between a few live stock owners and by continued trespass upon government property. This man will advocate that the government should lease its grazing land to the highest bidder for a twenty-years' term, with privilege of renewal and lease in such tracts as the applicant may desire.

A policy such as this would put the grazing States entirely into the hands of the large cattle and sheep interests. It would stop settlement and drive the small ranchers to the wall. In view of these self-evident propositions it is doubtful whether Congress could be induced to consider this plan, which is now being advocated so strenuously by the organization representing the big cattle ranchers.

Classification of Lands.

Some of the most eminent authorities in land matters have favored a government classification of the public land, and subsequently leasing those which were declared to be purely grazing. It may be safely said that a classification of the public lands of the United States today is an impossibility. The grazing land of yesterday is the irrigated farm of today, the grazing land of today may be the home of the homestead farmer tomorrow. It would be exceedingly unsafe for the government to attempt any classification of the public domain with the idea that such classification should govern legislation or should hold good for any term of years. It will take at least a generation to determine even approximately which land in the arid States is absolutely uninhabitable or cannot be cultivated.

Many advocates of State control of the public lands can be found; men who believe that the government of each State is better able to judge of the necessities in the case than the general government. Those who believe in this idea would have the United States, while retaining title to the grazing lands, give their management and control over to each State, allowing that State to lease the same. An effort is made to placate the irrigationists by those who favor State control by suggesting that the rental from these lands should be devoted to the reclamation of arid sections by the construction of government irrigation works.

A careful analysis of public sentiment throughout the grazing States will show, however, that a majority of the people are not only opposed to State control of any leasing system which may be adopted, but are also opposed to any leasing system which will give the big cattle and sheep men a monopoly of free grass. It is generally agreed that if a practicable scheme can be devised for leasing the public lands it would do away with many serious evils and be an advantage to the States in which it was adopted. There is a general fear, however, that if Congress begins to tamper with the question, the situation would be made much worse in the end than it is even now. The small ranchers of the grazing States do not pull together in their efforts for legislation, and, recognizing this fact, they predict the inevitable control of the ranges by large individual or corporate interests if a leasing system is adopted.

Leasing System.

The only plan which has been suggested which would protect all those concerned is one which would be bitterly opposed by the owners of large herds of live stock. This plan proposes that each person, meaning corporation as well as individual, owning, occupying or cultivating a 160-acre farm shall have the right to lease four sections of 2560 acres of grazing land, these leases to be made from year to year, the rental paid to be nominal, say 2 cents an acre, and the land to be always subject to homestead entry by any settler who may desire the same, permission to be given to fence individually or in common and protection afforded the lessees from depredations by live stock owned by others. Such a leasing system as this would make a pasture an appurtenance of each ranch, no matter whether it was a homestead or 160 acres of an immense holding by some non-resident corporation. It would not hinder settlement in any way, as it would give the intending settler his choice of any vacant land to which the government had not passed title. It would make each settler independent of powerful interests and protect him in his right to maintain the small herd of stock necessary to every western farm.

The local land offices could handle these leases under direction from Washington, the same as they now handle the entries under the land laws. This, being made a Federal function, would remove an element of local favoritism which has interfered with an honest administration of lands owned by States. Under such a system as this a large amount of free range would be still left open to the cattle and sheep men, but in time this would be absorbed by a population becoming denser every year.

The result of the present system of free range is to encourage fraud in the use of the land laws. The Secretary of the Interior in his current annual report congratulates himself and the country upon the fact that there were during the past twelve months 7378 homestead entries made in excess of those filed in 1900. That is to say, during the year ending June 30, there were 68,648 homestead entries, covering 9,497,275 acres of land. It is a well-known fact that at least five years ago, with the exception of Indian reservations and districts reclaimed by ditch companies, the arable, habitable homestead area of the West was practically exhausted. Allowing as a liberal estimate that 50 per cent. of these homesteads, over which the Secretary of the Interior offers his congratulations, were made by genuine homesteaders, the other 50 per cent. were fraudulent in that they were used by people under varying circumstances for the purpose of preventing the settlement of the country. As desirable land becomes scarcer and the contest for free range fiercer, the big live stock companies are more prone to employ men to use their homestead rights to file upon land which will control the water supply and the range, and the increasing number of homestead filings, which under the present law

can be commuted into cash purchases, that that fraud is becoming more extensive and more profitable.

Afraid to Push It.

Those who most earnestly advocate the leasing of public grazing lands and who are honest in their advocacy are almost afraid to urge the matter upon Congress, as they fear that by the time a bill reaches the President's hands, the necessary amendments will have been omitted or the bill will be in such a shape that it will increase rather than decrease the difficulties of the public lands by the government. The sole purpose and intent of the administration of the public lands by the government is to increase settlement and so increase the population of the western States. It has never been the intention of the sale of the public domain a profitable operation. There has been wasteful extravagance in the past, but in the future, but where the government has been in the direction of liberality toward the settler. As the area of free land contracts and becomes more and more apparent that there are relatively few acres which will not in time be habitable the question of the administration of the public domain becomes of importance.

The sensible, profitable and most scientific management of the public grazing lands would be for their use. A far more important principle governs, however, and that is the welfare of the landowner. He is the man the government desires to encourage by every possible way and no plan for leasing the land should prevail which will check for an instant the settlement of the country or inconvenience the farmer who needs a thousand or more acres of land to graze his small herd of beef or dairy cattle. The matter now stands today, the small rancher is in a constant struggle against the encroachment of the owner of "cattle upon a thousand hills." The question is confined to a question of occupancy of land, and it is time the government took some steps to determine the degree to which the land monopoly can be carried by superior resources.

J. D. WILSON.

PASSING OF THE BEAVER.

THE INDUSTRIOUS LITTLE ANIMAL REPORTED TO BE ALMOST EXTINCT.

(Chicago Inter Ocean.) Among the specimens of the Customhouse on Tuesday was one for four beavers. They were consigned to Gov. Van Sant, of Ontario, Canada, and were sent from Depot No. 10, Toronto. They will be placed in Itasca Park, Minnesota, at the headquarters of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission, and are expected to form the nucleus of a new beaver colony.

The shipment of these beavers through Chicago calls the fact that, like the buffalo, the beaver of the wild state is now almost extinct in the United States. Once it was abundant and widespread, in the Adirondack wildernesses, in the Michigan and Wisconsin headwaters of the Mississippi, in the mountainous portions of Virginia, and even Mississippi, and in the headwaters of the Missouri and the Colorado. It is almost as numerous as that of the fox, and it is recorded that during the early part of the century as many as 200,000 beaver skins were each year from America to European countries.

Yet today it is doubtful if the beaver still exists wild anywhere within the borders of the United States. It has gone entirely from its favorite haunts in the Adirondacks, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, where once the beaver's work was so prominent in the landscape, know it no more. Perhaps the deepest wilds of Wyoming or Oregon have not yet found a beaver dam here and there and a few intelligent little animals that built it. But in an American animal is practically extinct.

Like the buffalo, the beaver was once associated with the life and development of the country. Its thrifty habits and remarkable engineering works, showing an intelligence almost human, made it prominent in the eyes of the pioneers of the land and an object of admiration to the Indians. The names of Beaver Falls, Beaver Dam, and Beaver Lake show how much influence exerted by the beaver on the names of the Northern States.

For this reason the passing of the beaver is a loss. But it is one unavoidable in the progress of civilization.

ENGLAND GOES BACK TO CROQUET.

The entire countryside seems to have taken to croquet with more than the keenness which has characterized this alluring game in the days of the Queen and the crinoline—the crinoline which some cynical observers, was occasionally worn by the players to get their balls unwired, and even to position for the next hoop. Almost everywhere a bit of lawn large enough for the purpose of croquet now, and along the country roads constantly meets girls carrying their heavy croquet mallets. Croquet has unquestionably taken its place in some parts of England.—[London Times.]

(BARBER USES COMPRESSED AIR.)

The latest application of compressed air to comfort is seen in an uptown barber's shop. The barber's stands there is a small rubber tube connected with a screw nozzle. The tubes connect with a small cylinder filled with compressed air in the rear of the barber's shop. The barber finishes shaving a customer by blowing a small atomizer, which is made of his bottles on bay rum, witch hazel, or any other means of the air pressure the liquid is forced out in a gentle spray. Then the nozzle is removed, and the shaving process is facilitated by a draught of air on hot days is very refreshing.—[New York Times.]

A "MASH" A FAMOUS ACTRESS OF THE CONTRIBUTOR

"WHAT IS A THOUSAND?"

Thousand uses slang, under the American brand is presumptive and not always in contemptuous epithet and most offensive manner, recognized as vulgar term exists the comfort to find Webster's word to England's record.

Beaux, bucks, lady-killers have been applied at claimed fascinator of women—one of them, "masher." Nor am I the boys say—I "know" as when a very much street car, and its first paragon, while its second ugliest, fattest man present of the window—I know that slowly said: "Well expressed the unfortunate Oh, no! I'm not 'putting' with all my might and a contemptible creature in a certain school, let's tender-hearted teacher and peacemaker of her trouble at recess and so had their gathers torn out called as "mean thing" being little maids to the and disaster in the way broken slate pencils, or floods of tears down came to the rescue and ably wound up with these don't let us say anything all be quite happy!" I was the eleventh command more about it!"

Now, every one of us encounters with the masher and fens were at a little girls could get through had, but the rest of the t-sevens, were, however, my to this day my fingers insist multiply any figure by seven platform, the "sevens" of charged to put my hands by chance forget and counted through the table when moistening my lips, mine," and the shock of destroyed me utterly. Seven thing they liked in figures, out: "Oh, sixty-two, I guess. Recede came, and I would then the teacher dried my handkerchief, and was comforted suddenly I stole her cheek to hers and saying "say anything more about the when we'll all be quite happy."

Poor little tots! Poor masher! I'd like to cry: "Don't about the 'masher!' and then to calm the needless fear once, the creature is a stealthy, crafty, determined honest actress is a professional "Johnnies" who hang round and impertinent boys are not in love; they are in love; they are actuated by These young "laddies" with down are as like one another—each wishes to be considered, but how can that be, a fascinator of women—a "masher" to obtain that reputation driving with pretty actresses of the professional life is to you are not considered an "masher" shows some merit, have done for the purposes of gossip, famous girls or figurantes become famous and aunts of would have made a veritable boggy masher. What nonsense! An woman, respecting the propriety from the attentions of this was his chief weapon. If they turn them if one cares to take a would be returned; if sent would not be shown or worn. If I hang about the stage door, a manager will be sufficient to "take notice" of some other actress. But, I am asking and I suppose he could not if there does exist a certain great fun to get a jolly supper of the Johnny's pocketbook don't jump instantly to the conclusion that girls are thoroughly

A "MASHER" DEFINED. A FAMOUS ACTRESS'S DENUNCIATION OF THAT ABOMINATION.

Contributed by Clara Morris.

WHAT is a Masher and why does he exist?

Thousands of persons who do not themselves understand and even appreciate it, for the American brand is generally pithy, compact and expressive and not always vulgar. Slang is at its worst in contemptuous epithets, and of these the one that is lowest and most offensive seems likely to become a permanent, recognized addition to the language. No more vulgar term exists than "masher," and it is a distinct comfort to find Webster ascribing the origin of the word to England's reckless fun-maker—Punch.

Beats, bucks, lady-killers, Johnnies—all these terms have been applied at different periods to the self-proclaimed fascinator of women—and today we will use some other one of them, rather than that abomination, "masher." Nor am I "puttin' on scollies and frills," as the boys say—I "know a good thing" when I hear it—so when a very much over-dressed woman entered a street car, and its first sudden jerk broke her gorgeous person, while its second flung her into the arms of the fattest man present, and whirled her pocketbook out of the window—I knew that the voice of conviction that slowly said: "Well, she is up against it!" slangily expressed the unfortunate woman's exact predicament. Oh, no! I'm not "puttin' on frills;" I am only objecting with all my might and main to a term as well as to the contemptible creature indicated by it, "masher."

In a certain school, long ago, there was a very gentle, tender-hearted teacher, who was also the comforter and peace-maker of her flock. Whenever there was trouble at recess and some one pushed or some one else had their garters torn out, or, in actual war, names were called as "mean thing" and "tattle-tale," brought sobbing little maids to the teacher's arms, or when loss and disaster in the way of missing blocks of rubber, broken slate pencils, or ink-stained reader covers, sent floods of tears down small faces, this teacher always came to the rescue and soothed and patted and invariably wound up with these exact words: "There, there; don't let us say anything more about it, and then we'll all be quite happy!" I am sure we all thought that it was the eleventh commandment: "Not say anything more about it!"

Now, every one of us suffered more or less from our encounters with the multiplication table. Of course, tens and tens were at a premium—even very stupid little girls could get through them, and two's were not so bad, but the rest of the tables were tear-washed daily. Now, were, however, my own special nightmare—even to this day my fingers instinctively begin to move when I multiply any figure by seven. Standing in class on the platform, the "sevens" one day fell to me. Being charged to put my hands before me that I should not be chance forget and count by their aid, I staggered and noted through the table so far as seven times seven, when moistening my lips, I hoarsely whispered, "for-y-give," and the shock of finding the answer correct destroyed me utterly. Seven times eight was any old thing they liked in figures, and so I recklessly cried out: "Oh, sixty-two, I guess!" and burst into tears. Seven came, and I would not move from my desk, and the teacher dried my tears on her own cool, sweet handkerchief, and was comforting me as best she could, when suddenly I stole her thunder by pressing my damp cheek to hers and saying eagerly: "Don't let us ever say anything more about the 'sevens,' Miss Sands, and then we'll all be quite happy!"

Poor little tots! Poor multiplication table! and now, as I'd like to cry: "Don't let us say anything more about the 'masher!' and then we'll all be quite happy!" To calm the needless fears of questioners let me say at once, the creature is a nuisance, but not a danger. The stealthy, crafty, determined pursuer of the young actress is a product of the imagination. The "Johnnies" who hang about stage doors and read the most impertinent notes to the girlhood of the stage are not in love; they do not even think they are in love; they are actuated by vanity, pure and simple. These young "taddlers" with hair carefully plastered down are as like one another as are the pens of one pen-man—each wishes to be considered a very devil of a fellow, but how can that be, unless he is recognized as a fascinator of women—a "masher"—and the quickest way to obtain that reputation is to be seen supping or dining with pretty actresses. One of the odd things of the professional life is that in the artistic sense you are not considered an "actress" until you have done some merit, have done some good, honest work; but for the purposes of gossip or scandal, ballet girls, chorus girls or figurantes become actresses full fledged. Mothers and aunts of would-be young artists seem to have made a veritable bogey man of this would-be lady-killer. What nonsense! Any well brought up young woman, respecting the proprieties, can protect herself from the attentions of this walking impertinence. Letters are his chief weapon. If they are signed it is easy to return them if one cares to take so much trouble. A gift should be returned; if sent without a signature it need not be shown or worn. If the creature presumes to hang about the stage door, a word of complaint to the manager will be sufficient—the "masher" will at once "take notice" of some other door, and probably of some other actress. But, I am asked, Why does he exist? And I suppose he could not if he were not encouraged, and there does exist a certain body of girls who think it great fun to get a jolly supper or a ride to the races out of the Johnny's pocketbook. Wait, now—please don't jump instantly to the conclusion that these chorus or ballet girls are thoroughly bad because they amash to

smithereens the conventional laws regulating the conduct of society girls. Most of them, on the contrary, are honest, and knowing how to take care of themselves, will risk hearing a few impudent, wounding words, rather than lose the hour of merriment their youth craves. Of course, this is not as it should be, but this: girls are pretty; life has been hard; delicate sensibilities have not been cultivated in them. Before we harshly condemn, let us first bow to that rough honesty that will defend itself, if need be, with a blow. A refined girl would never put herself in a position requiring such drastic measures; but it is, I think, to these reckless young wretches and a few silly, sentimental simpletons who permit themselves to be drawn into a mawkish correspondence with perfect strangers that we really owe the continued existence of the stage door "masher," who wishes to be mistaken for a member of the Jeune-se-dorée.

But the mamas and the aunts may feel perfectly safe for another reason. The earnest, ambitious young gentlewoman you are watching over is not often attractive to the "masher." The clever and promising artist, Miss G—, is not his style—he is not looking for brains, "don't yer know?" He fancies No. 3 in the second row, she with the flashing eyes and teeth; or No. 7, in the front row, that has the cutest kick of the whole crowd. And his cheap and common letters of fulsome compliment and invitation go to her accordingly. But the daring little free-lance who accepts these attentions pays a high price for the bit of supper that is followed by gross impertinence. One would think that the democratic twenty-five-cent oyster stew and respect therewith would taste better than the small bird, aye, and the small bottle with insult as a demitasse. Then, too, she loses caste at once, for it is not enough that a girl should not do evil; she must also avoid the appearance of evil. She will be judged by the character of her companions and a few half-hearted denials, shrug of the shoulder, a discreetly suppressed smile will place her among the list of his "mashes"—oh, hideous word!

Of course, now and again at long, long intervals a man really falls in love with a woman whom he has seen only upon the stage, but no "masher" proceedings are taken in such cases. On the other hand, very determined efforts are made to locate the actress's family or friends, and through them to be properly presented.

Believing as I did, that every girl had a perfect right to humiliate a "masher" to the extent of her ability—I once went, it's hard to admit it, but perhaps I really did go too far in reprisal. Well, at all events, I was made to feel rather ashamed of myself. We were presenting "Alix" at Mr. Daly's Broadway Theater, just after the fire, and the would-be lady-killer was abroad in the land and unusually active. There was seldom a night that some one was not laughing contemptuously or frowning fiercely over a "drop letter," as we called them. One evening my box held a most inflammable communication. It was not written upon club paper, nor had it any private monogram; in fact, it was on legal cap. The hand was large, round and laboriously distinct. The t's were dotted, the e's crossed with painful precision, while toward capitals and punctuation marks the writer showed more generosity than understanding. His sentiment and romance were of the old-time rural type, and I am certain he longed to quote: "The rose is red, the violet's blue." I might have been a trifle touched, but for the signature. I loathed the faintest hint of anonymity, and simply could not bring myself to believe that any man really and truly waked up and down the earth bearing the name of A. Fix. Yet that was the signature appended to the long, rapturous love letter. I gave it a pitch into the waste basket and dressed for the play. Of course I spoke of the name, in! of course it was laughed at; but three nights later another letter came—oh, well, it was just a letter! The writer was very diffuse and evidently had plenty of paper and ink and time at his disposal. He dwelt on his sufferings as each day passed without a letter from me. He explained just what efforts he had made, vainly made, to secure sleep each night. He did not live in a large city, when at home, and he described how nearly he had come to being run over in trying to cross our biggest street while thinking of me. Oh, Mr. Fix! He bravely admitted he was due at the store out home, but he kept a-thinking I might not have got that first letter, or, may be, I wanted to look him over before writing. So he had waited and was coming to the theater that very night and his seat was in the balcony—No 3, left side, front row—and for fear I might not feel quite sure about him, he would hold high to his face in his left hand a large white handkerchief.

It didn't seem to occur to him that such an attitude would give him a very grief-stricken aspect—he only desired to give me a fair chance "to look him over." Without a second thought I read that portion of the letter in the green room, and the laughter had scarcely died away when that admirable actor, but perfectly fiendish player of tricks, Louis James, was going quietly from actor to actor, arranging for the downfall of A. Fix. So it happened that James, Clarke and Lewis, instead of entering in a group, came on in Indian file, each holding in the left hand a large white handkerchief. I being already on the stage, there was, of course, a fine spread of canvas in the balcony. The audience, ever quick to catch on to a joke, seeing each man glance upward, followed suit, spied the enormous handkerchief held high in the left hand, and realizing the situation, burst into hilarious laughter. Uselessly I pleaded—at every possible opportunity the white handkerchief appeared in some left hand, while the stage manager vainly wondered why the audience laughed in such unseemly places that night.

The next day that young person whom I treated as a common "masher" heaped a whole shovel of hot, hot coals upon my guilty head by writing me a letter, less carefully dotted and crossed, somewhat more confused in metaphor than before, but beginning with: "I am afraid you are cruel. I think you must have betrayed me to your mates, for I do not remember that they did

such things before last night with their handkerchiefs." Then after telling me his home address, his business and his exact standing socially, he laid these large hot coals carefully upon my brow: "So, though you make a laughing stock of me, now don't think I shall be mad about it; but remember, if any trouble or sickness comes to you, no matter how far from now, if you will just write me one word I'll help you to my plumb last cent," and truly Mr. Fix left me ashamed and sorry. He had suffered for his name, which I believed to be an assumed one. Poor young man! I offer an apology to his memory.

One scamp wrote so brazenly, so persistently, demanding answers to be sent to a certain prominent club that I one day laid the letters before Mr. Daly, and he advertised in the theater programme that "If Mr. B. M. B. of Such a Club would call at the box office he would receive not the answer he expected, but the one he deserved." And Mr. Daly was highly delighted when he heard that B. M. B. who was a "masher" par excellence had been literally chaffed out of the clubrooms.

Those creatures that like poisonous toadstools spring up at street corners to torment women should be taken in hand by the police, since they encumber the streets and are a menace and a mortification to female citizens. Let some brazen woman take the place of one of these street "mashers" and proceed to ogle the passerby, and see how quickly the police would gather her in.

But so far as the stage "masher" is concerned, dear and anxious mama, auntie, or sister, don't worry about the safety of your actress-to-be. The "masher" is an impertinence—a nuisance, but never, dear madam, never a danger.

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AN ENGLISH TRAINING STABLE.

HOW THE RACE HORSE IS CARED FOR IN THE WINTER MONTHS.

The modern race horse is a dainty and delicate animal, says the London Mail, and unremitting care and attention have to be lavished on him at all times. But during the winter months, owing to the vagaries of our treacherous and constantly changing climate, these extraordinary precautions have to be redoubled.

The day in a racing stable, during the off season, begins at 5 a.m., at which hour the huge alarm clock which custom decrees shall invariably be kept in the head "lad's" bedroom, incontinently "goes off." The horses know the sound. There is a clatter, a rippling rustle, the ringing of steel against steel, a muffled neigh or two from the interior of the long ranges of buildings, followed by the appearance of troops of sleepy men and boys. Ten minutes later all is bustle and animation.

With the first faint streak of dawn comes breakfast, after which the "morning" horses are taken out for exercise. They are kept out about three hours—from 8 to 11. The "afternoon" horses go out from 2 till 4, and immediately on their return begins the general "clean-up," anticipatory of the trainer's daily visit. Each and every animal is groomed and rubbed and polished, until from ear to hoof he is as clean as the proverbial new pin. Special attention is given to the legs and feet. The former are industriously hand-rubbed, with the object of imparting a good, healthy glow to the extremities. The latter are tarred or vaselined, as the case may be, and the shoes "buff-sticked" and burnished till they shine like silver.

Soon after 5 o'clock the mighty magnate for whose benefit these preparations are made, puts in an appearance, accompanied, like a general officer on parade, by his troop of attendant satellites. Unless something very unusual is "in the wind," or a horse happens to be indisposed, the inspection does not occupy more than ten or fifteen minutes at the outside.

If he has the slightest shadow of a doubt he will verify matters by passing a white handkerchief over the glossy skin, taking care to rub the coat the wrong way, or he will insert the forefinger of his right hand, incased in an immaculate white kid glove, inside the suspected animal's ear. Woe betide the groom responsible for that particular horse if the cambric or the kid, as the case may be, is not as spotless after this ordeal as it was before.

As soon as the trainer has taken his departure, the animals are "finished"—that is, they are wiped all over and have their legs again well "hand-rubbed," after which they are bedded down and left in peace and quietness until the following morning.

VISITING CARDS IN SWEDEN.

An old Swedish custom is for people to indicate their business upon their visiting cards. You will receive the card of Lawyer Jones, or Banker Smith, or Notary Johnson, or Music Professor Brown, or Grocer (which means wholesale merchant) Fergusson, or Geologist Thompson, and if a man ever held an office it is customary to indicate that fact upon his card. A burgomaster is always a burgomaster, a Consul is always a Consul, and an Alderman always an Alderman. The prefixes "Hon." and "Mr." are seldom used, and the title, whether commercial or professional, is observed in conversation in the same way. It would sound rather queer for any one in the United States to ask, "Wholesale Merchant MacVough, will you kindly pass the butter?" or "Banker Hutchinson, will you escort Fru Board of Trade Operator Jones to the table?" or "Director of Music Ziegfeld, I wish you good-day;" but that is the custom in Sweden, and it is observed by children as well as grown people. A hisping child will address a guest, make a pretty little bow-courtesy, and say, "Good morning, Chief Justice of Supreme Court Fuller," or "Good night, Representative in Congress Bouteille."

It is customary also for ladies to print their maiden names upon their visiting cards in smaller type, under their married names, particularly if they have a pride of family and want people to know their ancestry. —(William E. Curj's Stockholm Letter.)

also such purchases, simply making more extensive and better in

currently advocate the leasing of the land and who are honest in their advice to urge the matter upon Congress, the necessary safeguards of the bill will be in such shape as to decrease the difficulties now existing and intent of the administration by the government is to facilitate the increase the population of the West. There has been the intention to make the operation a profitable one. There is no extravagance in the past and will be where the government has erred in its policy of liberality toward the homesteaders of free land contracts and as it is apparent that there are no signs which will not in time be made of the administration of the land remains becomes of increasing importance.

Stable and most scientific management of lands would imply payment of more important principle must be the welfare of the homesteaders. The government desires to assist in no plan for leasing the public land will check for an instant the industry or inconvenience the man who has a thousand or more acres on which he has a herd of beef or dairy cattle. As the small rancher is engaged in the struggle against the encroachment of the homesteaders. This struggle of occupancy of land which is in time the government will reduce the degree to which it can be carried by superior force.

J. D. WHEELER.

OF THE BEAVER.

A LITTLE ANIMAL IS NOW NEARLY ALMOST EXTINCT.

Among the clearances of the day was one for four live beavers sent from Depot Harbor, placed in Itasca Park, the headquarters of the Mississippi River, form the nucleus of a colony. These beavers through Chicago—like the buffalo, the beaver is almost extinct in the United States and widespread. In the wildernesses, in the Michigan waters of the Mississippi, in portions of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and in the forest country of Puget Sound, its kind was as that of the fox squirrel. In the early part of the last century 200,000 beaver skins were shipped to European countries. Doubtful if the beaver can be found in the borders of the United States from its favorite haunts in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan the beaver's work changed this now it no more. Perhaps it is coming or Oregon there may still be here and there a few of the animals that built it. But the beaver is practically extinct. The beaver was once most important in life and development of the continent and remarkable home life, habits, locks, houses, and other showing an intelligence and skill that is prominent in the mind of the animal and an object of suspicion to the human eye. Beaver Lake show how strong was the beaver on the plains of the passing of the beaver is a natural unavoidable in the progress of civilization.

GOES BACK TO CROQUET.

ryside seems to have gone back to the keenness which it once knew in the days of the croquet—the croquet which, according to the records, was occasionally used in the balls unwired, and even in the hoop. Almost everybody who has enough for the purpose goes to the country roads and have their carrying their heavy suitcases has unquestionably come from England.—(London Express.)

USES COMPRESSED AIR.

ation of compressed air to be used in a barber's shop. At the time there is a small rubber tube which connects with a large tank of air in the rear of the shop. When shaving a customer he attaches a chamber, which is made to fit the head, with hand, or perhaps the liquid is forced out of the nozzle is removed, and the customer is shaved by a draught of compressed air.—(New York Times.)

THE POOR IN MEXICO.

A GLIMPSE AT THEIR DAILY LIFE
AT HOME.

By a Special Contributor.

THE indigent portion of the native population of Mexico are so different from the wealthy or upper classes that it would not require much of a stretch of imagination to see in them a different race of people. This is particularly noticeable along the northern border, where their blood is more or less mixed with both the Indian and the white man.

At first sight, one is moved to pity their condition; but, upon more intimate acquaintance, it is plainly evident that they are perfectly satisfied with their lot and mode of living. Like the Southern darky, they have no thought of the morrow, and do not seem to think of providing for the next meal until it is nearly time to eat.

In one respect, the young women do not differ materially from those of the better classes—you find them the same liquid-eyed señoritas. Woman's eyes command admiration among all people. Poets have sung of the blue eye, likening it unto heaven's own blue; the soulful gray eye; the witching hazel, and the scornful, flashing black; but where can be found eyes like those of the Mexican señorita—be she rich or poor?

Are the women pretty? No; taken as a whole, they are not, unless one looks into the very depths of those eyes—there one reads much of a nature untamed, uncontrolled; much of love or all risked for love.

Such eyes, with a bewitching smile, have lured many an American to the altar to be awakened, perchance a year hence, to find that he cannot bring the beautiful toy to his standard of morality, to his idea of wifehood. What is there left him but to sink to her level, since he cannot raise her to his own?

Shiftless Housewives.

They manage to drag out an existence something after this fashion: The wife gradually gets her relatives around her, either in her husband's house or a nearby shack. She then has plenty of company and does not miss her husband, while he visits saloons, gaming tables and the like. If his winnings are good, he buys her a new calico dress and spends the rest how and where he pleases. She is content and never questions if he is from home the greater part of the time.

The señora does not work more than is absolutely necessary and, when work has to be done, she finds the easiest way of doing it. If she has sewing to do, her

sewing machine (if she has one) is moved out of doors. Then, when the work is finished, there are no threads or scraps to be swept up. If, after marriage, señora has occasion to go uptown or elsewhere, she wears no covering on her head, unless the weather is cold, then a shawl or mantilla is sufficient. Her husband has no expensive hats to pay for, as has the modern American woman's husband. Yet, I believe all right-minded men would say: "I will pay for the hat, give me the modern woman—with all her questions, expectations and exactions."

Maternal Affection.

You visit the home of wealth and sympathize with the proud, fond mother over the boy gone wrong through evil associates or drink; glory with her over the beautiful, gifted daughter—see her many graces, her sweet innocent ways that serve as a balm to the mother heart. Now stop at the lowly hut of the poor Mexican—how proudly the mother points out her little brood. It matters not if they are deformed, nearly naked, or dirty—they are "mis niños" (my children.) She loves them all and will tell you of a daughter who is married to a "white" man (this with added pride and dignity.) If you like, you may see this daughter's portrait.

Following your hostess into the living-room of the old adobe building, with its floor of dirt, you find a cage of canaries in one window and a mockingbird in another; on the window sill are a few well-cared-for house plants in tin cans. In one corner stands a home-made table, here and there are a few chairs. There is a fireplace and mantel, on the mantel a few broken pieces of fancy pottery and over it a crucifix and rosary. Tacked on the walls are cheap prints, saloon calendars and gaudy pictures cut from some sporting magazines. Through a doorway comes the odor of the midday meal of frijoles, and the hungry children are looking longingly toward the kitchen, where you catch a glimpse of a few dishes, pots and pans.

It is with pride the woman turns to one side of the room and points to a heavy, gilt frame, covered with mosquito netting, and says: "There she is." As she speaks, the slumbering fire comes back to the faded eye, through the brown skin on her cheeks creeps a soft, rosy bloom. You gaze on the photographer's art, then at the mother, and see the striking resemblance, and say to yourself: "Can it be possible that this old woman was once so young and beautiful?" There can be no doubt of it, there are the same eyes, same hair, same poise and bearing.

Then comes the picture of Anita, a little grand-daughter. In describing her, the old lady says: "She looks like the white father." Looking at this photograph, one can hardly realize that the child has a drop of Mexican blood. It is to be hoped that the little one may see her grandmother before she grows up. What a stab it

would be to the loving heart to hear her say, "that ugly, old black woman named my mother!"

With delightful simplicity, the woman tells of her ten-year-old son, who is attending the primary school and learning to speak English—says he will be a man some day. Her idea of goodness is to be row, like her surroundings; for, at best, he is capable of becoming other than a clerk in a store and is more likely to peddle tamales. As the mother of her boy, she picks little Lola up from the floor. Lola is the baby of five years—skin not brown but like sloop—a bright looking child. Were she not being a Mexican, she will in all probability be a mother before her—never today what can be said as the years pass and they attain to womanhood, seemingly, their brains seem to be and they remain children in thought, in action, in philosophical and enjoy today, since they have what the morrow may bring.

A Wash-day Scene.

Let us now say good-by to the mother and her younger señora, with a bundle of clothes piled on her head. How stately her walk. She looks neither right nor left, but on she goes and leads you a chase of two miles; then, leaving the road and walking lightly over boulders and rocks, comes to a small pond where she is greeted by some of the women who, like herself, have come here to do their weekly wash.

Each one has her own rock for a washboard—well-worn, flat stone. They untie their bundles, posed chiefly of red and yellow dresses, and dip the water's edge, their bare feet peeping from between their gowns. How comfortably they sit down to their task. One is washing a snowy sheet, the other a red dress, which fades and colors the surrounding water. The white clothes are put into large tin cans, flannels and all. The smoking fires are piled on the clothes are boiling merrily, ere long to be covered by mesquite bushes and barb-wire fence to dry. Now and then at the sun to determine the time. Even though the hour grows late you cannot see a hurried movement. If a runaway team were to move any faster.

When the clothes are all clean and dry, the women gather her bundle, ties it up and, placing it on her head, bids her companions adios. With a contented face and a light heart, the young señora returns

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LACK OF FOOD MAKES I

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ing heart to hear the groans of a black woman cannot be my goal.

Explicitly, the woman tells you of her life attending the public school. Her idea of greatness is rather unworldly; for, at best, he never will be other than a clerk in some store, or a peddle tamale. As she tells you of little Lola up from the dirt, five years—skin not brown and eyes looking child. Were she an American, to see her attain any position, but will in all probability be as low as never today what can be done. Sincerely bright, as children, but they attain to manhood and they, their brains cease to develop. Children in thought, in enjoyment and in their simplicity, they are quite enjoy today, since they know they may bring.

ed-by to the mother and follow her with a bundle of clothes piled on her back. She looks neither to the right nor left, and leads you a merry dance, leaving the road and stepping on rocks, comes to a halt. At a distance she is greeted by some half-dozen men, have come here to do their

own rock for a washboard—a piece of yellow dreses, and appear to be bare feet peeping from beneath. Comfortably they seat themselves, and rippling laughter, they begin washing a snowy sheet, the one smiling and colors the surrounding water. They are put into large tin cans to be washed. The smoking fires are poked and merrily, ere long to be spread on a barb-wire fence to dry. They begin to sun to determine the time of day. If a runaway team were to be in doubt whether they were in the

are all clean and dry, each one ties it up and, placing it on a pile of stones. With a smile on her face, the young señora treads

for the hungry, hombre and mifios. As I sit dreaming and watching this typical scene, the woman suddenly looks up and points her finger toward the railroad. I am brought back to civilization by the appearance of a man on a railroad trolley. Being an acquaintance, he stops and calls out, "How you turning Mexican?" It does not take long to tell him to the contrary, as I scramble over the trolley to join him for a jolly ride home.

Shopping and Marketing.

The markets present many interesting sights. A burro is patiently waiting for his master, who is buying some grass; (this he buys in small wisps, at about four cents each.) If he can afford it, he purchases several, packing them one on either side of the animal. It is not so near, yet so far. His cunning has mastered the man is otherwise engaged. He has managed to slip his halter and when his master returns the grass will be nearly gone. Little does he realize there is a tomorrow, when there will be no sweet grass to eat. He earnestly believes in the adage, "enjoy while you may." He often sees these little animals stand loaded with heavy packs for a whole day, without food or drink. Poor, faithful creatures; surely, they teach us a lesson of patience—on hard to learn.

A woman stands, bartering and bickering for a handful of greens and some leeks or garlic. These she places in a large handkerchief, then betakes herself to a meat market; finding a piece of meat bloody enough to suit her fancy, she unties her kerchief and deposits the meat with the garlic and greens; but while thus engaged, finds she has forgotten her cigarettes. A short walk brings her to a tobacco stand, where a few suited to her taste are selected, and these, too, go into the handkerchief with the other marketing. The kerchief is tied together and put upon her head, then, homeward bound, with a look of content on her face—the greens and meat protruding through openings in the kerchief.

Stable and Stock Under One Roof.

The adobe houses are queerly built, usually a long, low building, divided into three apartments. It is a common sight to see tufts of grass and wild flowers growing on the mud roofs—thus nature lends her art to make in making the home beautiful.

At the end of the building is left open on two sides. In these are stabled the family burro, pig and chickens. The center is used for a living-room. As space is scarce, the mattress is rolled up through the day in a petate, (a coarse matting, handwoven from reeds,) and placed in the sunshine until time to retire at night. The apartment, usually on the north, is simply roofed, and used as a porch, where the women sit on the ground and smoke their cigarettes. The children and dogs make a playhouse of it. The olla containing drinking water is also stationed in this department. Quite as often the center of the building is left open in front and is used for stabling the stock, each end being occupied by a family.

In some ways, these people make things convenient—by having the stock close at hand. At the same time, they carry water for blocks, when with a little labor and slight expense they could easily have it under the family roof tree. Many of the poorer houses have made of old oil cans cut open and lapped one over the other, stones, heavy irons and all sorts of weights being placed on the tin sheets to keep them from blowing away. The deep-set, low windows, with broad sills make a convenient seat or stand.

Tortillas and Frijoles.

The home which I visited had a shed-roof porch, where the mistress was preparing the noonday meal. A pile of stones served for a stove. Upon hearing a pot, spat, I looked around and saw the woman making tortillas. Flour and water are stirred together and rolled into little round balls. These she takes in her hands and spats and spats them until they are nearly flat as paper. They are then thrown on a piece of iron over the fire and baked much as we would bake griddle cakes. An uncovered kettle of frijoles sits on the ground.

The woman was very friendly and brought me a bench to sit on. Then asked if the señora would like tortilla. "Yes," I replied. It pleased her greatly, and I asked if she would show me to take pictures of herself and children. She was more than willing and marshalled her little family to the sunlight for me. Click! click!—and I had my shot.

When she returned to her seat on the ground by the fire, I saw the family dog help himself to frijoles from the kettle and some half-dozen chickens picking at the tortilla dough. The woman scared them away and went on baking. She soon had quite a "stack," and the family all sat on the ground. Each one took a tortilla, broke off a piece, rolled it up to form a spoon and, filling it with frijoles from the pot, soon disposed of spoon and all.

These people do not seem to like modern appliances. If they have a stove in the house, they will go out and build a fire to wash and iron by. I suppose they burn and bled in the bone.

Many of the more intelligent and industrious earn considerable pin money making drawn work, for which there is quite a demand among Americans. It is a pretty sight to see a señora bending over the frame, making in here, taking out there, her black hair shining in the sunlight. What a pleased expression crosses her face when the pretty kerchief or dolly is finished!

IDA M. CLARK.

LACK OF FOOD MAKES DIETETIC STOICS.

Dr. Felix L. Oswald, writing about the scanty diet of Italian peasants in What to Eat makes use of the following simile: "What makes that dog of yours look so long-legged and light?" Inquired the visitor of a Italian farmer. "He hardly eats anything." "How do you account for that?" "We don't give him anything." "What! Why don't you, then?" "We got nothing." "What all-including reason fills Italy with dietetic stoics?" "We can find solace in the reflection that 'a good nap is as good as a meal.'"

MARIANA'S JOSE.

STORY OF A CHILD'S DREAM THAT DID NOT COME TRUE.

By a Special Contributor.

SUCH a poor, crooked little thing as was José with the great hump on his back—as crooked as the mesquite branches. The little sister, Mariana, who had carried him about like a little mother, long before her head came above the top of the table, had dropped him one day and hurt his back.

José had cried a long time; but babies have a way of crying, and there were many babies under the thatched roof. The little 'dobe house was running over with them, till poor little Mariana forgot to grow herself, in carrying them around; and her little face became long and solemn with the cares of maternity.

The mother had no time to stay at home and care for the little ones; for she had to go every day to wash for the wives of the American officers, who lived in the Texas army post on the hill, on the other side of the little river. And the father—well, fathers are not mothers, you know; a fact little Mariana had learned in her eight years.

Up to the time Mariana let him fall, José had been such a good baby, so much easier to care for than Antonio, or Delina, or Paschal had been; but after that, he used to cry for hours. Sometimes he cried nearly all day; and then Mariana had to carry him till her little back ached and her little legs shook under her, for he was a big baby then. And at night, when her mother came home, Mariana must lay the baby down and get supper; for the mother was tired, and the father and children must eat, even though José cried. So Mariana put the dried corn in a stone bowl and ground it fine with a rock; and pouring water on the meal, patted the tortillas flat and thin between her hands, and then baked the cakes on a stone she had heated in the fire. If José just had slept at night! but sometimes he cried so that Mariana had to crawl out of bed and walk up and down, up and down, till he fell asleep from exhaustion.

After awhile, though, he didn't cry any more; and then, a little lump began to grow between his shoulders. And when he was 5 and Mariana 12, he was just a poor little hunchback, whose legs never seemed to grow, and whose hands were like the birds' claws. But his face—ah, Mariana knew, that was the face of the angels! Hadn't the beautiful señoras said so, the day they rode down from the garrison on the hill, through the curious little Texan and Mexican settlement, and she had a good by the road with José? And hadn't the lovely señora, the one with the shining hair, kissed him and put curro reales in his hand?

Madre de Dios! but how much money was cuatro reales! What could not be done with it! How great the possibilities that lay wrapped up in that one piece of silver! Now José could go to the great American doctor, who cured the soldiers in the garrison, and he would straighten José's back, and she would give the money!

She told José all about it as they lay in the mesquite shade and gazed over the tops of the pecan trees that grew along the little river at the red roofs of the houses in that fairyland where the beautiful ladies lived always, and where the band played every morning and evening, and where crooked backs could be made straight, and shrunken little legs round and strong. Little José clapped his hands and laughed at the plan; but Mariana never smiled. Not that she was not happy; but Mariana could be happy and not smile. Sometimes happiness lies too deep for smiles.

The next morning, old Pancha promised to stay with the children, and so Mariana took José on her back and started for the post and the great American doctor.

On their way, they stopped at the little stone church for José to put a bunch of pink and yellow mimosa blossoms at the foot of the picture of the beautiful saint he and Mariana knew was the lovely señora with the shining hair, who had given him the 50 cents. Mariana said her beads and asked the saint to bless her and the little José; then they went on their way again.

Down the long road, through the deep, white alkali dust and the burning southern sun, they went, José's bent little form clinging to Mariana's back. He carried the precious half-dollar in his hand, and how he laughed and chattered! There were so many wonderful things to be seen in this long journey from home; the little river, where the white and yellow pond lilies grew; the sunny spots, where the wild grape vine lived and hung its clusters of fruit so tantalizingly out of reach; and the great oak trees, with the long white moss.

"Look, Mariana," cried José, "how the trees are dragging their long beards on the ground!" But Mariana was busy thinking! Of course, José's legs would not grow at once, one must not expect too much at a time; but his back would be straight—the legs could grow fat afterward. Perhaps the doctor would not want all the money. Cuatro reales was a great deal. If he wanted only half, then she could buy dulce for José with the other half, and a quarter's worth of dulce would last the days till his legs got well and strong and he could run around as the other boys.

On Mariana trudged, up the hill into the garrison; between rows of gray stone quarters that were running over with men in blue coats and brass buttons; over the green, shaven parade ground, with the white paths running at right angles; beneath the waving shadow of the flag that made so much noise when it came down at night, and when it climbed the tall staff in the morning; and in at the white gate of the big hospital. She stopped to rest a minute in the shade of the china trees, and then, taking a deeper breath, started up the walk and climbed the steps. Her dark, homely little face was more dark and homely and unfriendly with the shadow of the black shawl she wore over her head falling across it,

and the tired, somber light in her eyes; but over her shoulder peeped the beautiful, laughing face of José.

A number of convalescent soldiers, some with white bandages on their heads, some with their arms in slings, and some pale and thin from fever, sat on the wide porch that ran around the hospital.

"Hello, muchachos," cried one of them. But Mariana only scowled, and slipped by and in the hospital. She would know the great doctor, when she saw him; he would be different from all other men, just as the señora, with the shining hair, was different from every other señora.

There was a door open at the other end of the corridor, and Mariana went there, and stood in front of the great doctor.

She told him what she wanted, as well as she could in her broken English, and showed him the half-dollar. Little José climbed down from her back, and, after giving the doctor a laughing "buenos dias, señor," went hopping about in his curious, bird-like little way, looking at the shining bottles and instruments; but Mariana stood still and waited, her forehead knit in a frown and her legs quivering.

The doctor told her very kindly and gently, for such a very busy doctor, with wards full of fever patients waiting; for something in her solemn, mature little face made him even more sorry than did the hump on José's back. The little boy was deformed in body, but Mariana was deformed in something infinitely greater, deformed in mind; a poor little child, with a woman's heart and understanding. The doctor had seen so many such cases among the Mexicans.

He told her that it needed years and years of time to cure such things as José was sick with; and that it took hundreds of pesos—that her 50 cents was as a drop of water to the little river. He told her how José would have to be hung by his chin, with his toes just touching a table, while the doctors pulled and stretched his little body; how he would have to wear a kind of harness made of iron and leather, that would hurt him so; and that, after all, he might never be cured, for some children were not strong enough, and some even died. Above all, that it could not be done there. That he would have to be sent away, hundreds of miles, to a place where they treated just such cases of deformity.

It was all over, little José was not to have the straight back. There was not money enough; and then he might die. This is what Mariana understood from what the doctor said, and each word had been as a great hand crushing her little heart.

There was nothing left but to buy dulce with the money; and little José would still be as the lame frog the boys had hit with a stone. So Mariana took him on her back again, and went out into the glaring sunshine and down the dusty road.

José laughed and said that 50 cents' worth of dulce would go just twice as far as 25 cents' worth, and a million times farther than no 50 cents' worth at all. And he counted on his fingers that, by eating just so much a day, the dulce would last two months! Imaginel!—Two whole months of dulce!

SUSIE C. OTT.

AN INVOLUNTARY TRAIN ROBBER

"How I became a train robber on a midnight train between New York and Washington the other night is one of the most thrilling experiences I have had recently," said a valuable member of Chief Wick's staff of Secret Service men to a Star reporter yesterday.

"I crawled into my berth in Jersey City about 12 o'clock on a hot night, and after I had squirmed out of my clothes and was ready to cramp myself up for a sleep I became aware that I needed a drink of water very much. I, however, made no attempt to call the obliging porter, and dozed off, still thinking of the drink of water which I did not have. You can imagine the sensation which went through me when, as the train was whizzing along, I was brought back to wakefulness by the realization that some one had spoken to me. It was a woman's voice, and her words, although spoken in a low tone, seemed to have made a deep impression on my brain. She had said:

"Here darling, drink this."

"At the same time something cool touched my hand. I could not have been fully awake, for the only thing that impressed me was that that was my drink. I did not seem to realize where I was, or to comprehend who was offering me the water. I simply raised up my elbow and grasped the proffered draught. As I did so a delicate little hand released hold of a silver mug with a suddenness that split the water, and the voice that had commanded me to drink uttered a startled exclamation. I heard the rustle of the curtains of some nearby berth, and then all was quiet.

"What was there for me to do? Nothing. I immediately saw that a mistake had been made, and again resumed my slumber, with the mug as a bedfellow. It was a silver mug with a gold lining, and had an artistic monogram engraved on its outer surface. The next morning I looked around me, after the car had been made once more into a day apartment. In the section adjoining mine there sat a very comely woman of youthful appearance, with a small, curly-headed boy. I felt sure she was the owner of the mug, but how to get it to her I did not know. While I was deliberating the train stopped and the woman rose to leave the car. I hastened to my feet, fished out the mug and started after them. After tipping my hat and begging her pardon, I said in my most unconcerned manner: 'I believe you are leaving your drinking cup.'

"The woman looked very stern and nearly took me off my feet by replying most positively:

"You must be mistaken. That cup does not belong to me."

"After she left the car I hastened to make a canvass for its owner, but no one claimed it, and as I proceeded the smile that began with my nearest neighbor gradually broadened to the whole car. I had robbed the train and couldn't help myself."—[Washington Star.]



Stories of the Firing Line * Animal Stories.

Grant's Lost Order Turns Up.

THE recent visit of many of the Texas Press Association to Buffalo has brought to light a valuable war document which has been missing since the battle of Missionary Ridge, on November 25, 1863. Manager A. B. Penfield was accosted last Thursday by a tall, soldierly-looking man, with an accent which betrayed his southern origin, with a hearty, "You are Mr. Penfield, are you not?"

"I am," said the manager.

"Well, my dear sir, I am Capt. Harry Lacey of Corsicana, Tex., and with my regiment fought the Federal troops at Missionary Ridge. I wish to say your picture is very fine—extremely fine, sir, and I am glad to see the action so impartially reproduced. I was with Rogers's Texas Rangers, or, rather, what was left of the Rangers. You know we, as an organization, were badly cut up at Corinth, Miss. Well, Mr. Penfield, your Red Star Midway route is all right, and your shows are superb. I shall, like all the rest of my editorial confreres, carry back to Texas, sir, a lively sense of gratitude for your great kindness to us as a body. Now, I am going to give you a treat."

Mr. Penfield started back with fright, as he saw visions of a drinking bout, and realized that the average southerner drank as well as he fought. He, however, was much relieved when he saw the tall Texan unbutton his frock coat and draw forth from an inner pocket, with care, a worn leather book, from an upper pocket of which he took a worn piece of parchment, such as was used during the Civil War for general orders or dispatches.

Unfolding it, the former Confederate captain said: "Read that, sir, and tell me if you realize what a treasure that paper really is?" Mr. Penfield looked at the unfolded sheet and read as follows:

"CHATTANOOGA (Tenn.) Nov. 24, 1863.

"Maj.-Gen. George H. Thomas, Chattanooga:

"Gen. Sherman carried Missionary Ridge as far as the tunnel with only slight skirmishing. His right now rests at the tunnel and on top of the hill, his left at Chickamauga Creek. I have instructed Gen. Sherman to advance as soon as it is light in the morning, and your attack, which will be simultaneous, will be in cooperation. Your command will either carry the rifle pits and ridge directly in front of them or move to the left, as the presence of the enemy may require. If Hooker's position on the mountain (cannot be maintained,) with a small force, and it is found impracticable to carry the top from where he is, it would be advisable for him to move up the valley with all the force he can spare, and ascend by the first practicable road.

"U. S. GRANT, Major-General."

Mr. Penfield gasped. Here was the original order—the long-lost order—which Gen. Grant, in his own personal memoirs, speaks of as lost. Turning to Capt. Lacey he said: "Where did you get this?"

The old soldier said: "Why, when Sherman forced his way to the crest of the ridge I broke through his line in the confusion and, passing rapidly down to the first line at our old position, hid in a rifle pit until night-fall, when I escaped and joined Longstreet in Virginia. In the bottom of the pit I found the order, with some other papers addressed to the Federal general, Granger. I think it dropped from some officer's coat, in the scramble up hill. I have managed to keep it ever since, for it was that charge he orders in this paper which carried the day for the Union forces, so you see it has a great historic value."

Mr. Penfield pleaded with the southerner to sell it, but the tall Texan refused, with a dignity which told Mr. Penfield to desist. The former Confederate leaned over the platform and scanned closely the great battle, saying softly: "It's grand. It's real, but all so terrible." Wiping a furtive tear from his eyes, "But it took western blood to do it and, after all, they were mostly of southern extraction."

In fact, the great man to whom Grant addressed the order was a Virginian.—[Buffalo Express.

Grant's First Battle in Command.

THIS story is told of the first time Grant ever had charge of a large body of men sent out to give battle. He was a colonel in the early part of 1862, detailed to go to the relief of an Illinois regiment supposed to be surrounded by rebels at Palmyra, Mo., but when he arrived the regiment had relieved itself by retreating. Grant then went out to Florida, in the same State, and, as the regiment toiled over the hill beyond which the enemy was supposed to be in waiting, Grant says he would have "given anything to be back again in Illinois."

At the top of the hill, instead of troops drawn up in battle array, Grant saw a deserted camp. "It occurred to me at once that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him," said Grant. "From that event to the close of the war I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety. I never forgot that he had as much reason to fear my forces as I had his."

As is natural in times of war, the promotion of some aroused the jealousy of others. Grant was no exception, and his rapid rise irritated many who had begun the war high in the list of officers.

One such was Gen. McClernand, who was put under Grant at the siege of Vicksburg. McClernand was much dissatisfied, having sought at Washington the command of the expedition. He wrote Grant such an insolent letter that the latter was advised to relieve him of all command and send him to the rear. Instead of complying, the commander even showed him favor. Some time after, in front of Vicksburg, McClernand was guilty of

breach of discipline, which made it necessary for Grant to relieve him.

To those who urged the removal of McClernand, Grant replied: "No, I can't afford to quarrel with a man whom I have to command."

Grant was not given to ostentation. No incident shows this better than the manner in which he went to Washington to take the commission of lieutenant-general of the regular army. It was the first visit he had ever made to the national capital, and his first personal meeting with President Lincoln, though he had heard Lincoln speak years before.

The trip was made after victories which had sent Grant's name into every home in the land, and foreign countries had placed it beside the names of their greatest military leaders. Everybody was anxious to see him, but he journeyed simply and avoided demonstration. On March 8, 1864, he arrived at Washington and went to the hotel, where he waited unrecognized until the throng of guests had registered. Then he went to the desk and wrote simply, "U. S. Grant and son, Galena."—[Syracuse Post-Standard.

Officer Missed the Point.

SOME persons seem to have the faculty of always missing the point of a story that they attempt to repeat," said Col. John Conover the other evening. The colonel enjoys as well as any person in the world a good story well told, and is himself entertaining raconteur. Perhaps some lamentable failures in the past had something to do with the slight tinge of regret with which the colonel said these words.

"There was a fellow who was an officer in the corps in which I soldiered during the war," he said, "and he could shy away from a point as well as any person that I ever knew. He was officer of the day when we were encamped down around Nashville, and in making his rounds he came upon Capt. Goodspeed, who was in charge of a battery. The captain—he afterward became Maj. Goodspeed—is now a prominent business man of Columbus, O., but in those days was a husky, good-natured young man who was not averse to a little fun if it did not interfere with his soldierly duties.

"How's everything today?" inquired the officer.

"All right," was the reply, "except the boys did some shelling last night."

"Shelling what?" asked the officer, much interested.

"Some corn."

"Well, that's a good one," said the officer. "I'll spring that on 'Old Rosy.'"

"He went his rounds and at night made his report to 'Old Rosy,' as Gen. Rosecrans was called.

"Everything is all right, I suppose," inquired the general. "I have heard no noises of any kind."

"All right," replied the officer of the day, "except that over in Goodspeed's battery the boys have been shelling some corn."

The general looked up somewhat puzzled and in a most matter of fact way said, "Why don't they feed it in the ear?"

"And that officer thought a long time before he discovered why the general did not see the point of his joke."—[Kansas City Star.

ANIMAL STORIES.

Cow Was Too Smart.

A COW that knew a thing or two until recently belonged to C. C. Lay of No. 3963 Ellis avenue, Chicago. She became too wise and her owner, for reasons of his own, felt obliged to cease to be her boss.

The animal was called Bossie when Mr. Lay's coachman could not think of any other name for her. She appeared much like other cows until one day she blossomed forth into a freak worthy of a prominent place upon the canvas decorating the front of a dime museum. It all happened suddenly and without warning being given her owner or keeper, yet it is argued that Bossie's gray matter must have been developing at a rate far ahead of the usual bovine intellectual processes and that the strange intelligence which she suddenly displayed must have laid long dormant.

The other day when Nellis Hansen, Mr. Lay's coachman, who, among his other duties, had the care of the cow, was returning from taking the family out driving he untied Bossie from her stall and led her to a trough in the stable to allow her to drink her fill of water, which the health authorities had pronounced "usable."

Shutting the stable door after him he then went out to unhitch his team.

As he brought the horses into the barn after this he was thunderstruck and dumfounded to find that where Bossie was there appeared no Bossie.

He searched the barn thoroughly, even going so far as to peep into grain boxes and cupboards, altogether too small to secrete the cow, but there was no cow to be found.

Not being able to account for this startling disappearance act on the part of the cow Hansen was about to give up the search and report the loss to his employer, when he thought he heard a strange noise upstairs. Running up the narrow staircase he hastily glanced around. There was Bossie serenely munching hay.

Hansen was rejoiced to find the cow, but a problem almost as difficult as that of finding her presented itself to him when he wondered how he should get her down.

"If she can walk upstairs maybe she can walk down,"

thought Hansen, and forthwith he proceeded to lead Bossie to the top of the staircase and down to him.

The cow never missed a step and did not seem at all frightened at the steepness of her path. After this Mr. Lay had a lot of business and a intelligent supplier of milk, and being tired of her off he sold her to a neighbor, who thought a wonderful animal.—[New York News.

Dog Charity.

CHARITY is a quality that one would expect to find in a dog, and yet there is a case on record in which it was manifested. Bruno, the dog in question, had grown up as a pet, and been always tenderly cared for. He was known real hunger, for an abundance of food was always provided for him. Perhaps that is why he was sorry for a tramp dog that one day found his home.

The family noticed that for several days Bruno did not eat his breakfast in the house. He was seen to peep at the dog, and yet there he was, in the door, looking at the servant in a way that was plainly enough, "Please let me out!" If the door he would pick up the meat and disappear.

One day his master determined to follow him to see what he did with the meat, and as he was on the side till Bruno appeared, not letting him out. Bruno trotted down to the gate, and went on the alley, and by the time his master got to the door entering an unoccupied shed half a square of alley.

The master followed, and found Bruno standing in one corner of the shed, while in another corner was a poor, half-starved tramp dog, who had not been fed for a month, the meat that he brought to him.—[Philadelphia Times.

Rides but Pays No Fare.

REUBEN is the street car men's favorite name. "Reuben" is the name they have given to a reputable-looking dog who has no permanent home, spends his time riding on electric cars and various fire-engine and truck houses. Despite his lack of good looks he is, if the stories are to be believed, an animal of intelligence.

This sagacious canine was a passenger in the street car with a reporter last Sunday. The conductor, when asked whom the dog belonged to and how he was to be boarded, seemed astonished.

"Don't you know Reuben?" he said. "Well, everybody was onto him. That's the dog that's in the world. This is his first trip with me in months. He's been rusticated with the boys at the navy yard. He turned up at Rock Creek this morning, and has been riding with me since then. Reuben ain't tied to anybody, but all the boys are glad to meet him and extend him a hand."

Reuben goes and comes as he pleases. He is that anybody claims the ownership of him. He has been on this road four months and this is his first trip. He seems to be stuck on riding on the street cars. He knows just where he is going and when he is to get off.

"When I saw him at the bridge this morning he had come to spend the day with me. He was all aboard for Chevy Chase," at Cabin John station, on the car and has been riding ever since. He bothers anybody and is lots of company. He talks words, but he talks with his eyes, and I can stand what he wants to say. He won't talk long. He'll probably spend a day or two on the car and then transfer to some other branch. A few days there, and then he'll probably transfer to the boys of the fire department. I don't know him, too, and like him.

"Reuben lives on the fat of the land. He eats stuff that common dogs eat. He wants milk, and will devour an onion or tomato. Reuben has been over every branch of the Capital Traction and the other companies. He knows all the men and is known by them. He's as smart as a baby and as wise as an owl, and has no miles of rail without paying than all the boys and children in the district put together. He is Reuben."

During all of the time the conductor was talking, Reuben was perched on the rear seat, bobbing his head from side to side, apparently enjoying the sight of the bright blue sky and the flowers and grass that so abundantly adorned the route to the Maryland resort.—[Washington Post.

What Polly Said.

A FAMILY living in Mt. Washington country that surely deserves something for the way they slang expressions. In the same family a little boy, and the inevitable red wagon, and the daily programme for these two is a ride in the wagon for Polly, with the boy for horse. The usual parrot awkwardness, keeps screwing up when she really means go ahead. She herself, however, a few days ago, when, during a daily ride the wagon struck a sudden rise in the road and toppled over, dumping Polly out with no elegance. As the boy ran back to help the injured Polly looked up with a melancholy expression and exclaimed, "I'm all in."—[Pittsburgh Telegraph.

GOOD SHOTS.

Complicated.

Poor Play.

MANY amusing stories are told of the low-citizens of the section.

A venerable "dandy" of the peace and charged feathered denizens of the ownership. There were the birds were missing around Uncle George's rookery by the magister got entangled in the net. Finally he was as a chicken?

"So you say, Uncle George?"

"Yes, sah. I done so."

"Have you stolen any?"

"No, sah!"

"No turkeys?"

"No, sah!"

After a brief pause charged with a sharp

he stopped before the

displaced by a broad grin

"Po' de Lawd, Squire,

had me!"—[Lippincott.

Place for a Cheap Man.

A MEMPHIS man

Washington, and no

asked a friend about the

The friend, who was an

"How much do you want

The other thought a

"Oh, I suppose about a

"Well, my friend, I thi

do is to report to the

[Memphis Scimitar.

He Breaks it Gently.

WHAT do you want,

"Is this where Mr.

"Yes."

"The Mr. Upjohn that

"He is an officer in the

"The Mr. Upjohn that

"I presume he went on

"Is he the Mr. Upjohn

street-car accident?"

"I haven't heard of his

dest."

"Didn't you hear 'at h'd

out 'o the car when the tr

"No, my little boy, you

"Didn't hear how he ru

piece o' court plaster to s

over the eye?"

"Not at all. For mercy

"He isn't in, is he, ma'am

"No, he's—"

"Name's John U. Upjohn,

"Yes, that's his name."

"Then he's the same man

hour or two, I guess, 'cause

of his teeth lightened that

when he was jumpin' out o'

"Little boy, tell me the v

ever it now."

"Well, ma'am, he's in the

broke an' one leg's in a all

kind o' sideways, but he's

he'll be out again in about

er fm the doctor tellin' ye

man Traveler.

With a Cowry.

FO old hunters were

en to quail.

"Why," said one, "I rem

ere so thick that you could

with a rifle."

The other one sighed.

"What's the matter?" said

"I was thinking of my qual

some that I rode everywhere

qual I saw a big covey of

threw the bridle rein over

took a shot.

"Several birds fell and the

"Well, sir, there were so

that when they flew off it spr

ang my horse!"

Book Agent in Luck.

HERE is a farmer living ju

a book agent somewhere in

of Chicago, each of whom fe

quel circumstance.

Last week the farmer had

ay that the boy would visit

uncle and nephew had not m

the old man drove to the sta

stable coat, that he might

lid. But the young man fai

g till the passenger had d

rove away, disappointed.

The book agent entered int

riety the next morning. Look

the barnyard gate he called,

The book agent never got su

Stories.

and forthwith he procured a ladder, climbed to the top of the staircase and down the steepness of her path.

quality that one would scarcely expect of a dog, and yet there is at least one quality which it was unmistakably showing, had grown up as a family dog, for an abundance of food was given to it. Perhaps that is why he felt so dog that one day found shelter under the porch.

and that for several days Bruno would stand in the house. He would take his teeth and stand near the kitchen, the servant in a way that made the master let me out! If she opened the door the meat and disappear. The master determined to follow him with the meat, and so he waited until he appeared, not letting himself be seen, then to the gate, and went out into the yard. His master got to the gate and found Bruno sitting quietly under the shed, while in another corner a starved tramp dog, eating, as it were, a month, the meat that Bruno had Philadelphia Times.

Paris.

the street car men's favorite passenger, the name they have given a dog who has no permanent home, riding on electric cars and visiting the street and truck houses. Despite his name he is, if the stories told by the street car men are believed, an animal of rare intelligence.

Reuben?" he said. "Why, I thought to him. That's the knowledge of his first trip with me. He was a rusticating with the marine. He turned up at Rock Creek. He has been riding with me ever since, to anybody, but all the boys in the street and extend him. He comes as he pleases. I don't know the ownership of him. I have months and this is his second time to be stuck on ridin' on the car, where he is going and who he is going to.

at the bridge this morning I heard the day with me. When I saw 'Chase,' at Cabin John, he has been riding ever since. He is a lot of company. He calls to me with his eyes, and I can't say to say. He won't stay with me a day or two as he usually does to some other branch and not to then he'll probably go to the fire department. They all like him.

the fat of the land. He won't let dogs eat. He wants good meat, and an onion or tomato with every branch of road, and he is known by them. He is as good as an owl, and has covered me out paying than all the men, and the district put together. A good time the conductor was sitting in the rear seat of the car, from side to side, apparently of the bright blue sky and that so abundantly about along the road resort.—[Washington Times]

in Mt. Washington owns a something for the way it is. In the same family there is inevitable red wagon, and a one for these two is a ride with the boy for horse. Polly, with awkwardness, keeps screaming means go ahead. She surprised me days ago, when, during one of the strikes a sudden rise in the dumping Polly out with more the boy ran back to learn if she was up with a melancholy expression all in.—[Pittsburgh Courier]

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Foot Play.

MANY amusing stories are told of our colored fellow-citizens of the South by the raconteurs of that section.

A venerable "darker" was haled before a justice of the peace and charged with gratifying his appetite for feathered denizens of the barnyard in which he had no ownership. There were no witnesses to the act, but the birds were missing and feathers had been found around Uncle George's cabin. He was sharply interrogated by the magistrate, in the hope that he would get entangled in the questioning and the truth come out. Finally he was asked:

"So you say, Uncle George, that you have not stolen any chickens?"

"Yes, sah. I done stole no chicken."

"Have you stolen any geese?"

"No, sah!"

"No turkeys?"

"No, sah!"

After a brief pause the suspected culprit was discharged with a sharp admonition. As he passed out he stopped before the justice, hat in hand, his ivory tusks gleaming by a broad grin, and said:

"I de Lawd, Squire, if you'd said 'ducks' you'd a' let me!"—[Lippincott.]

Fun for a Cheap Man.

A MEANS man was contemplating a visit to Washington, and, never having been in the capital, asked a friend about the best hotel for him to stop at. The friend, who was an old Washingtonian, said:

"How much do you want to pay a day?"

"The other thought a moment and replied:

"Oh, I suppose about a dollar and a half."

"Well, my friend, I think that the best thing you can do is to report to the Police Station for lodging."—[Memphis Scimitar.]

Be Bids It Gently.

WHAT do you want, little boy?"

"Is this where Mr. Upjohn lives, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"The Mr. Upjohn that runs the bank?"

"He is an officer in the bank."

"The Mr. Upjohn that went downtown on a trolley this morning?"

"I presume he went on a trolley car. What?"

"Is he the Mr. Upjohn that was in that horrible street-car accident?"

"I haven't heard of his being in any street-car accident."

"Didn't you hear 'at he'd sprained his ankle jumpin' out of the car when the train run into it?"

"No, my little boy, you frighten me. What has—"

"Didn't hear how he run into a drug store for a piece of court plaster to stick on a little cut he'd got over the eye?"

"Not at all. For mercy's sake—"

"He isn't in, is he, ma'am?"

"No, he's—"

"Name's John U. Upjohn, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's his name."

"Then he's the same man. He won't be here for an hour or two, I guess, 'cause he's stoppin' to have one of his teeth tightened that got knocked a little bit loose when he was jumpin' out o' danger, y' know."

"Little boy, tell me the whole story. I think I can help it now."

"Well, ma'am, he's in the hospital with four ribs broke an' one leg's in a sling an' his nose is knocked broke o' sideways, but he's gettin' along all right, an' he'll be out again in about a month, an' here's a letter from the doctor tellin' ye all about it, ma'am."—[Boston Traveler.]

Was a Covey.

FO old hunters were swapping yarns and had gotten to quail.

"Say," said one, "I remember a year when quail was as thick that you could get eight or ten at a shot with a rifle."

The other one sighed.

"What's the matter?" said the first.

"I was thinking of my quail hunts. I had a fine black hawk that I rode everywhere and one day out hunting quail I saw a big covey on a low branch of a tree. I threw the bridle rein over the end of the limb and shot."

"Several birds fell and the rest flew away."

"Well, sir, there were so many quail on that limb that when they flew off it sprang back into place and hung my horse!"

C. S. C.

Book Agent in Luck.

THERE is a farmer living just north of Evanston and a book agent somewhere in the cosmopolitan desert of Chicago, each of whom feels that he is a victim of circumstance.

Last week the farmer had a note from a nephew to say that the boy would visit the farm on Thursday. Uncle and nephew had not met for fifteen years, and the old man drove to the station in his most uncomfortable coat, that he might welcome his sister's only child. But the young man failed to come. After waiting till the passenger had disappeared the old man drove away, disappointed.

The book agent entered into the dramatic personae only the next morning. Looking over the top rail of the barnyard gate he called, "Hello, uncle."

The book agent never got such a reception before in

all his life. The farmer flung the gate wide open, seized the agent's hand, and pressed a whiskered kiss on the ironclad cheek.

"Say, this must be heaven," murmured the agent, following the farmer into the house and explaining that everybody at home was as well as could be expected. Not till the agent was full of a boiled dinner and attempted to sell a book did the farmer begin to see a dim light. Charged with impersonating the missing nephew, the agent explained that he greeted all elderly strangers as "uncle;" that he even had a few almost real ones in South Clark street in Chicago.

When last seen by the farmer the agent was still running, and when the real nephew does come he may find an electric current in the latch-string.—[Chicago Record-Herald.]

Only a Copper Button.

THERE were four men in the rear seat of an open car bound downtown in New York on Eighth avenue one morning last week. A poorly-dressed old man climbed aboard and tried to crowd into a place alongside another old man, whose finely-woven Panama hat told of his wealth.

"Here, what are you trying to do?" growled the man with the expensive hat, glancing up from his paper.

"There's no room here."

"I thought I could find room," said the poor man, in a tone of apology.

He turned toward a rich man, and in so doing showed him a copper button on the lapel of his coat. The rich man stared for a moment, then held out his hand.

"I say, comrade, we'll make room for you," he said, as he crowded over. "I didn't know you were a Grand Army man."

The poor man in turn saw the copper badge in the other man's coat.

"Where were you?" he asked.

"Gettysburg," answered the rich man. "And you?"

"I was at Missionary Ridge."

At Twenty-third street they got off the car, the old soldier who was poor and the one who was rich, and arm in arm they headed for the nearest drinking place to finish talking it over. The button of copper and the memories it called up had removed the differences which existed between their stations in life.—[Chicago Post.]

One Left.

THE following anecdote is told of Gen. "Ben" Butler, who, it will be remembered, was accused of taking a great many pieces of silver table ware (especially spoons) from Southern homes which he raided:

The general was making a speech in a local election campaign before a large audience and was relating some of his experiences during the war, when some mischievous young fellows let down a silver spoon on a string before the general's face. The audience began to laugh, but the speaker turned the tables.

"Ah," said he, reaching for and pocketing the spoon, "there is one I didn't get."

He was not interrupted again.

C. S. C.

Tilt in Vocabulary.

"BEGIN to understand your language better," said my French friend, M. Dubois, to me; "but your verbs trouble me still; you mix them up so with prepositions."

"I saw your friend, Mrs. Murkleton, just now," he continued. "She says she intends to break down her school earlier than usual. Am I right there?"

"Break up her school, she must have said."

"Oh, yes, I remember; break up her school."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken into."

"Broken down."

"Broken down? Oh, yes. And, indeed, since fever has broken up in town—"

"Broken out."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her house alone?"

"No; she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly, it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No, that engagement is broken—broken—"

"Broken off?"

"Yes, broken off."

"Ah, I heard that."

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am anxious to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news; no preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine young fellow; a breaker, I think."

"A breaker and a fine fellow. Good-day."

So much for the verb "break."—[Chicago Post.]

Mr. Twain's Candid Opinion.

SOMETIMES of a sunny afternoon Mark Twain strolls up and down that part of Fifth avenue above Twenty-third street where art and book stores are frequent. The humorist seems to find certain rest in peering into windows of these, though he rarely crosses their thresholds. He was about to turn away from the window of a shop when his eye was caught by what seemed to be an etching of himself. The humorist was staring blankly at his likeness when he was joined at the window by one of those chatty individuals always ready for a street-corner exchange of opinion.

"Pretty good likeness of the old man, isn't it?" said the chatterer without seeing the writer's full face, which was partly in shadow.

Mark said it was.

"Say, what do you think of that fellow's work, anyway?" went on the chatterer.

"I think," said Mark, still without turning his head,

"that he is the greatest imposter the American people ever refused to take seriously."

"How so?"

"Well, because he really is serious, and because nobody'll believe him he passes for being humorous." With that Mr. Clemens faced his questioner.

"Well, I'll be switched!" ejaculated the chatterer. The face of the humorist became deeply concerned.

"For heaven's sake, don't tell anyone I told you. It would ruin me with my publishers," he said, starting up the avenue.

But the chatterer went home and told his friends.—[New York Times.]

Alfred Ayres Confounded.

ALFRED AYRES, who is such a purist regarding the use of the English language that he is sometimes regarded as a crank, wandered into the office of the Appletons, his publishers, the other day, and inquired for Col. Appleton.

"He flew the coop, I guess," said one of the young men.

"What?"

"He flew the coop."

"Oh! If you had said 'he has flown the coop,' young man, I might have understood you," and Ayres stalked away.—[Victor Smith in the New York Press]

His Nerve Was Good.

I WAS sitting on the veranda of a far western hotel one afternoon," said the Boston drummer, "and was lazily smoking one of the nicest meerschaum pipes you ever saw when out of the tail of my eye I saw that a native down at the other end of the veranda had his gun sighted at me.

"They were a wild lot around there, and I couldn't tell whether he meant to shoot me or the pipe. The chances were in favor of the pipe, however, and it seemed a good chance to test my nerve. I made up my mind to let him shoot and pretend a careless air, but I'm telling you that in the ten or fifteen seconds of waiting the sweat came out at every pore and my heart pounded my ribs sore.

"I felt a sort of tick at the bowl of the pipe, heard the crack of the gun and knew that the bullet had passed through the pipe.

"I got a brace with my hands and feet and waited for a second bullet, and it went through the bowl after the first. I sat there until his fourth bullet had hit the pipe and knocked the bowl off the stem, and then the shooter sauntered up to me and laughingly said:

"Excuse me, stranger, but I thought it was imitation."

"Same as you are," I replied.

"My gibe hurt him, but he was man enough to tell everybody about my nerve, and the boys chipped in sufficient nuggets to buy me this \$50 smoker.

"Nerve! Say, do you know what happened to me when I made an excuse to go upstairs after my old corn-cob? I had no sooner got into my room than my knees gave out, chills galloped up my spine, and I'll be hanged if I didn't faint away and lie there for ten minutes.

"It had suddenly occurred to me that the bowl of that pipe was only six inches from my nose, while the fellow was doing his shooting, and I have not yet got over touching my nasal organ now and then to see if it is safe."—[Boston Globe.]

Not Exactly What She Wanted.

A TEACHER was instructing a class of infants in the Sunday-school and was letting the children finish her sentences to make sure they understood.

"The idol had eyes," she said, "but it couldn't—"

"See," cried the children.

"It had ears, but it couldn't—"

"Hear," said the class.

"It had lips, but it couldn't—"

"Speak," said the children.

"It had a nose, but it couldn't—"

"Wipe it!" shouted the little ones, and the teacher had to pause in her lesson in order to recover her composure.—[London Tit-Bits.]

A Description of an Automobile Ride.

W. K. VANDERBILT, JR., the other day got out of his \$15,000 German automobile, which is the pride of Newport, with a queer expression on his face.

"Run into anybody?" queried a friend casually.

Mr. Vanderbilt's expression expanded into a slow, full smile.

"Well, ye-es—in a way," he said. "The other day at a dinner I ran across an old bore of a fellow, who expressed the most ardent ambition to have a spin in my 'bubble.' As I didn't take any notice of his hints my gentleman deliberately asked to be allowed to have a ride, to which I had to consent, as he was a friend of the family, you know, though I made an inward vow to shake him up a bit. You see, he had never before been on an automobile. Well, I took him along today. I started at a quiet little skim, very prettily, taking care not to increase the speed gradually, as, of course, he would not then have felt it. But just when he was in the midst of an ecstatic eulogy on the 'calm, even, floating motion of automobilizing,' I turned on full speed and let the thing fly. He clung to the seat with his two hands, his eyes fairly shining and bulging with fear and excitement.

"How d'you like it?" I asked, as the wind whisked his hat off.

"Wh-why," he stammered between his puffings for breath, 'my lad, I've just solved the problem of how to be happy though miserable!'"—[New York Times.]

AUTOS FOR REPAIR WAGONS.

Orders have been placed by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company for twelve large automobiles, to be used as repair wagons. These vehicles are all to be completed by October 1, but will be delivered to the railroad company and put to use as fast as they can be turned out. The cost of these wagons will be from \$2200 to \$2500 each, and they will be operated by steam. Twenty-four-horse-power will be generated for each wagon by two gasoline engines, thus making the wagons capable of carrying great weight.—[Automobile Topics.]

By a Special Contributor.

All this had not made it easier for Concha to broach the matter trembling on her lips. Never had she found

The meadow larks trilled sweetly on the fresh morn-

other work with the chisel than do
olt Free Press.

By a

about 4:30 when we
clouds, which had been

"I like engraving, and that's why I do it today," said Miss Rigg to a reporter. "I rather work with the chisel than do housework." —*Chicago Free Press.*

It was about 4:30 when we
and the clouds, which had been

BILL THE BOS'UN.

TELLS OF HIS TOUR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BIG POND.

By a Special Contributor.

HOTEL BEAURIVAGE, Ouchy-Lausanne, Aug. 31, 1901.—Our ride from France into Switzerland was a beautiful one and, although advised to the contrary by friends in Paris, I shall never regret having taken it in the day time. I saw questions of transportation solved for themselves by so doing and felt myself, more than ever, none too old to learn. The morning broke dark and cloudy as we left the gay French capital behind us, and the air was decidedly sultry. A friend in Los Angeles had told me that the Seine, as a navigable river, virtually ended at Paris, whereas nothing could be further from the truth, although no large sailing vessels come above that point. But for inland navigation it cannot be surpassed by any body of water of the same cubic dimensions.

The Seine.

As far as possible, the Seine is converted into a sort of canal, by means of dams which back up the water and make it navigable for vessels drawing nearly seven feet. Just above the foot of each level created by these dams, they have a lock capable of admitting barges of about one hundred and eighty feet in length and about twenty-two feet beam. Some of these are nicely built and equipped for carrying merchandise, while those designed for coal and timber are less expensively built and painted black. As there is no current (except in the lowest freshets) in these levels, a boat of 100-horsepower can easily handle twelve of these barges, no matter how they may be loaded. The barges generally lock through first and pass lines to one another, so that the steamer easily picks them up then.

As we rolled along and left the Seine behind, we began to come upon the canals, the boats of which are driven along by horses as in our own country, but the tow paths are simply beautiful colonnades of Lombardy poplars, or else planted with a dwarf sycamore which grows as straight as a pine for about twenty feet and then branches out laterally, somewhat like the Japanese umbrella trees that are planted so much in Southern California. Boats loaded at canal points 400 miles from Paris make their way down to tide-water at Honfleur and make the voyage profitable all the way by carrying wine or other farm produce to the metropolis, and manufactured articles thence to the sea. If it had not been for these very cheap methods of transportation, the railways would have had a genuine Huntingtonian "kick" on the producers of France, and the indemnity demanded by Prussia and paid in seven years after the close of the Alsatian war, could not have been paid until today.

A California Project.

In 1866 Charles J. Reed of Knight's Landing, in Yolo county, attempted to incorporate a canal company to take the water out of the Sacramento River at Red Bluff and turn it back again into the same stream at Cache Creek Slough, just above Rio Vista. The project fell through for the want of local capital, as the bonds were to pay only 7 per cent., and every bank in San Francisco was charging 10, except for the very best of gilt-edged paper. If Mr. Reed had only gone to work to create a series of locks and dams between Red Bluff and Colusa and also between Bakersfield and Stockton, similar to those on the Seine, he would have saved millions to the producers of California, but now the chances for such legislation—to build the locks and dams by State aid—would be worse than they were then. The legislatures of California (and Oregon, too, for that matter) are peopled with corporation attorneys who would jump on such a measure with both feet and over allow the bill to reach a third reading.

Burgundy.

NOON we were in the province of Burgundy and some very large vineyards, as well as big dairy farms, for that province exports large quantities of butter and cheese, as well as wine and live beef. We were in old France, among farmhouses that had stood the days of the mighty Armand Duplessis, who defied the minions of a King with "Irreverent ribald! I tell thee, reviler of these gray hairs, when this snow melts there shall come a deluge. Avant! My name is Richelieu and I defy thee. Lead blindly on. Behind me stalks the headman. God save my country!" The milk of Burgundy are mostly pure white, or a very light cream; and while they are inferior to those of the Channel Islands for making butter, but superior to them for cheese making, as they give from eighteen to twenty-six quarts per day. I should advise the milkmen of Portland and Los Angeles to import some of these Burgundy cows and save the expense of a pump. The peasantry were dressed, especially the women, very like the chorus girls in Andran's operas; and the whole picture was a continuous realization of a lifelong dream. At 1 p.m. we went to lunch in the dining car which served a better meal than I ever ate on any dining car in America, and for just 5 cents more than I had to pay for the musty oatmeal and rancid butter of the dining cars on the Canadian Pacific road. There was crab gumbo, hearty enough to have been made in Louisiana; fried soles from Clotat, near Marseilles; a dish called "vol-au-vent," made with beefsteak and mushrooms; tenderloin of veal, with haricots beans; nutmeg chops, with fried potatoes; omelet soufflé, followed by some of the finest fruits I ever ate, and three kinds of cheese. All this for \$4—just 50 cents. Vive la France! Hip, hip hooray!—Tiger, ah!

A Rainstorm.

It was about 4:30 when we crossed the rushing Arve and the clouds, which had been gathering all day, burst

out into a violent storm, with the most brilliant lightning and the heaviest thunder I ever remember to have heard. In one little railway station we saw several hundred bedraggled women, who had come there to attend a Sunday variety show and had forgotten to bring their umbrellas. As the train did not stop at any one of the next three stations, they could not get much shelter from our outfit, and so we left them lamenting.

I must say I deem the French railway system far in advance of the English. Instead of having you locked up in a compartment with seats for eight people, they have corridor cars, with a long hall passing into a vestibuled platform, and you can go from one end of the train to the other through the corridor, which is beautifully inclosed in glass, enabling you to see out all over the country, and to stand up in doing so, which is often a great relief on a long ride.

The Valley of the Rhone.

The shadows of evening were rapidly falling as we crossed the low divide at Arcachet and entered the valley of the Rhone, a larger stream than the Sacramento or Willamette, but never very safe for navigation. Still rapids go down it every year with vast lots of timber for consumption in Lyons and other large manufacturing towns. At last the river became a foaming, roaring torrent, dancing and capering over the rocks and at Jura it makes a "sink," like the Humboldt or the Truckee. At this point the storm broke out with renewed vigor and in the midst of such a down-pour as Oregon never saw, except in the great flood of 1861, and with her streets running all sorts of rivers, we landed at the historical city of Geneva, and were driven to that well-kept and beautifully-appointed hotel, the Paix, on the Quai de Mont Blanc, where I met a dozen Americans in ten minutes after my arrival.

"You kem dong een wan gran shower of rang," said the amiable Fred Weber, as he shook my hand and assigned me to a room, "but eet will be clear domain and den you vill see the citee which has more 'istory zan any other of her size in the world."

Where History Centers.

The pleasant landlord of the Hotel de la Paix spoke truly. With a population of barely 200,000, Geneva has always been a cradle of heroes, both in religion and military achievements. You cannot turn to one side or the other, without seeing something to recall the great Brunswick, the philosopher Rousseau, John Calvin, William Tell and Arnold Winkelried. I went there intending to spend two days and I remained there five. It is the most classical city of the world, outside of Rome and Paris. Certainly the Paris des Eaux Vives will compare favorably with anything of its size on earth.

We had a beautiful corner room in the fourth story of the Paix, one window looking out on the lake, and the other on a pretty little square. There is a small stage at the foot of the quay, and from there run four separate lines (all owned by one company) of gasoline launches, or "Monettes," as they call them. On these very little boats you can ride for 20 centimes (2 cents of our money) to any part of the opposite side of the city, the bay being about twice as wide as the Willamette River at Portland; and the same price is charged on the street cars within the city limits. Several of the suburbs containing the most elegant residences, however, can be only reached by suburban steam railways. One of these is the beautiful Satigny, where resides my old friend, Albert L. Yemla, the operatic tenor, whose home is called the Casa des Roses, and said to be one of the most beautiful homes in all Switzerland. I regretted very much having to leave there without seeing him.

A Visit to the Casino.

It rained black dogs and blue devils for the rest of the five days that we passed in Geneva. On the fourth night it was clear and we went to the Casino or Kumail, as it is sometimes called. Such a concert might run for ten days in Portland, but not in San Francisco or Los Angeles for two. It is nothing else but a big gambling house, with a theater and a roof garden attached. The game opens at 8 and the theater at 8:30. Had the manly and athletic game of faro been the attraction, I might have taken a hand, for I was a mighty hunter in my youth, and my favorite game was "the tiger." But the Casino of Geneva is very much changed in the past twenty years, since rouge-et-noir and roulette have been abolished. What do they play at now? Why a game called "La Course," which is ten times worse than either. It consists of nine little tin horses running in round grooves, and the one that stops next to the running post is declared the winning number. There is a long table, with the horses in the middle and a layout on either side, marked this way:

1	2
3	4
6	5
8	9
Impair	Manger
Pair	

The blank spaces on either side pay even money for the four numbers indicated thereon, as do the three spaces at the foot, which mean odd, even or a repetition of the previous winning number. One old lady thought she had struck a great system, by placing a franc on each of the extreme outer spaces. By and by, along came the little "5" and then she howled because she had lost both bets. If a man will play this game and not win three bets out of ten he will quit loser. There are nine numbers, which means that the player has eight chances to lose and one to win. Do

they pay you eight for one, then, you ask? Not on your individual life—only six for one, so you see what a big percentage that is, in addition to the "5," which scrape off all but except those on it directly or placed upon the square marked "impair."

Again, if you play two numbers with one piece of money and one of them wins they pay you at the rate of 6 to 1, when it is 4 to 1 that you do not win either. I saw a man win \$160 in five turns by playing pair, for it came in 6, 4, 8 and 6 successively, and all that he "raked" was a \$5 piece. But such cases are exceptional and the unlucky "punter" generally goes home about 2 a.m., cursing his luck and kicking the asphalt out of the sidewalk.

The theater connected with this fair of the "Royal Bengal" is beautifully fitted up and has more comfortable seats than any theater on the Pacific Coast. The show opens at 8:30 and closes at 2 a.m., in order to keep the crowds together and help along the gambling.

Adieu, Geneva.

It was 11 o'clock on Friday morning that we stood at the front door of the Hotel de la Paix, bidding goodbye to kind old Fred Weber, a man who can keep a hotel, for the reason that he believes in giving every man a just equivalent for his money and who is getting rich without descending to extortion. He only charged us \$10 more for five days, with an elegant room, than we paid to Little Zotti in Paris for two days and a half in the stuffiest old hole that I ever slept in.

And then we went on board the steamer Bonivard for this place. She is named after the hero of Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," of whom he wrote:

"For every step that Bonivard hath trod
Shall cry aloud to freedom and to God."

The sail up the lake was something delightful beyond my poor powers of description. At Kolla, we came upon an elegant chalet, from which floated the Stars and Stripes. The host had expected some friends on the boat that day and when we came in sight of the plate I rose up and proposed "three cheers for Uncle Sam." And there were about thirty North American Yanks that mounted the pedestal of their hind legs and cheered the dear old flag as if it were to be the last earthly glimpse of the star-wrought mantle of Fort McHenry. At Nyon we saw the castle where Josephine lived after her divorce from the modern Attila. And then, after as delightful a four-hours' sail as I can ever remember, we landed at Ouchy, the port of historical Lausanne.

BILL THE BOSUN.

BLESSINGS OF FLOWERS.

THE PLEASURE OF GIVING TO OTHERS—POOR AND SICK MAY BE MADE HAPPY.

By a Special Contributor.

All that some people seem to care to grow flowers for is to make a display for the passerby. These persons miss a great pleasure, that of sharing their flowers with others, of plucking them for visitors or sending them to the sick, the old and the weary. It is a real joy to put bright-faced blossoms in the hands of wistful-faced children of poverty, who rejoice over them with a rapture unknown to the spoiled darlings of wealth, used to every luxury and beauty. We should use our floral treasures to place on the coffin of the dead, to grace the pulpit of the church, the teacher's desk in the school room, the speaker's stand in the hall, or the bride's presence. She who leaves her flowers unplucked is a floral miser. She who shares them with others is a philanthropist.

But she who would give must plant that which is worth giving. There would be few bouquets presented of hollyhocks and sunflowers, morning glories and cockscomb, though the yard were full of them. A flower to share with others must be one suitable for cutting. This means it must have at least a fair stem, that it must not be ill scented, and that the blooms themselves must be really beautiful. We need the queenly rose and fragrant pink, the velvety pansy and graceful sweet pea; we need lilies of snowy whiteness and peonies of crimson; we need sprays of honeysuckle and smilax, clusters of phlox and forget-me-not, heliotrope and verbena, and the grand spikes of gladioli, hyacinth and ten-we-k-stocks. We need never be afraid of growing too much of anything that is fragrant and lovely.

There is pleasure in seeing our pretty girl acquaintances wearing at their corsage the violets or tea roses of our own raising; there is pleasure in decking our elderly visitors in the modest splendor of lavender, purple, bluish and white sweet peas; and there is a hopeful optimism that comes to the owner of a garden when she shares it with the boys and girls whose homes are bare of all beauty. Hopeful, because they are so grateful for the little breast knot of flowers; hopeful because even that little thing wakens a love of the good and the beautiful, and then to better things! The one so fortunate as to have a garden is blessed with the means of conferring much happiness and doing a vast amount of real good.

ZORA S. LA MANCE.

TELEPHONE IMPROVEMENT.

From tomorrow a new and most practical arrangement will come into use for the telephoning public in Berlin, writes our correspondent.

The object of this is to obviate the mistakes which are constantly being made owing to similarity of sound as to the number required by the person ringing up. The new invention consists of a metal plate bearing the numerals and cipher, which is attached to the telephone. A movable finger is pointed successively to the figures required, and communication is established.

If the person with whom conversation is desired is already occupied, the fact is made known immediately to the telephoner by a sort of humming sound along the wire.—[London Daily Express.]

"What office is Granther reaching for now?"
"He wants to be superintendent of a deaf and dumb asylum."

"When did he ever learn the sign language?"
"Never learned it at all. You don't have to learn it to hold that job. You can always get a cheap assistant, you know, if you ever have occasion to talk to the mutes."—[Chicago Tribune.]

FRANCISCO—by the "Fast Line"—24 Hours

Descriptive on Clew of Plot, Bering Straits to be Crossed, 3. Chief of Colville Indians Slain, British Gloomy over Boer.

Proposed memorial services at San Pedro... Big hotel scheme hatching at Ocean Park... Leonards may have to leave Santa Ana... Irrigation matters at Anaheim... Incorporation question

Dist.-Atty. Penney and Asst. District Attorney Frederick Hall will assist in the prosecution, till late this evening. A

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Picturesque Places Along the Russian River.



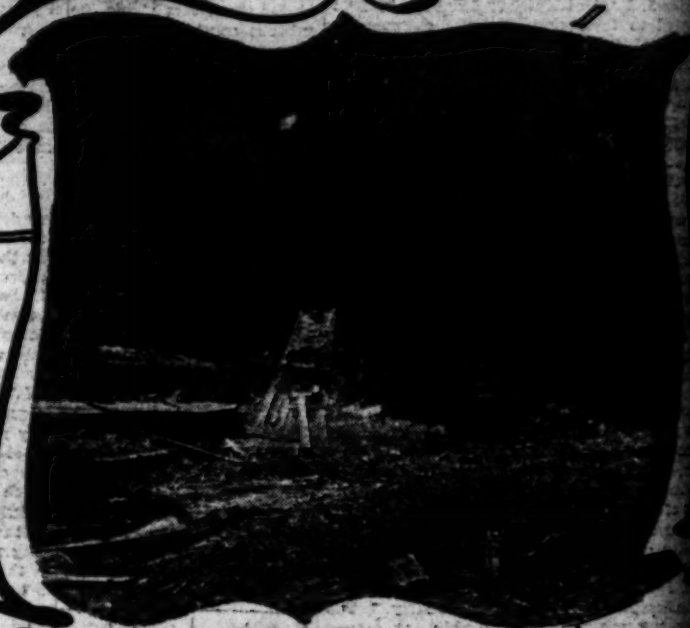
The Turns Still Stay On.
Wooded & Steep.
Russian River.



Reflections,
Russian River.



The Camper's
Friend.



The Old Mill, Russian River.

A BEAUTIFUL VALLEY.

DELIGHTFUL REGION IN WHICH TO MAKE A
SUMMER CAMPING TOUR.

By a Special Contributor.

CALIFORNIA can boast many places grander in aspect than can be found on the Russian River, but I doubt if there exists anywhere scenery more picturesque and lovely than that between Guerneville and Bohemia Grove, a distance of perhaps five miles.

Like all streams fed by the mountains, it is in winter a torrent, and in its effort to straighten things out dashes with mad impetuosity against the opposing sides of the innumerable turns in its course. It proves an unavailing waste of energy, for the turns still stay, wooded and steep, and June finds a stream with so little vitality left that a newcomer cannot determine unaided in which direction it is going.

But all honest effort bears fruit, more often than not. It is true, of another sort than is anticipated or desired, but still fruit, and frequently it is a much better sort. That is the case with this little river. It will probably never succeed in making a short cut to the sea, but it leaves yearly traces of its attempts that are infinitely more interesting than would be the fruition of its desires. And the many subtle evidences of this successful failure are among the factors that invest the stream with a very personal charm and make it altogether adorable.

From the break of dawn that reveals a thin gray mist drawn close as a winding sheet over its sleeping bosom, and which lifts again and again only to fall and envelop the idler more closely, until the wind, awaking, discovers and sends it off in whirling, scurrying wreaths, through the long day, till night covers river and shore alike, there is no hour in which it does not present some new phase of beauty. There is the contour of bank, with its crowding ferns and reeds on one side, and on the other long reaches of shimmering sand; there are steep sloping hills that spring up on both sides, covered with a bewildering array of color and vegetation; there are long lines of silvery-leaved willows that gleam in the twilight; there are glimpses of far-off mountains blue

with the distance; there are such faithful reflections it is sometimes hard to determine where the shore line is; and there is the water itself, an emerald mirror, dark where are the holes in which black bass hide from the angle and light in the shallows to warn the boatmen. And over it all is a serenity and silence that no disturbance nor noise made by mortals seems to affect.

If there were only this enchanting river to lure one here for a summer beside it, it would be enough, but there are other attractions almost as potent, namely, the redwood groves; not the Sequoia gigantea, but its first cousin, sempervirens, a preeminently respectable relation whom no one would dream of calling "poor." Even the "second growth," which is "once removed," and would look humble enough by the side of its lordly relative, has a dignity and beauty that appeals to the innermost heart of one, at the same time that its com-

fortable shade and manner of growth make it a spot to pitch a tent.

Until an obliging Guerneville drayman effects and me beneath a clump of the "growth" was a Sanscrit term. Then I saw a stump, with a great number of trees—many growing around it and varying in size from three feet in diameter to saplings no larger than a wrist.

The deputy sheriff of Sonoma county, of his time in summer in this neighborhood after the interests of the innumerable camper river—and hail fellow he is, too, to the good. He told me that he was present some years ago when the magnificent virgin growth in the wood grove was cut to make room for—although giants stand here and there over the fifty years to attest what was and what might have been.

September 22, 1901

over the motive that remain that sprang for it. Elsewhere the same prodigious young shoots were p are whole fields of grapes, but whatever black, uncompromising vandalism. To one bandry it looks an forced themselves Why was so much if space was want fact that this tree is its roots is the an saw through and can get them out—so

Of course this kno mense vitality and in California, the ne such a size in the Gu of years. Unlike the far above the ground hand-breadth of shad branches, and in the set up, tables spread open spaces are reser are always cool in th unbearable by day, is peet campkeeping wi housekeeping in the follows an orderly m complete revelation to

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over the motive that permitted the vigorous shoots to remain that sprang up around the stumps we are grateful for it. Elsewhere throughout this country there was the same prodigious sacrifice of the redwood, but the young shoots were persistently destroyed, and now there are whole fields of stumps and hops, or stumps and grapes, but whatever else always stumps, grim and black, uncompromising mementos of an unparalleled vandalism. To one acquainted with New England husbandry it looks an appalling waste, and two questions forced themselves upon the deputy sheriff for answer: Why was so much timber left in the stumps, and why, if space was wanted, weren't they grubbed up? The fact that this tree is exceedingly tough and knotty near its roots is the answer to both, for they cannot be sawed through and only a vast quantity of gunpowder can get them out—so much that it does not pay to do it.

Of course this knotted mass is the secret of its immense vitality and helps one to understand how, even in California, the new trees have been able to attain such a size in the Guerneville grove in less than a score of years. Unlike the first growth, whose limbs begin so far above the ground that they cast no more than a hand-breadth of shadow, these have low, spreading branches, and in their friendly shade camp stoves are set up, tables spread and hammocks hung. The more open spaces are reserved for tents because the nights are always cool in this region and the stored-up heat, unbearable by day, is grateful enough at night. I suspect campkeeping will come to be as fine an art as housekeeping in the near future, for the comfort that follows an orderly method in this semi-gypsy life is a complete revelation to a novice.

In the Armstrong grove, which lies back from the river, and is reached by a pretty, winding, lane-like road, no sound of ax nor saw has ever been heard. It was my good fortune to spend a day there while the G.A.R. was in camp. Nothing could have been more appropriate than a reunion of those gray-haired men among these stately old trees—both scarred and broken by many a battle, many a storm, and each in his realm a powerful testimony to its highest law, Right and Might. It was a day worth a whole year of ordinary detail. A gentle breeze just stirred the branches overhead to a sympathetic murmur as I listened to the stories of one who, when not yet out of his teens, enlisted in '62 and served till the end, being released at the last from Libby Prison. It chanced that he was a southerner, a Kentuckian, I believe, and he had that soft voice and drawl that no length of residence in our nervous climate can eradicate. I had read a hundred times of the managements he was in, and knew somewhat the woe and suffering and cruelty of those awful days, but it gathered new meaning, as he told it with the vividness

of a boy's impressions, while stopping now and then till a quiver in his quiet voice was gone. In the afternoon there were speeches by the "talent of the county," the great feature being the dedicatory address, which named and consecrated the largest tree in the grove to the memory of Col. Armstrong. The place belonged to him and his title was gained in the Civil War. The solemnity of the place and the simplicity of the ceremony combined to make it as touching and fitting a memorial as could have been devised.

In the Bohemia grove the trees are finer than in the Armstrong grove, but on the other hand the tangled, luxuriant underbrush is wanting which gives so much charm to the latter. The famous Bohemian Club of San Francisco owns this grove and, very rightly, cares for it jealously. It consists of a long, narrow cañon, divided midway by the sides coming quite close together; at the lower end of the upper part a depression is to be cemented this fall and a tiny lake added to the many attractions. The more picturesque entrance is through the lower cañon over a logging-train track which "went with the place" when the club bought it a few years ago, and oddly enough one does not find himself wishing it were not there, as is so often the case when man's handiwork is in too close juxtaposition with nature's; but then it stops before the upper cañon is reached where the largest trees are and where it is like being in a vast cathedral with serried, living columns, and with an unseen organist playing an everlasting requiem somewhere up among their capitals. The carefully-kept ground is a wonderful mosaic done in irregular tesserae of sunshine and shadow, while some of the trees bear tablets inscribed to the memory of loved and lost companions, which further increases the impression of a temple and leads to hushed voices.

The several hundred gentlemen who constitute the Bohemian Club camp here some weeks each summer, and include the celebrated "High Jinks" in their festivities. It is hinted that the exercises are not so strictly religious as the character of the place suggests, but members of the fraternity tell no tales, and the uninitiated will have no means of ascertaining, since the public is cordially invited, by notes written on barbed wire, to stay away.

However, Dame Rumor, who never scruples as to authority, says that the platform, among other things, is used for drama, and that the "professional boards" would go and hide themselves forever in their native forests, from sheer envy of the wit and talent, if they could once get a peep. Be that as it may, the scenic effect must be superb, for the stage is arranged in such a way that from the "pit," where the audience sits on logs, the trees in front seem to be upon it. Directly at the rear begins a rather steep slope, covered with

ferns, shrubs, and small trees in such profusion, which is true also of both sides of the cañon from end to end, but in this particular spot are many winding paths which, at night, lighted by the same genius that devised them, must prove a master stroke of effective realism.

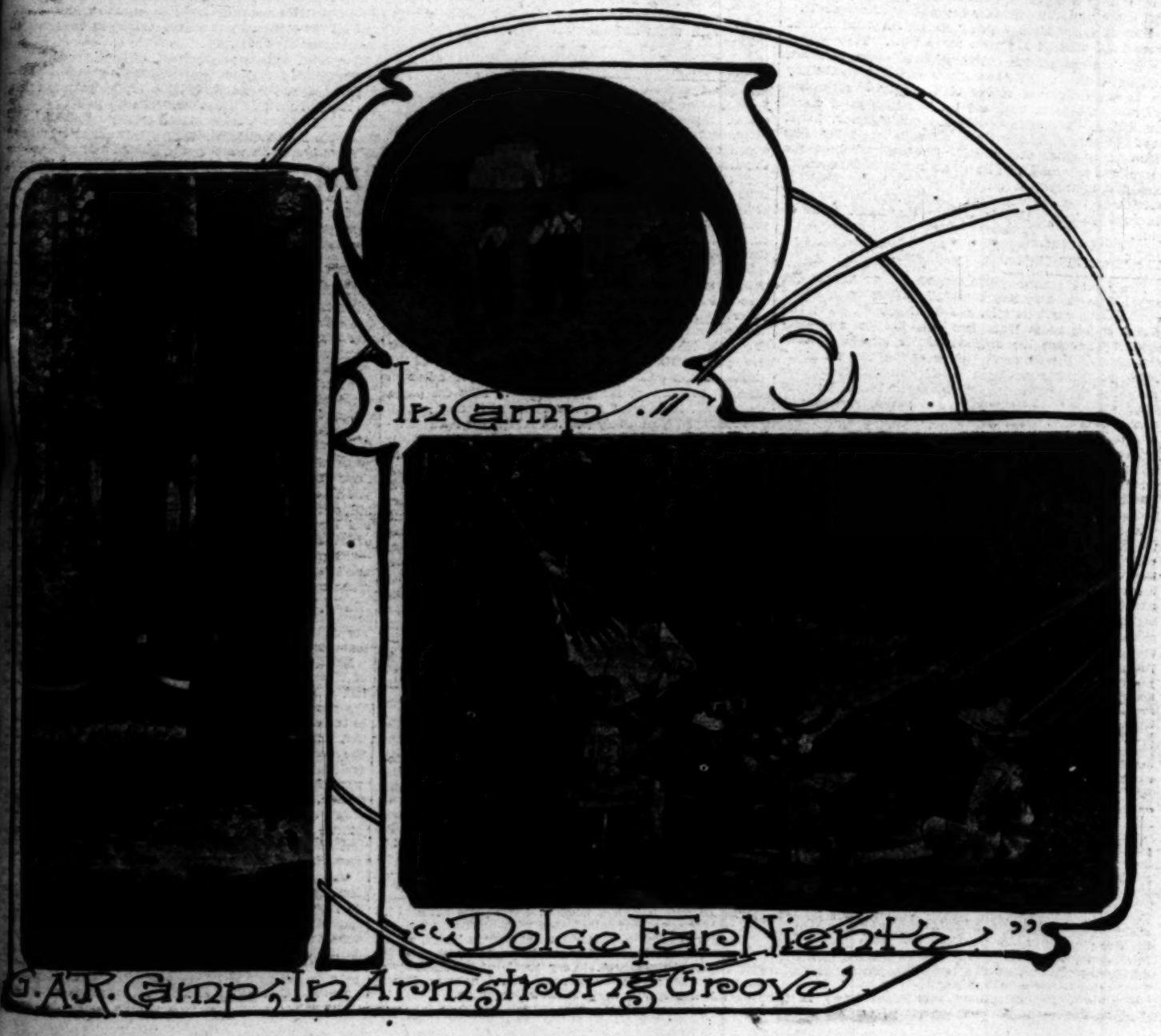
An owl with an "I-could-if-I-would" look is perched now upon the deserted platform, but he keeps a discreet silence. As a matter of fact we aren't very curious and take but a listless interest in the tales of splendor the courteous keeper is telling to one who "wants to know"—a keeper who is as evidently proud of his position as he is awed by the magnitude of the preparations going forward for the coming weeks. A whisper is in the air that next year the grove is to be closed to outsiders. Unless there is some good reason, it seems a pity, for hundreds of summer visitors to this vicinity find here something to be remembered forever with pleasure and profit.

Not so grand, truly, but most pleasant and homelike is our own grove, where there are said to be between 500 and 600 campers, though one would not suspect it, for so admirably are the clumps arranged and so low their branches that from any one point not more than half a dozen tents can be seen; then sawdust from the old mill up the river has been strewn thickly over the innumerable narrow, winding roads, so that no footfall nor sound of passing hucksters can be heard. And playing children, scolding bluejays, and busy thrushes seem the only tenants of the place, their voices sharp and clear against the low-toned music of the redwoods.

If one wanted more proof of the ascent of man from lowly sources, a study of the "camping habit" would be as convincing as the prehensile toes and fingers of babies. I am not sure that it is not a menace to our long, slowly-upbuilt civilization, of which we are so proud, and that Time is not about to strike for the pendulum to make a swing from things ultra to things simple, for there is a fascination about it, that to yield one's self to a single experience is to go on multiplying it to the end of his days, unless he gives himself outright to the overwhelming desire, which presumably crops up from a remote past, not to return to town, but go gyping for evermore.

It is certain that each year adds to the number of those who take their vacation this way, and it is estimated that no less than 30,000 people have been camping out in California this summer—if it were double that number it would not be surprising. No one can conceive its charm until he has tried it, for no words can give an adequate idea of its utter freedom from care, the relaxation of body and mind with the healthful tone that both take on and which is rapidly confirmed and strengthened by a vigorous appetite and dreamless slumber.

MARTIN CURTIS.



FRANCISCO—by the "Fast Line"—24 Hours
Detectives on Ciew of Plot.
Bering Straits to be Crossed.
3. Chief of Colville Indians Blain.
British Gloomy over Boers.
Proposed memorial services at San Francisco... Big hotel scheme hatching at Ocean Park... Leonards may have to leave Santa Ana... Irrigation matters at Anaheim... Incorporation questions... Dist. Atty. Penney and Asst. Atty. Gen. H. H. H. will assist in the prosecution, till late this evening.

ROMANCE OF THE ZOO.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE EAGLES, VULTURES AND HAWKS.

BY C. J. CORNISH, F.Z.S., ETC.

(Author of "Life at the Zoo," "Wild England of Today," "Animals at Work and Play," Etc.)

IT IS not an easy matter to keep birds like the eagles and great vultures in good health. This partly accounts for the poor condition which the finest of all birds so often show in the Zoological Gardens. But the cages in which they live are ill-constructed, and the birds do not enjoy a chance of thriving as they might. I say this with reason. The oldest eagle at the Zoo is not 6 years old. In the splendid aviaries built by the late Lord Lilford, at Lilford Hall, near Oundle, where the birds are looked after, and the kind and quantity of their food regulated by the late lord's falconer, there are at this time two imperial eagles, which have been thirty years in captivity, and an Egyptian vulture which has been in the collection for forty-three years. These are all kept in roofed houses, with floors of dry, deep shell gravel. At the Zoo the floors of the cages are of concrete, cold and hard. They soon become filthy, and are then sluiced with water, so that the eagles are often standing on wet floors, and therefore get rheumatism and broken, dirty plumage.

Eagles and Their Ways.

There are the golden eagles, the white-tailed sea eagle, the imperial eagle, and some smaller birds, and the great bearded vultures or lammergeier, which used to haunt the Alps, and are found in all the great mountain ranges from the Pyrenees to the Himalaya, and also in Africa. Modern naturalists have studied the habits of the lammergeier carefully, mainly in consequence of the stories told of its ferocity by the Swiss mountaineers. These are wrongly credited to the lammergeier. The golden eagle, not the bearded vulture, was the culprit. But it is a very remarkable bird, something half way between the vultures and eagles in shape, but larger than the eagles, and far more noble looking than the vultures. It has not a "yew neck," like the vulture, but with its upright carriage, hooked beak, black beard and fierce crimson eye, is a very imposing creature. From exaggerating the strength of the lammergeier naturalists have gone to the other extreme, and rather depreciate its powers. It lives mainly on dead flesh, and has an astonishing power of swallowing and digesting bones. It is said to fly high into the air with a big bone, and to let it drop on the rocks, and break up there. Smaller bones it swallows whole.

Two of these birds which belonged to Lord Lilford were kept wild in his park for a year. They soared up to immense heights till they were almost invisible, and would then come down like a rocket from the sky on to the lofty roof of the Hall. They lived almost entirely on ribs of beef, cut up into lengths of about six inches. Bruce, the early African explorer, found the lammergeier in Abyssinia, where it was called Abu Dron "the father of beards." One descended on the camp, and carried off in its feet a leg of mutton which had just been put in an open pot to boil. The Zoo specimens usually look very forlorn and shabby, but in good plumage this is one of the finest birds of prey.

The "Imperial" Eagles.

The Scotch golden eagles are as fine as any in the world. The same species, found in Algiers or in hotter countries, is much smaller and lighter built. The Imperial eagles come from Southern Europe, especially Spain. They are the original of the Roman emblem, and also of the Prussian "order of the Black Eagle." Those at the Zoo are light brown, but this is because they are young birds. They grow black as they grow older. Their shoulders are white, and though they are not so large as the golden eagles they are fine, fierce-looking birds. Two golden eagles were captured in a curious way. They were found on the ground fighting, and so firmly grasped in each other's talons, that their discoverer laid hands on both, and "walked" or dragged them into custody, which, as they were fighting near a public path, was only proper.

In a recent article in the "Cornhill" it was concluded that the maximum weight which an eagle can carry with comfort is about seven pounds. As this is about the weight of a month-old child, the stories of their having occasionally picked up babies, left lying on the mountain pastures, and carried them for some distance, are not incredible physically. The size of eagles varies as much as their color. Mr. Harting, in a recent letter to the Field, quoted weights of golden eagles from eight pounds to twenty-six pounds. The latter seems beyond the probable limit. But the writer has seen a female sea eagle which could not have weighed less than fourteen pounds. This was in the fine private collection of eagles made by the late Dr. Meinertzhagen, at Mottinport Abbey on the Test. He had his sea eagles loose in the grounds, where they enjoyed life in their own way, killing chickens and cats, and on one occasion carrying off a trout just landed from the river.

"Of Astonishing Beauty."

Fine though our European eagles are, they are surpassed in beauty by some of those of Africa and Australia. There is a race, called the "Hawk Eagles," of astonishing beauty. Some have crests; most are bluish gray and white, or barred with white. The Martial Hawk-eagle, the finest of all, has its breast spotted with black circles the size of a signet in a ring, and all have the fierce brow, dark eye and set, determined look of the eagle race in perfection. The hawk-eagles are kept in winter in the rooms behind the eagles in which the flamingos and curassows live, near the pelican house, as they are natives of hot climates.

An interesting discussion was raised lately in the

Field as to which is the largest bird which flies. Of these mentioned as possible competitors all may be seen at the Zoo except the giant albatross. The discussion led to rather curious results. Among the birds "tabled" for reference were the swan, golden eagle albatross condor, griffon vulture and pelican. It was found, on looking up the weight given by naturalists, that these were probably all lighter than the bustard, the cock of which has been shot weighing as much as thirty pounds. The largest swan weight recorded is twenty-six pounds. The weight of a big condor was not given, but it is difficult to believe that it is not heavier than a bustard or swan. A look at the two very fine specimens at the Zoo suggests this. Moreover the size of the flight feather of a condor bears the same proportion to that of a swan or a bustard as a walking-stick does to a pencil. If the largest primary of a condor is taken in the hand and beaten straight downward there is a feeling of resistance almost like that made by a stiff breeze on the inside of an umbrella. The other great birds of flight, the vultures and pelicans, whose feats of soaring rival those of the eagles, should be noticed. No one looking at the pelican would believe that such huge and awkward birds are great performers in the air. But they are. In Egypt and Central Africa, the return of the pelicans to their roosting places at night is often made at such vast heights that they seem to be dropping from the upper regions of sky into the range of vision. Their enormous wings are then expanded into parachutes, and they descend through thousands of feet to the marshes where they sleep. The oldest bird in the Zoo is a pelican from Syria. It is 30 years old. The flamingoes close by are a curious contrast in their elegance and lightness to the pelicans. They also haunt the African rivers, but one species breeds in the marshes of the south of Spain, and one or two wanderers have been shot in England. Most people have a dislike for vultures, but in the autumn, when they have their new feathers, many of the vultures show magnificent plumage. As they live on fresh food at the Zoo there is nothing unpleasant in visiting them. They have one or two interesting neighbors also, especially the Bateleur eagle, from South Africa. This is the only brightly-colored species among the eagles. Its beak and feet are coral red, and the rest of its plumage a bold mixture of black, bright chestnut and white. It has a short tail, and its method of hunting is curious. It flies with its head pressed against its breast, looking backward, the short tail not impeding the view. It is the habit of the small animals on the veldt to squat when a bird of prey comes over them, and when it is passed to jump up and run back. The Bateleur eagle's method of surveying the ground enables it to see the attempts at escape, when it whisks round, and starts in pursuit. A very handsome eagle close by is the Chilean sea eagle. When young it is light brown, but on the moult changes to a most beautiful soft gray like a pigeon's breast, barred with white and black.

Vultures—Ugly and Beautiful.

Vultures are so useful as scavengers in India that there is a fine for shooting one in Bombay and other big towns. Some of the Indian birds would be quite handsome, were it not for the ugly stoop of the neck which they have in common with all their tribe. The Pondicherry vulture has a beak much like an eagle, with sharp cutting edges. The back feathers are beautiful objects, creamy-tawny, tipped with horseshoes of black. The legs are pink, and the head a clear mauve pink, the eye dark and bright. Egyptian vultures of the small kind are almost disgusting. Not so the great Griffon-vulture of Spain and the lower Danube, or its relative the Rupell's vulture of North Africa. The Griffon is also found in Austria, Tyrol, Greece, Palestine and North Africa. These two vultures have heads covered with soft down, bright hazel eyes and exquisite tawny feathers, and a neck "box" of streamers like the cock heron's breast plume. They breed in high precipices and mountain cliffs. Their egg is one of the prizes of the collector, as highly prized, if taken in Europe, as those of the golden eagle. Like the eagle, their habit is to use the same eyrie, or if not, part of the same precipice, every year. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of these great birds of flight is the very slight variation in the forms and habits compared with the immense area of the globe over which they range. Like the whales and huge cetaceans which have the power to wander over the whole ocean, they have no local limits set by mere difficulties of movement. They have but to spread their wings and sail if they like to the ends of the earth. The vultures are more limited by food supply than the eagles, because civilization has made parts of the earth too clean for them. There are no dead bullocks and sheep left lying about for them to eat. But the eagles can get a living from the poles to the equator, for wherever there is living food, there they can find a meal. There is practically no difference between the sea eagles of Scotland and those of California, and the huge fossil raptors whose bones were found in Patagonia were equipped with an almost identical armament with that of the eagles of today.

THE WORD "ASSASSIN."

Assassination is a crime of peculiar abhorrence to men of Teutonic or northern stock and speech. It is a crime also of peculiar abhorrence to the English-speaking world, which in its main elements is the offspring of Teutonic stock. The idea and the act which this abominable word represents are so foreign to our race that we had to go to another language for the word to call it by. We get the word "assassin" from the Arabic. It comes to us through Spanish and French, probably through Arabs who brought it into Spain. The Arabic is said to be "hash-hashin," literally hashish-eaters—an order or sect so-called because the agents selected to do murder were first intoxicated with hashish. This, as is well known, is a preparation of Indian hemp, which is either smoked, drunk as an infusion, or chewed for its intoxicating effects. Very much of the history of peoples with revelation of their moral nature, lies in the words they make.—[Portland Oregonian.]

WOMEN OF GERMAN

THEIR SOCIAL, DOMESTIC AND ECONOMIC POSITION.

By a Special Contributor.

IN ANCIENT times the women of the German Empire enjoyed a degree of freedom and authority which has marked contrast to the restricted and subordinate sphere of their successors today. They were law-givers, having a voice in all matters relating to the public weal, and it was inevitable that these fearless sons, inheriting the strength and courage of such mothers, should have been men when they confronted the legions of Rome. Today, with all her military prestige and power, the women of Germany, except of the very best classes, are little more than upper servants, and real authority in ordering the affairs of the household every penny of expenditure, no matter how small, may have been a part of the wife's own domain, carefully supervised by the husband, who is her major domo.

A German girl is taught subservience and obedience from the moment she is able to understand. As a child, she must obey her father; as a woman, her husband is her master; and, should he die, she thinks, plans and acts for her. Only in exceptional instances is she supposed to be capable of acting for herself. Her property rights are determined from birth to death she is a minor in the eyes of the law.

Until very recently there was a great difference in the education of boys and girls. Boys were educated with the utmost industry, with little rest and few holidays, that they might stand the examinations, which are the open sesame to advancement in every field, educational, civil or military. With no such incentive, had a much less reason Latin having been forbidden them in the public schools on the ground that their mental powers were equal to so great a task. Mathematics was not taught on the same ground, and an undue length was devoted to instruction in sewing and needlework, in which girls are so well drilled at home that it seems hardly worth while to carry it into the study hours, which are none too many.

A girl's home training is indeed the main education. A domestic creature above all else, she is trained in the art of cooking, in making the queer sausages and cakes in which the German men are so fond. Compared to her brother, she is of little consequence. Every sacrifice must be made to establish his career, and all the economies, therefore, fall upon the shoulders of the household.

The most important event of early girlhood is confirmation, for which the candidate is prepared by being placed under the instruction of the pastor, the family should be Catholics, when the priest is of this duty. After weeks of laborious preparation, the candidate is in readiness, and, with hundreds of presents herself in white gown, gloves, veil and shoes, at the church, where she is formally received into communion of the church. The confirmation is held on Palm Sunday, and the church is usually a blaze of flowers and greenery on the important occasion. Home there are congratulations, feasting and the newly-made communicant being the center of the fest.

There is very little social intercourse between men and women; nothing, indeed, of that pleasant kind which obtains in our own country, where the rich life, and is full of benefit for both sexes. Ever intellectual training German women receive in the middle class—the home and the school—prepares them for a life of the most refined and refined life—make any use of it. Absorbed in the home in accordance with the behest of the present, they could not be intellectual companions to the educated husband and brothers, if they wished.

Husbands and sons take themselves off to the German substitute for the club—where, in the mugs of beer and in clouds of tobacco, they discuss their huge meerschaums, they discuss affairs of state and all other questions of general interest. The talk of such matters to wife and daughter, as the Englishmen are wont to do—a means of education in itself. Christmas, Easter and "Pfingsten"—are the three great annual festivals, and to these are added the family birthdays. The women make much work for the women folk in the baking and brewing which they accommodate to the must the cakes peculiar to each stated season, and, in the gifts, also, which are very often of manufacture.

Each bride is supposed to be furnished with a linen—clothing, napery and bed linen—for a lifetime, and which is added to the dowry. The establishment of quarterly wash days, and the general cleansing and renovating, with the laundry filling the house for a week, the residents of cities send the linen to the country, when it must be done at home it is a sort of season, in which the whole family suffer and the frau's temper is sorely tried. Bread baking is inherited from German housekeeping lessons, and is materially, and simple living, the absence of any display, is the almost universal rule.

The two solemn social functions are the Klatsch—literally, the coffee fight—and the Waldersee. At all such ceremonial precedents is the importance of a sacred edict. Upon no other would the hostess yield to the guest of a house in life the place and honor that belongs to her. Nor would she shorten the grand pageant by so much as a single consonant. To the Frau Generalin—is assigned the place of

the stiff-backed, lace-covered table, the Frau Hauptmann—the woman of wealth and virtue, the lady is seated. A knitting, in pretense, and the discussion of the best, with any must be dealt with present. Men are Klatsch are usual. Dinner is a social affair, the arrival of the guests to a separate talk politics—guaranteeing the drawing-room guests on almost a cake serve to amuse formal feast at table, the Frau Hauptmann of the guest—bringing up assigned an unobtrusive.

There are few opportunities in business in France and elsewhere, control of the wife shops, and, in the but in the actual grain and gathering districts they also in the cultivation of the vintage. In produce in the market-hall-carriers and the absence of men, a life in the army.

Midwives and teachers in every town are fully trained for their made their way for Siebel and Fraulein having distinguished reign of Frederick's permission to doctorate degree from Two others of note were Fraulein Franz, farmer on the island daughter of a clergyman, where they found already established. Philadelphia, received the in Germany.

The objection to German seems to be largely class, not the individual who succeeded them, a social position.

Notwithstanding this has discouraged women work or seeking broader has produced women The Empress Augusta, a professor, an artist, literature, art and science was the Princess August by no means brilliant which are the German has been said that she verdict of enemies—tractors. At the same and devotion to her husband.

But it is to the Empress of Queen Victoria, innovations that no German hardihood to suggest.

As the wife of the Crown, she wielded an approved by her husband for its paramount women. She herself a woman of universal international politics, into her sister Louise, she quelled the time with a voluminous correspondence and women of every condition that the Thiergartens, aristocracy, was thrown also instrumental in establishing in various open monuments, however—upon the future development of the establishment of the Victoria of women, and those of other nationalities which is the best that the Empress Frederick private means.

Among women below the lot, in her earlier life, Fraulein Solmar, whose many years. At that time and gathered about her capital, speaking French, with equal facility. "The Englishwoman," the slight impression in her, but always great influence, and her servants, artists and literati, evening until Bismarck, proposed. They met subse-

Several American women high rank, the most notable on Waldersee. Without published order of things, their presence felt, and are more liberal recognition German women.

OF GERMANY.

L. DOMESTIC AND ECONOMIC POSITION.

Special Contributor.

the women of the Germanic tribes of freedom and authority which was lost to the restricted and narrow domesticity of today. They were leaders in all matters pertaining to the home and it was inevitable that the strength and the strength and the strength of the Germanic tribes should have been retained in the domestic life of the Germanic tribes. The Germanic tribes were not only leaders in all matters pertaining to the home, but they were also leaders in all matters pertaining to the state. The Germanic tribes were not only leaders in all matters pertaining to the home, but they were also leaders in all matters pertaining to the state.

taught subservience and obedience to the men. Boys were required to obey their fathers; as a wife, her husband; and, should he die, the son for her. Only in exceptional cases were women capable of thinking and acting for themselves. Their property rights are nominal, and they are a minor in the eyes of the men.

There was a great difference in the education of the boys and girls. Boys were required to study, with little relaxation, and they might stand first in the class. The open avenue to advancement, civil or military. The girls, however, had a much less varied curriculum. Their mental powers were not developed, and an undue length of time was spent in sewing and knitting, which were drilled at home that it would be able to carry it into the practical world. There are none too many.

It is indeed the main consideration in making the queer soup which is the German men's food. The German men are not only leaders in all matters pertaining to the home, but they are also leaders in all matters pertaining to the state. The German men are not only leaders in all matters pertaining to the home, but they are also leaders in all matters pertaining to the state.

most event of early girlhood is the instruction of the candidate is prepared by the instruction of the pastor, who is a Catholic, when the priest performs the ceremony of laborious catechizing. The candidate is then dressed in a white gown, gloves, veil and shoes, and she is formally received into the church. The confirmations begin on the church is usually a lowly ceremony, but it is an important one. The candidate is then dressed in a white gown, gloves, veil and shoes, and she is formally received into the church.

the social intercourse between men and women. Indeed, of that pleasant custom in our own country, which is a relic of the past, the German men are not only leaders in all matters pertaining to the home, but they are also leaders in all matters pertaining to the state. The German men are not only leaders in all matters pertaining to the home, but they are also leaders in all matters pertaining to the state.

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to be furnished with a supply of linen and bed linen, which is added to gradually as the family grows. This generous supply is not only for the family, but it is also for the family. The German men are not only leaders in all matters pertaining to the home, but they are also leaders in all matters pertaining to the state. The German men are not only leaders in all matters pertaining to the home, but they are also leaders in all matters pertaining to the state.

social functions are the most important. The German men are not only leaders in all matters pertaining to the home, but they are also leaders in all matters pertaining to the state. The German men are not only leaders in all matters pertaining to the home, but they are also leaders in all matters pertaining to the state. The German men are not only leaders in all matters pertaining to the home, but they are also leaders in all matters pertaining to the state.

the old-backed sofa, before which is planted the small round table. When she enters all rise, the Frau Professor—the wife of the captain—the Frau Professor, the Frau Kaufmann, and, no matter their graces, wealth and virtue, they remain standing until the great lady is seated. All have brought their work, sewing or knitting, in pretty work bags; coffee and cakes are served and the time is devoted to talk—or, rather, the discussion of the servant question, the price of veal or beef, with any permissible scandal, which, however, must be dealt with discreetly, since young girls are present. Men are not invited. Invitations to a Kaffeeklatsch are usually from five to eight.

Dinner is a much more solemn occasion, and upon the arrival of the guests the husbands betake themselves to a separate apartment, where they smoke and talk politics—guardedly in these days, with the fear of the majesty ever present—while their wives in the drawing-room gossip and knit—the knitting occupying them on almost all occasions. Preliminary tea and coffee serve to ameliorate the pangs of waiting for the more formal feast to follow. In the drawing-room, and at table, the Frau Generalin takes her proper place, the husband of the guests—fixed by their husband's vocation—bringing up the rear of the procession, and being assigned an unobtrusive seat below the salt.

There are few opportunities for German women to engage in business independently; the law of the land, as in France and elsewhere, giving the husband entire control of the wife's earnings. Women carry on small shops, and, in the country, not only work in dairies, but in the actual labor of tilling the soil, sowing the grain and gathering the harvest. In the vine-growing districts they also form an important industrial factor in the cultivation of the vines, and through every stage of the vintage. In the cities they sell their garden produce in the markets, and are frequently employed as carriers and messengers—labor necessitated by the absence of men, a large proportion of whom are serving in the army.

Midwives and trained nurses are employed—the former in every town and city in the empire—and are carefully trained for their calling. Women physicians have made their way for some time, two of eminence, Dr. Siebel and Fraulein Dorothea Christiana Erexleben, having distinguished themselves so long ago as the reign of Frederick the Great. Fraulein Erexleben obtained permission to practice, after having received the doctorate degree from the University of Halle.

Two others of note—pioneers in these latter days—were Fraulein Francisca Tibertius, the daughter of a farmer on the Island Rigus, and Dr. Emily Lehmann, the daughter of a clergyman in Furth. Both settled in Berlin, where they found Dr. Henrietta Hirschfeld, a dentist, already established. She had studied her profession in Philadelphia, received her degree and returned to practice in Germany.

The objection to German women entering professions seems to be largely theoretical; a prejudice against a class, not the individual, since these women, and others who succeeded them, married Germans of high professional position.

Notwithstanding the general policy of repression that has discouraged women from engaging in professional work or seeking broader, intellectual culture, Germany has produced women of notable force and intelligence. The Empress Augusta, grandmother of the present Emperor, professed an interest, as became her rank, in literature, art and science. The present Empress, who was the Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig, while by no means brilliant, possesses those sterling virtues which are the German ideal of the wife and mother. It has been said that she lacks amiability, but this is the verdict of enemies—for even an Empress has her detractors. At the same time, her simplicity and modesty and devotion to her husband are fully acknowledged.

But it is to the Empress Frederick, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, that Germany is indebted for innovations that no German woman would have had the hardihood to suggest. During the lifetime of William II, as the wife of the Crown Prince, the prospective Empress, she wielded an immense influence; an influence approved by her husband, who adored her, and which had for its paramount aim the advancement of German women. She herself a woman of naturally strong mind and been thoroughly well educated. She has been called a woman of universal attainments, familiar with international politics, interested in art and science, and, like her sister Louise, now the Duchess of Argyll, she led the time with brush, pen and pencil, and kept a voluminous correspondence with the eminent men and women of every country in Europe. It is due to her that the Thiergarten, once a pleasure ground for the nobility, was thrown open to the people; and she was instrumental in establishing playgrounds for children in various open squares about Berlin. Her chief monument, however—one destined to have a direct effect upon the future development of Germany—was the establishment of the Victoria Lyceum for the higher education of women, and to which not only Germans, but those of other nationalities are admitted. The tuition, which is the best that the empire affords, is free and the Empress Frederick gave to it liberally of her own private means.

Among women below the rank of royalty, George Eliot, in her earlier letters—about 1855—writes of Fraulein Solmar, whose salon in Berlin was famous for many years. At that time she was between 50 and 60, and gathered about her all the great people in the capital, speaking French, English, Italian and German with equal facility. "There was not," wrote the great Englishwoman, "the slightest warmth of manner or expression in her, but always the same even cheerfulness and intelligence." The Countess Schleinitz also wielded great influence, and her salon was crowded with savants, artists and literateurs, which assembled every evening until Bismarck, who was then Chancellor, intervened. They met subsequently once a week.

Several American women have married Germans of high rank, the most notable of whom is the Countess von Waldsee. Without radically disturbing the established order of things, they have undoubtedly made their presence felt, and are doing their part to secure a more liberal recognition of the rights of progressive German women.

MARY H. KROUT.

"RIDING THE BAG."

THE STORY OF PARACHUTE JUMPING, WHICH BEGAN IN LOS ANGELES.

By a Special Contributor.

THE parachute jumper is a comparatively recent product in the profession of ballooning.

The first parachute jumper, the first man to literally make the leap from the clouds, was Sam Baldwin, now a successful manufacturer of balloons at Quincy, Ill. Baldwin, his brother, and Prof. Van Tassel, three gas-balloon men, happened to meet in a Los Angeles hotel in the summer of 1887. Each had a hard luck story to tell, and it was unanimously agreed that the business had gone to the dogs. As a means of resuscitating it and rescuing it from the canine grasp, Baldwin suggested the parachute leap. The others did not believe it possible for a man to make the jump and live. Out of the chaffing came a determination to make the experiment. None of them was willing to offer himself up as a sacrifice, so a bag of sand was substituted. The balloon was sent up with a long string attached to the parachute rope. When the bag had risen to a height of three-quarters of a mile the cord was pulled and the chute cut loose. It dropped like a log for a hundred feet, then opened and came slowly down to earth. Repeated experiments convinced each that it was a safe trick with a man in place of the bag of sand. Van Tassel then went to Frisco to interview the newspapers and get them to send specials to Los Angeles, but while he was away the impatient Baldwins experimented themselves, and Sam made the first jump in history safely and easily.

The Baldwins were quick to realize the money value of being first in the field, and they started East to inaugurate the sport there. The greatly-incensed Van Tassel broke with them, and getting an outfit, began making ascents himself.

The new act leaped into popular favor at once. The incredible daring of the performance and the seeming fact that it was more than an equal chance that the aeronaut would be dashed to pieces drew immense crowds everywhere the leap was advertised to take place. The man who "rode the bag" could command almost any price he asked. For some time the three balloonists, who told each other hard luck stories in Los Angeles, had the field to themselves. Most of the other aeronauts were afraid of it. With four assistants and a pushing manager the Baldwins made a tour around the world. In a year and a half they netted a cool \$100,000 in cash. To this they added big money secured from the managers of many eastern resorts. Five hundred dollars was the fixed charge for one performance.

With the advent of other "riders of the bag," as the technical term of the profession is, prices began to drop. From \$1000 that was once paid for Fourth of July performances at the big resorts, prices went steadily downward until \$250 was reached. Still more recruits came, and nowadays the ruling price is from \$25 to \$40, due largely to the presence of many "farmers" in the business, men who use it as a means of making a little side money during the summer. No one has ever compiled an accurate list of the number of men who depend upon the parachute jumping as a means of livelihood, but estimates range from 300 to 500, with no basis of guessing how many local performers there are.

The public craze for novelty, combined with the desire to excel, caused a number of startling innovations. First came the man and a woman, then later the dog was added. First the man and woman rode on the same bar. Later they had separate parachutes, tied to the same bar. When the dog arrived on the scene he was given a chute of his own. It was tied to the bar, and when the signal came all that was necessary was to unloose it. Then came the man riding a bicycle in mid-air. When he left the ground he was pedaling at a great rate. This he kept up as long as he was in sight. It looked very risky, but it wasn't. The machine was tied stoutly to the parachute, with the cut-off rope dangling down within reach, while the rider himself was secured by hidden safety appliances to the wheel.

Later came the man who fired himself out of a cannon in mid-air. This was spectacular and taking, but a great deal of a fake. The folded chute was first placed inside a big tube of tin mounted on stanchions and carriage of the same flimsy material, painted black to resemble iron. This was attached to the parachute. Then the performer crawled in. He had concealed in the breast of his leotard the half cost used by all tumbler and trapeze artists, a pistol, provided with blank cartridges. The balloon was released in the ordinary manner, and when it reached a proper height, the aeronaut exploded his cartridge, and "the human cannon ball" dropped into view. Down in an Indiana town an aeronaut with a gas balloon successfully made an ascension with a big farm wagon attached. To add to the realism, the performer sat on the front seat and piled a long whip. Then came the "gang chute." Four men, each with a little chute of his own, went up with the balloon. A big bar like a whiffetree was attached to the balloon. To this the chutes were tied in a row. One by one they were dropped safely to the earth.

Baboons, roosters, cats and other domestic animals have been among those harnessed to little parachutes and set free to ride down to earth. Others have taken pigeons, ducks, doves and other good fliers and let them loose in mid-air. Advertising matter was set adrift in the same manner.

The parachute jumper, as a rule, is not inclined to speculate on his chances of getting back to earth safely after he has once started on the upward journey. Being a rather philosophic sort of a fellow, he makes up his mind before adopting it as a steady profession that it is worse than idle to trouble himself about that part of his work. If he doesn't come down he won't need the money, he concludes, and likely as not the most distressing thought he has as he is being yanked up—

at a terrific rate is that maybe his new tights have got soiled. Almost the first thing he tries to discover as soon as he gets his bearings is whether that careless helper of his forgot to put the cover on the smokestack.

After a mere half-dozen short swings to and fro, the ascent is almost directly upward. The man who is quitting the earth at such a pace is curiously enough the only one who doesn't comprehend that he is doing anything of the kind. As he sits in his trapeze and gazes downward there is no sensation of motion or of giddiness. The earth is dropping away from him. He is sitting still suspended from nothing. It is just as though he had sat himself in a high swing and dropped a broad object downward.

To the novice it is a wonderful sight. The earth seems to be saucer-shaped, the valleys and hills and rivers mere miniatures in wax that the sun has melted and caused to run. Just beneath you seems the lowest point, while the horizons appear to be coming up to meet you. You are looking at the earth through the small end of your opera glass and some one is rapidly turning the focusing bar.

The first two or three seconds after cutting loose is the point where the only real terror is felt. No matter how many times the parachute jumper repeats the experience, he cannot escape the awful sensation, the complete gone-ness at the pit of the stomach. When he is ready to let go he takes a long, full breath, several of them, in fact, sets his muscles at a tension as hard as a rock, and keeps them there. After he does cut loose he dares not breathe. To do so would cause suffocation, a fainting spell. If the chute did not open at all he would never feel the pangs of death. He would have lost all sensibility long before the earth was reached. Sometimes when the chute is slow in unfolding consciousness is lost, but it is only momentarily.

As seen from the bar of a parachute, all things on the earth are grotesquely small, but as distinct and clear cut as a cameo. The appalling thing to sensitive souls is the tremendous, awful silence that prevails. A dog's howl or a bird's song are heard last of all as one ascends. After that a great silence abounds. If there is a strong wind blowing, the aeronaut does not know it. It never passes him. He goes with it and just as rapidly as it travels. A match can be struck in mid-air in the fiercest wind. It won't blow out.

The spectacular part of the ascension is to be found in the acrobatic feats while the outfit is mounting heavenward. This is nerve racking to the spectator, but not disconcerting to the performer. It must be remembered that he feels no sensation of the rush through the air. To him everything appears stationary, save the earth, which is dropping away from him. If he holds by one hand he knows, though the crowd doesn't, that the web bandage which grips him by the wrist will grip him secure, and if he hangs head downward he knows that a pair of horses could not pull him away from a trapeze into the corners of which he has planted his toes.

Withal it is a hard profession. The man who faces danger daily may claim that he becomes so accustomed to its men that he fears it no longer. Externally this may be true, but the nervous system has its limitations, and if the warnings it sometimes sends out are not heeded, death may come in a horrible shape.

Thus the ranks are swelled today by the young and daring; depleted tomorrow by the tried and wise. Few men grow old in the profession. They marry and their wives will not hear to another ascent. They become crippled or frightened into something that promises longer life, even though the price is a humdrum youth.

H. T. DOBBINS.

MAKING ARTIFICIAL WOODS.

A process has just been patented for making artificial woods out of pulp, so as to imitate such costly kinds as mahogany and rosewood. Indeed, the inventor claims to be able, by the help of his machine, to reproduce the appearance of quartered oak, curly maple, birdseye maple, or practically anything else that grows in the forest, so perfectly as to deceive the trained eye. Obviously such an achievement should be of high commercial value, inasmuch as the more expensive woods are luxuries within reach only of people of means, the rarest of them coming from distant tropical countries.

The process does not reproduce the texture of woods, but merely their appearance. The pulp is thrown upon a cylinder by an air blast projected through a number of pipes, and an irregular distribution of the particles is obtained by various devices, such as varying the intensity of the blast and causing the pipes to vibrate. In this way the knots and grain of the natural woods are said to be counterfeited with surprising success.

Artificial woods of this kind are available for use as veneers, the employment of which is so extensive at the present time. Nearly all of the imported natural woods are sold as veneers. They are cut in extremely thin slices, because they are too costly to be used solidly. Mahogany, rosewood, curly ash, figured birch, satinwood and Circassian walnut are most in demand, and veneers made from them bring from 3 cents to 10 cents a foot. Some veneers are worth 20 cents a foot, though mere shavings, and a single log of a rare wood is sometimes valued at as much as \$2000.

Doubtless a principal use is expected to be found for the counterfeited mahogany and other woods in the making of furniture.—[Philadelphia Post.]

AUTOS IN RAILWAY SERVICE.

When Italy, Austria and recently also France have introduced the "automobile" to carry passengers on branch railroads where the small traffic fails to return a profit on ordinary train service, the innovation means mainly that gasoline engines have been found reliable enough for public service. The motive power is the only point of resemblance between the explosion-motor locomotives for railway service and the gasoline automobiles used on the highroads.—[Automobile Topics.]

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

A Whole House to Repaper.

MS. SAN BERNARDINO, says: "I write to ask for advice in regard to the interior of my small home. I have rather a wide hall with parlor and dining-room opening into it. We are going to paint and repaper the whole house and wish to consult you about it. What color shall I have the paint in parlor and dining-room? Should they be alike and the hall different; and what style of paper shall I use in these rooms? I have had carpets alike in the two rooms, but they are a good deal worn and faded and I will have to get something new. I forgot to say I have only about \$500 to spend. I would be glad if you would tell me what to get for curtains and draperies that would be pretty and not too expensive. If you will kindly answer in the paper I will be very grateful."

I would advise you to paint the woodwork in your parlor white, as I judge from your diagram that it is rather colonial in style. Do not have the dead white shade but an old ivory. See to the mixing of the paint yourself and make the painter put a little yellow in the last coat. The high glaze, enamel finish is a little more completely colonial than the "eggshell finish." Use colonial-striped paper in cream, white, and gold with cream ceiling. I wish you could have a hardwood floor in here, but you could not buy fur and Oriental rugs, and lay your hardwood floor and come within your five

the arrangement, with the mirror hung over the mantel and a candelabrum on either side, was most effective. Now, for your dining-room paint your woodwork black with "drop-black" and no varnish. This leaves a dead black surface which polishes readily with a cloth; the effect is very rich and handsome and the result of black paint in a room is the reverse of gloomy; in fact, it lends brilliancy to the color of walls and carpet just as a black frame shows up a picture to advantage. With this treatment, however, you must put brass hinges and knobs on your doors. Use green "Fabricona," which is a prepared burlap, on your walls up to picture mold, above the picture mold and all over ceiling paper with ingrain paper in café au lait. At your windows hang full straight curtains to sill of white-dotted muslin and over them straight full breadths of green linen taffeta matching your walls. The curtains should have a little casing run in the top with no up-standing frill. If this casing is made loose enough, the curtain will slip easily back and forth on the small brass rod from which it hangs. If there are windows in which it is suitable to use also sash curtains in here, have them of thin silk in a creamy shade of yellow. The shades for your lights should also be of this color. You will find that yellow or deep red flowers will look particularly well with this treatment. I would advise golden tan with black paint in your hall. If you have to buy any furniture for hall get it of Flemish oak. For a door curtain I would advise one of the imitation Flemish tapestry. I have seen a beautiful one large enough for an ordinary doorway for \$10. The figures represented Teniers "Village Dance" and were really acceptable from an artistic point of view. The bluish green of the foliage in this tapestry was admirably carried out by another curtain on opposite side of opening of dull blue velour. The effect was charming.

way. Use a rather strong shade of the color of the feet from floor, and finish this edge with a four-inch shelf stained to match other woodwork. This shelf and over ceiling use a color, of the same color. This band of color, tint, will be a good background for your plaster a-brac on candle-shelf, plaster pieces, etc. Your little shelf get your painter or paperhanger some frescoe artist, to stencil a design of disks and arabesques, or anything you fancy in the green. Great rounding sweeps of a green, passed over the surface, if artistically done, can be done most beautifully and is not so expensive, for I have seen it and it is far richer in effect than the most expensive paper that can be used to an unpretentious house. If you would prefer a mulberry red in here, let the color above the café au lait, or creamy tan.

Red Burlap Walls.

E. O'H., San Francisco, writes: "Your Sunday Times on 'The House Beautiful' has interested and pleased me. I should appreciate suggestions from you in regard to a sitting room and living-room. It is twelve and a half by thirteen feet. The back parlor of our flat we have finished. We have covered the walls with red burlap up to the top of the doors (about eight feet). Above that (about eight feet) shows the paper with which the room is decorated. It is a rather ugly, old fashioned paper. We have been thinking of having frieze and ceiling papered with plain light red paper. Can you suggest anything for the frieze? In the room we have a heavy sofa with drop light, bookcase revolving, small desk, a flat couch with pillows over which we have a rug on which are Indian baskets, jars, etc. The chairs are all large and comfortable. The prevailing color is contrasted with green. Between the sitting room and parlor, but in the winter we close them to keep the sitting-room warm, and they then have an ugly appearance. They are very high, at least eight feet. Do you know of any device for improving appearance? Another thing I wish to speak of is a door leading into our sitting-room from the hall. It has been thinking of removing and replacing with portiere. Will you kindly make a suggestion as to what material would be useful and decorative for purpose?"

As you have in this room a mingling of red and green, why not carry out the suggestion still further in this way: For a frieze above your red burlap use a tapestry paper which combines in its design green with red. Your ceiling should be plain white or pale yellow cream with your red walls. You can see a pink or light old rose used with red walls. I do not like it. The best effect is strong red and green. The curtain leading into hall should be a light shade of mulberry red in them; this often has also combined. A grill or lattice work painted in bamboo inserted in top of opening would have effect of opening where sliding doors lead into parlor. This lattice could be introduced in the parlor or room side so as not to interfere with the door. Your curtains upon the bottom of grill, that is the pole several feet. This effect is beautiful. In winter you could hang curtains of red denim in sitting-room side, or better still, set a handsome Japanese screen against the door.

Suggestions for a Farmhouse.

B. E., Petaluma, says: "Given a 'best room' room cottage 14x14—10 feet ceiling—being plastered week with one rough coat; woodwork has been painted two windows; three doors, two of which I want to retain. Material on hand: one 9x6 ingrain drapery green with small ecru color pattern on it. I have rockers, one nice large wicker rocker, solid, and one pretty oak chair; one three-quarter maple spring on legs for couch; a home-made redwood case stained cherry with brass rod for curtain. I have stand and bamboo wall shelves; two small pretty bronze color, but with ugly shade; one with large tissue paper shade. One good picture and several smaller landscapes, bits of sketches from near Golden Gate Park, etc. My pictures are all good. This room opening into dining-room that must have terra cotta for floor tone, as the woodwork and wainscoting are terra cotta. I want to use denim for curtains, couch cover and pillows. In fact, please tell me to do for color and materials. I forgot to say I have a farm."

Do you think you would like the little suggestion in your living-room which is covered with use of dark paint? A dull, old blue color (in the rough plaster) on your walls, and curtains of blue and white-figured Japanese or even Chinese calico in blue and white. If you use of the plain pastel blue, have the ceiling painted mold colored a plain cream. Your dark green denim will also look well. Under your blue curtains hang others of white-dotted muslin. I prefer it, of plain, sheer white organdy. You can be a very dark green, matching your rug. I prefer the latter as being most effective with it, but many who have not the courage of my opinion are afraid of it. Paint and varnish your wicker dark green or broom, and tie in it cushions of white and cotton grege. Your dining-room floor is rather difficult, as terra cotta denim is in pretty shades. I wish you could afford to use scarf curtains here over white-dotted muslin of cotta thin silk. An excellent quality of this silk bought for 35 cents a yard and you can get lovely shades in silk. Use a shade on the lower sitting-room of creamy yellow silk or paper, and inexpensive way to make a silk shade is to take a strip deep enough for lamp and lower edge, then have the strip accordion pleated in ruffle over the frame of shade. This is visible in any color. Hang curtains of green blue thin silk on your cherry bookcase. You can put your pictures will group prettily against plain blue walls. As I do not open my mind to the order it arrives, and there were many who did not know of your request for a speedy reply, I would have been glad to oblige you.



A HANDSOME BREAKFAST ROOM.

hundred, if you have other furnishings to do. The best compromise to get a really fine effect, would be to cover the entire floor of parlor with a Brussels in plain dull blue; a soft shade of old blue that we quite often see used in Turkish rugs. On this lay, in front of the fireplace, divan or piano, two or three small, rich Turkish rugs having blue in them. Now, have your pieces of old mahogany furniture covered with blue tapestry, silk velour or brocade.

I know that all of these materials come in very expensive grades, but they can also be found in soft rich colors and good quality at medium cost. The materials I have mentioned will all wear well, and in old blue will not soil readily, they also have the advantage of combining most beautifully with old mahogany. Hang lace curtains in the windows, selecting them of as handsome quality as your outlay justifies. If you could find at some second-hand store a pair of foot stools having mahogany frames and legs, they would complete your little set most beautifully, if covered with the stuff used on your larger pieces. A wicker tabourette would look well with a sword fern in a Chinese jardiniere between the lace curtains of front window. You should also have two wicker chairs, not the ornate designs, but plain and handsome: Stain these a dark reddish brown and varnish. Cushion one of them with plush in a rather light shade of cold green; it will contrast exquisitely with the dull blue of other furniture. Your chandelier should be of a simple colonial design and a handsome lamp on your mahogany table should have a globe of pale yellow.

Look carefully over your belongings and select the bric-a-brac for use in here which is suggestive of the period of your furnishing; of course, all articles of really foreign make are always acceptable as curios. If you can find a pair of candelabra (or a single candelabrum) with crystal dangles, for your mantel, buy them by all means. I will tell you how you can have an oval mirror for this room that will cost you comparatively little. Search the second-hand shops for an old-fashioned picture in an oval gilt frame; remove the picture and replace it with a mirror. I have seen this done and

A Bungalow With Burlap.

B. W., San Bernardino, writes: "Seeing your article in Sunday's Times on 'Artistic House Furnishing,' I would like your advice on how to furnish a bungalow. The living-room and dining-room have stained ceiling and polished floors. Would you advise burlap for the walls?—and if so what colors to use; and what kind of furniture?"

I think you could not do better than use burlap on your bungalow walls; it is always artistic and effective, but is particularly appropriate for a bungalow. Use "Fabricona," which is burlap prepared for walls. It can be bought in beautiful tones, rich and soft, and is sized so that it will not stretch or sag in using. Your woodwork will look well stained brown to represent Austrian oak. If you have not already finished it in some other way. Whether you use this dark stain or not, you could not furnish more charmingly than with the Austrian, Belgian or Flemish oak furniture. These are three shades of brown and any of them is attractive if a few East Indian or handsome wicker chairs are mingled with them in a living-room. The heavy Dutch shapes that most of these pieces affect are also appropriate for a bungalow dining-room. Especially, if the square Dutch dining table with heavy, square legs is also used, your dining-room, with the treatment I suggest, would be most fascinating with burlap in a soft shade of rather strong yellow on the walls and ceiling, this deepened to almost an orange in India silk curtains for the windows. Red flower-pots with scarlet geraniums blooming in them would look well between these curtains on your window sill. Hang one or two strips (depending on size of doorway) of Madagascar matting on each side of opening into living-room. This matting, which is flexible enough to make beautiful hangings, can be tacked on rings and creased in lengthwise folds; it then frames a doorway delightfully. Use the plain, strong yellow or that which has the red and yellow bayadere stripes. It is foreign-looking to a degree. If you wish cold green on your walls in living-room I would suggest your adapting the stuff in this

The Automatic

BUT the most curious incident in the history of the other German cities, with their number of beer and glass of beer and place in the prospect underneath a spoon your glass is foaming the sandwich, and you may see all. When you have a slot will cause it to be a plate of coffee, milk, salami, warm dishes, a cup of a coin and fresh. Tables or sit and eat his situations would be man, who loves to but they are quite restaurants, being.

Flower Girls of Vienna

THE thirty flower per house of the against the measure trade of hawking numerous class. rivals that of Paris had cause for complaint of roses was offered asked in their shop said, have been brought at an extremely low may undersell the treaties of the girls' social action until they, whose business one generation to another most profitable season.

Bill's Made by Art.

THOSE who have beach that forms cannot fail to have a prominent feature of hills attain any great a few feet above the fifty feet. They are indigenous to the coarse grass, bay-berry in some sections by about the only species on the New Jersey beach. The monotony stretch of white sand, south, but they are as barriers against tides which in eastern against the sands and hills to the depth of

It may not be general hills upon the New Jersey hand of man. Yet the extremity of Long Beach Inlet to Little Egg Harbor years ago an island was noted on the charts as separated from Long Beach by a narrow channel. The changes continuing formation of the coast waves have had their now no longer an island forms a continuation of one time sailed in and broken extent of sand.

Between the years 1890 strip of sand, its elevations of any magnitude of ordinary tides forced the sea. It was submerged. The necessity of the storm tide United States government investigation, Congress decided to construct a dike was devised to construct a nucleus around which driven to and from the future sand hills. Two parallel rows of stakes, the whole forming a sort of chevron de frisure. The work begun by the course of time is each was formerly low tide forced in by easterly

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

The Automatic Restaurant.

OUT the most notable development of all is the automatic restaurant. There are several of these curious institutions in Berlin, two very fine ones in Friedrich Stasse, and they are also to be found in other German cities. They are large, brilliantly-fitted rooms, with metal and glass walls which contain a great number of pockets and slots. Supposing you want a glass of beer and a sandwich, you drop your 20-pfennig piece in the proper beer place, and, having set a glass underneath a spout, you turn a handle and immediately your glass is foaming full. Then you cross the room to the sandwich department, where, through a glass wall, you may see all the varieties of sandwiches in stock. When you have selected the kind you wish, a coin in the slot will cause it to drop out on a little shelf and thence to a plate or into your hand. Should you desire coffee, milk, salad, cold meat, preserves and, in some cases, warm dishes, they are all to be had for the dropping of a coin and the food furnished is well-cooked and fresh. Tables are provided at which one may stand or sit and eat his lunch. One would think that such institutions would in no wise attract the leisurely German, who loves to sit long over his beer and sausage, but they are quite as popular as our own quick-lunch restaurants, being especially crowded in the evenings.

Flower Girls of Vienna.

THIRTY flower girls who recently invaded the upper house of the Austrian Reichsrath to protest against the measures about to be taken to suppress the trade of hawking flowers in the streets, represented a numerous class. The flower trade of Vienna nearly rivals that of Paris, and the large dealers felt that they had cause for complaint when a well-arranged bouquet of roses was offered on the street for one-sixth the price asked in their shops. Great quantities of flowers, it is said, have been brought to Vienna from Nice and sold at an extremely low figure to the hawkers, that they may undersell the regular florists. The tears and entreaties of the girls have secured a postponement of official action until the autumn, so that the flower seller, whose business is carried on in some families from generation to another, will reap the benefit of their most profitable season. [Unidentified.]

His Made by Art.

ROBE who have visited the seashore, particularly the beach that forms the eastern boundary of New Jersey, cannot fail to have noticed the low sand hills that are a prominent feature of that coast. Very few of these hills attain any great height, ranging from the hillock a few feet above the surface to elevations of forty or fifty feet. They are partially covered with the vegetation indigenous to the coast region, which is principally coarse grass, bay-berry and marsh elder bushes, varied in some sections by dwarf cedars, which appear to be about the only species of tree that springs up naturally on the New Jersey beach. The hills referred to not only relieve the monotony of the apparently interminable stretch of white sand that greets the eye from north to south, but they are also objects of utility, being useful as barriers against the advancing waves and the full gales which in easterly gales beat with mad violence against the sands and cover the low glades between the hills to the depth of several feet.

It may not be generally known that many of the sand hills upon the New Jersey beach owe their origin to the hand of man. Yet such is the fact. The southern extremity of Long Beach, which extends from Barnegat Inlet to Little Egg Harbor, was twenty-five or thirty years ago an island about two miles in length, designated on the charts as Tuckers, or Short Beach. It was separated from Long Beach by the Old Inlet, which in former years was much used by sea-going craft, being suitable for vessels of deep draft.

Changes continually being wrought in the configuration of the coast by the action of the winds and waves have had their effect on Short Beach, which is no longer an island by itself, but is joined to and forms a continuation of Long Beach. Where vessels at one time sailed in and out the Old Inlet is now an unbroken extent of sand.

Between the years 1845 and 1850 Short Beach was a strip of sand, its almost level surface unrelieved by dunes of any magnitude. The island was above the reach of ordinary tides, but when the violent north-easterly forced the sea onto the beach, a great portion of it was submerged. The residents of the island, realizing the necessity of guarding against the encroachments of the storm tides, represented the case to the United States government, and, after a preliminary investigation, Congress appropriated a sum of money sufficient to construct the necessary safeguard. A plan was devised to construct artificial hills, or rather to make a nucleus around which the sand would collect when driven to and fro by the winds. This foundation of the future sand hills was known as a "brush fence." Two parallel rows of stakes were driven in the ground, the spaces between them being about two feet, and the stakes being about three feet apart. Brushwood, dead limbs and bushes were interwoven among the stakes, and at intervals small pieces of timber—most of it being cut up by the sea—were spiked securely to the stakes, the whole forming a double line of fence or a sort of chevaux de frise.

The work begun by man was completed by nature. In the course of time in those localities where the beach was formerly low and bare, and over which the sand was blown in by easterly gales held undisputed sway,

appeared hills sufficiently large to serve as barriers to Old Neptune's advance guards, and a protection to the property of those whose homes are for the greater part of the year exposed to the gales and tides that sweep in from the Atlantic. [Pittsburgh Press.]

Weird Freak of Nature.

THOMAS HIRST, of the Hirst Rug-Manufacturing Company, believes that he has a bonanza in the discovery of a flowing well of sulphuric acid, a freak of nature never before known, sulphuric acid being heretofore produced by expensive artificial means. This phenomenon was first noticed immediately after a recent severe electric storm, when four houses in the city were struck by lightning within a space of fifteen minutes.

A powerful bolt struck a flagpole near the Hirst factory and tore out one end of the big building. When water was drawn from a nearby well it was found to be so impregnated as to be unfit for use. Mr. Hirst endeavored to pump the well dry, but the more he pumped the stronger became the flow of acid. Mr. Hirst took a quantity of the liquid to the office of Dr. George Cunningham yesterday to determine its nature, and an analysis showed it to be sulphuric acid.

The formation of this wonderful product of nature's underground laboratory is explained by local scientists in various ways. The generally accepted theory is that the heavy electrical currents in penetrating the earth struck some rich sulphur deposit, firing it and liberating the resultant sulphur dioxide (SO₂) in turn uniting with the moisture (H₂O) of the earth, and making a chemical reaction, forming the unstable sulphuric acid (H₂SO₃), which immediately combined with another atom of oxygen (O) from the air in the earth to form the sulphuric acid (H₂SO₄).

Another theory is that the phenomenon following the electric storm was merely coincident, the theory being that the subterranean fires played on a stratum of sulphur, liberating large quantities of the sulphur dioxide gas, which, passing through various crevices of the ground, finally reached the moisture layer and formed sulphuric acid by the before-mentioned chemical reaction. [Vineland (N. J.) Special to Philadelphia Record.]

Compulsory Bathing.

WHILE all of the Newport colony are probably willing that their servants should avail themselves of the bathing facilities at the beaches, there is only one of the colony who makes such bathing compulsory, and that is Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer, Sr. Mrs. Havemeyer not only requests her servants to take a daily dip, but has made arrangements with one of the Bellevue avenue bus drivers to call at her villa every morning, when it is not too rainy, at about 6 o'clock for her servants. After the bath the latter are taken back to the villa, where they are due to arrive at 7:30. [New York Times.]

Butterflies Slain by Sun.

IT SEEMS improbable, and yet during the recent hot spell hundreds of butterflies were killed by the sun in the vicinity of Horticultural Hall in Philadelphia. The principal scene of these fatalities was over the greenhouses in which bright geraniums and other flowering plants are kept to replenish the out-door flower beds. These are low glass houses, and the butterflies, seeing the flowers, which radiated great heat, fluttered down to the glass and promptly died beneath the concentrated rays of the sun. During the heated term it was necessary to keep the spraying hose running night and day to save the palms and other tropical plants in Horticultural Hall. One bed of elephant's ears required six gallons of water daily. Owing to this care and subsequent showers the grounds look green and refreshing and the sunken garden in front of the hall is in excellent bloom. [Unidentified.]

Great Thibetan Plateau.

THE bulk of Thibet is the Chang, or Great Thibetan plateau, the highest as well as the largest tableland on the earth, says a St. Petersburg correspondent. An idea of its elevation may best be obtained from the statement of Capt. Hamilton Bower, one of the most highly regarded of recent authorities: "From the end of June until the middle of November the average altitudes of our camps was over 16,000 feet, the lowest being 14,621 and the highest 18,760 feet." During the period already referred to the enormous stretch of country crossed by Capt. Bower's party did not show a single tree, and only two species of shrub, "and these rarely exceeded six inches in height." [Unidentified.]

Bogus Soda Flavors.

THE chemist and the prevention of sale of adulterated and impure food have put their rejected brand on another favorite beverage. Patrons of the soda fountain who have been taught to ask for lemon or vanilla flavoring, for the alleged reason that those syrups were less liable than other to adulteration, will be surprised at the assertion that there is no extract for which substitutes are more often used than vanilla. This is said on the authority of the Massachusetts Board of Health. The true vanilla bean costs from \$12 to \$16 per pound, and were there no substitute it could not be used so freely and so extensively as at present. Vanilla, the active property of the extract, can be made from other substances at a cost of about \$2 per gallon. The artificial compound is chemically identical

with the vanillin found in the true vanilla extract, and therefore, has come to be used extensively by manufacturers and dealers. It has been made for commercial purposes from turpentine, but more satisfactory results are obtained from oil of cloves or benzoic acid, and it is now extracted chiefly from these. It is considered harmless when taken in small quantities and has been found to possess certain medicinal properties. Experiments on frogs with large quantities have, however, caused spinal convulsions. There is some comfort for confirmed soda-water drinkers, and a general warning for others, in the further statement by the Massachusetts authorities that the metallic contamination of the water used in a glass of soda is far more detrimental to health than any adulteration of the flavoring syrup. [Chicago Chronicle.]

Braved Deadly Contagion.

YONKERS, N. Y., special says: Dying of smallpox, Miss Anna Wagner of this city received today from the hands of Very Rev. Dean Albert Lings of St. Joseph's Church, the last sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church. The priest wore his sacred vestments, without any garb which could prevent contracting the disease. He spent nearly a half hour in the hospital. He anointed Miss Wagner with his naked fingers. Later the priest, accompanied by the doctors, proceeded to the lawn in front of the hospital. Placing the consecrated stocks, with his stole, vestments and breviary from which he read the prayers, in a small pile, he ignited and burned them to ashes. During the last thirty-three years Dean Lings has been the chaplain at the hospital and has made regular pilgrimages to the afflicted patients. He is not immune from the disease.

New Artificial Leather.

CONSUL-GENERAL HUGHES at Coburg, Germany, informs the State Department that fibrolem, a new artificial leather, has recently been invented by a Frenchman. It consists of pieces of refuse skins and hides, cut exceedingly small, put into a vat filled with an intensely alkaline solution. After the mass has become pulpy it is placed in a specially constructed machine and after undergoing treatment therein is taken out and put through a paper-making machine. The resulting paper-like substance is cut into large sheets, which are laid one upon another, in lots of from 100 to 1000, and put in a hydraulic press to remove all moisture. The Consul-General says the article is strong and pliable, and can be pressed or molded into all kinds of shapes and patterns. He also states that it is said to make the best kind of wall paper, and decorators who have used it speak of it in the highest terms.

Cabs and Trolleys at Buffalo.

ABS run day and night at Buffalo; not the same cabs, but cabs. And the cab is the tippler's friend. The great barns keep their vehicles moving till midnight; the purely nocturnal gigs and coaches go pr'vateering. I inquired how the horse fared under so Parisian a reversal of night and day. "E do fare well," said the caddy. "E canna be bit nights by flies, an' e canna be 'urted nights by eat." But at this point I sighted a familiar face. Mr. Richard Danforth, operating superintendent of the trolley lines, rode by in his "hurry-up" cart, going home from an electrical complication. He very kindly picked me up, and told me things. The night crews, it seems, mount the cars at 10 and work till 6, getting ten hours' pay for eight hours' labor, though without "relief." They eat their supper at 2 in the morning. These must be trusty souls, the best twentieth of the whole army of trolley-men; for the cars run at high speed, and many of the passengers are also very "fast"—so fast, indeed, that they sometimes give trouble, and the disorder is to be cured only by the laying on of hands. The management instructs conductors to fight only when necessary, but never to be beaten. "Punch, brothers," but "punch with care." Yet on the whole, the world is so constituted that the conductors establish rather an intimate entente with the "rounders." The rounder calls the conductor by his Christian name; the conductor puts the rounder down at his accustomed stopping place, no matter how hilariously unaccountable that particular rounder may have become. This is possible, because the rounder always comes home on the same car; there is nothing so uniform as the regularity of the irregular. Moreover, there is work to be done all night at the car barns—cars to be groomed, endless details and particulars to be inspected. There would also be work for the power house, did not Niagara furnish the power. [R. L. Hart in the Atlantic.]

Matrimonial Paper Reunited Them.

FIVE years ago Miss Myrtle Stewart, a popular teacher, was engaged to marry Logan Haglebarger, the date for the ceremony was set. A lover's quarrel resulted, and the young man went West. An advertisement in a matrimonial paper resulted in a correspondence under assumed names. A marriage proposal was telegraphed Saturday, and a favorable reply wired back. All arrangements were made for the marriage by wire under the assumed names of the correspondents. The groom arrived at Butler Tuesday evening, and a mutual recognition resulted in a complete reconciliation. The young lady was married in the wedding dress prepared five years ago, and the happy couple immediately left for their future home at Taylorville, Ill. [Belleville (O.) Dispatch Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Fresh Literature.

Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

FICTION.

A Novel of Rome.

HALL CAINE has at all times a lofty conception of the power of art to revive the portraiture of individual or national character. Action and scene have been represented by him with color and effect in his records of his own Manxland. Out of the quiet forces of bare statement he has woven the fervors of epic climaxes, and associated them with lofty ideas of charity and heroism. He has also bound the present and past by bonds of sympathy, and some of his creations are so familiar at first sight, that they seem to have wandered from the realms of memory, as in dreams where the new seems old.

One has only to read pages of "A Son of Hager," or "The Deemster," to discover a fine and genuine vitality, and see something of the scope of the author's inspiration.

As the public is well aware, the books of Hall Caine sell by the hundreds of thousands. A large number of readers recognize the high quality of his work. In the choice of biblical characters and heroic legends, the author has produced forms of life of antique power, often moving and impressive.

In Mr. Caine's new novel, "The Eternal City," which appeared as a serial in Collier's Weekly, he changed his outlook from his Manxland to that of a sacristy of Rome, where the serious business in the foreground of his picture, that of reform, with comments annexed, very much interferes with the harmony of the work. There are in the book figure subjects which illustrate power in art, but while the author shows a grasp of both ancient and contemporary life, his success is unequal.

It is not strange that the subject of the unity of Italy should possess an increasing historical and political interest. Characters as diverse as fire and snow are represented by those men who have striven to make Italy more than that which Metetrnick called, "A Geographical Expression."

Marion Crawford's novels have given the public artistic impressions of Roman life. Dr. William Barry made his "Arden Massiter" an appreciated study of Rome. Story, in his "Roba di Roma," gives a vivid idea of the motley crowds which pass, where the Tiber has whirled its turbulent current for so many generations, "Swift like the river of time, turbulent like the history of the place, fleeting, never to return, like the generations that have passed away."

The vast number of historians who have written chronicles and legends of Rome, like Gibbon, Mommsen, Arnold, Long, Merivale and a host of others is still on the increase. Daroy, in his stupendous history, with its every advantage of local color and frequent illustration, is proof of the popular desire to know more of the spot associated with the inspirations of art, where also repose martyrs and witnesses to the truth. Sympathetic intelligence and profound religious feeling hover around the haunted paths of the old city, striving to know the sorrows told by the ancient landmarks along the Appian Way, by which came the influences of our Christianity.

"The Eternal City" is founded on the biblical story of Samson and Delilah, adapted to the conditions of modern life in Rome. The traitress has been somewhat changed in her representation. The character of Samson is a type of the strength of popular rights. Mr. Caine states that he intended the story to have an intellectual message. This message might have been told in the few words of Mazzini: "Each people has a genius, and its genius means its power to prepare some thread for the great web of humanity, which no other nation can contribute. It is the duty of the people to be free and united." The book is an attack on despotic customs in Italy. The running argument of "The Eternal City" may be gathered from the following: Prince Volonna, who had been exiled from Italy, adopted a friendless boy compatriot, who was afterwards known in Rome as David Rossi. Roma, the Prince's daughter, also came to reside there. The plot is one of complexity and dark intrigue. Bonelli, one of the admirers of Roma, tried to coerce her into wedlock, Rossi, in desperate mood, shot him, and then claimed sanctuary at the Vatican.

Roma, roused to a sense of heroic sacrifice through her love for Rossi, assumed the responsibility of Bonelli's death, and was condemned to lifelong imprisonment. She died of an incurable malady. Rossi was saved to the social reformers of Italy. In other words, to quote from Mr. Caine, "the Samson of popular power has to fight the arrogated rights in the name of monarchies, as well as those that come in the name of monarchies."

The book as an artistic production is a failure. It is overweighted with dogmatic discourse. It contains too much of the economic and political tract, which may be found in the every-day haphazard journalism of partisan spirit.

The mental and moral individuality of the heroine is irretrievably hampered by requiring of the reader too much of dubious and unedifying conjecture.

If one has the wish to fraternize with Italian suffering, as philosophers analyze the spectrum and read between the lines, there are pages in "Romola" which show a penetrative and vivifying imagination. Our own Hawthorne has given in his "Maypole of the Fane" types of strictly direct speech, hatred and of women scrupulous in the observance of the sweet habitual courtesies which lend grace and dignity to daily life, those typical women, who belong to all climes, who are capable of subordinating their dearest affections to the commands of duty. It was the death of such a wife which led Ricasoli to knock in vain at the door of his

early tastes and feel like a somnambulist whom death had forgotten to name. Such a woman was the mother of the poet Mameli, who said of her son, "He lived between a song and a battle, and he will dwell in my heart until its latest breath."

The ancient city is the very fire-fountain of romance, and in giving his impressions, no page of Mr. Caine's book is dull or wanting in pictorial interest. Yet Mr. Caine is at his best in his own Manxland, where he may carry with nonchalance those gifts which stamped his initial work. One can but see in this book the impulse resultant from an all-inclusive sympathy, although it is a mistaken expression in the cause of social reform.

[The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. D. Appleton & Co., New York.]

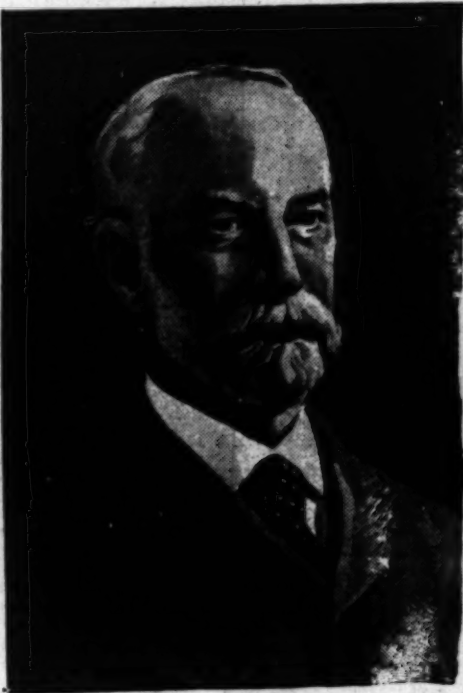
Was He the Dauphin?

Who that has read French history can forget the picture of Louis XVI, when he had been given over to the Commune at Paris? He is represented in his prison life as giving his son religious advice and asking him to pardon those who sought his death and that of his Queen.

The fate of the young Dauphin, who was incarcerated in the tower, has been one of the disputed points of history.

The author of this story, Mrs. Mary Hartwell-Catherwood, in her youth read an argument which asserted that the Dauphin was brought to America, and given to the keeping of a certain Thomas Williams, who was allied to the Iroquois Indians. The Dauphin was known as Eleazar Williams, although the Indians called him "Lazarre."

This Eleazar Williams is said to have also lived in



PROF. CHARLES SEDGWICK MINOT.
New President of the American Academy of Science.

Green Bay, Wis., where he is still remembered. There the author is stated to have seen some precious old books and French souvenirs which convinced her of the identity of the hero of the story. The combination of American ideals, its courage freedom and truth, with the complex standards of the old world, is a part of the invention.

Prince De Joinville is asserted to have visited Williams, who wrote in his diary that the Prince asked him to relinquish his claim to the throne. The novelist's historical attitude is calculated to interest both French and American readers. While parts of the narration may be taken with a grain of salt, the story is told with vividness, which makes it seem the transcript of actual experience. The novel is illustrated by Andrew Castaigne.

[Lazarre. By Mary Hartwell-Catherwood. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.]

For the Nation's Honor.

In the preparation of this volume the author has made a study of the literature of the anti-slavery movement. He has compiled an interesting bibliography. The novel gives a series of fictional presentations of the varied products of the political leadership of the hour. Without rude jostling one encounters Lloyd Garrison, Gerrit Smith, Wendell Phillips, John Brown, Frederick Douglass, and numerous other actualities of the past. The romance winds through stormy times of political excitement, and on to the period of the proclamation of emancipation. The chronicle is one of vivid setting. Portions of Lincoln's address at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg are quoted. There he spoke of the unfinished work of the dead which should be carried on that the "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, should not perish from the earth."

Many of the incidents of the war, as that of the death

of the brave Ellsworth, are told in the graphic manner of Love and Liberty. A Romance of Anti-Slavery Days. By W. C. Townsend. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

Thwarted Hopes.

This novel tells of unhappy marriages, the result of despotic guardianship and misent letters. The heroine, without faith in God or religion, became involved in undesirable conditions. The ignorant woman, devoid of ethical training, lacked stamina and restraint in the hour of weakness and temptation. An eloquent duel, a trial for murder, make parts of the program of a varied table of contents. The lesson taught must be the need of religious training for ideal character.

Romana Morawek, the daughter of a millionaire, is the heroine, and her erratic career furnishes the theme of an episodic story, in which a millionaire builds an orphanage for motherless girls. The novel has considerable power.

[The Million. By Dorothea Gerard (Mrs. Louise Longfellow). Dodd, Meade & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

CHARLES SEDGWICK MINOT.

The newly-elected president of the American Academy of Sciences was born near Boston, in 1852. He is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In the study of biology he received instruction in the universities of Leipzig, Paris and Wurzburg. He received the degree of doctor of science from Harvard in 1880. Prof. Minot is a member of various scientific societies, before whose assemblies he has made numerous popular addresses. The degree of doctor of science was conferred on Prof. Minot by Harvard University in 1880. Various works of physiological value and publications of entomological interest by this author, have received critical appreciation. The election to a professorship at Harvard University and the unanimous choice of the Council of the National American Association for the president is proof that Prof. Minot has won the highest honor that can be conferred on an American scientist by his associates.

SOCIOLOGY.

Studies of China.

The influences which have given both national and individual impulse to the life of China lead the student to the study of a wonderful code of patriarchal traditions. The Chinaman regards the Emperor as the visible embodiment of the will of heaven. Officers appointed by the Emperor, and if found worthy, may in office for life.

Dr. Martin says the three Chinese religions are reconcilable, the Taoist being materialism, the Buddhist idealism, and the Confucian essentially ethical. The state and the people make a unity of them by accepting portions of each. In ordinary ways, their lives are regulated by Confucian forms, in sickness they call on Taoist priests to exorcise evil spirits, and at death they have Buddhist priests to say masses for the repose of the soul. The men who can read, generally prefer to be followers of Confucius. The worship of ancestors is a highly important part in the life of a civilization, said to be far older than that of the Greeks. The earliest authentic account of China is largely known as that of Marco Polo, who lived in the thirteenth years in the country and returned to Europe in 1295. Dr. S. W. Williams, who resided for many years in China, published a work entitled, "The Kingdom." His accomplished son, Frederick W. Williams, professor of modern oriental history in the University, afterward revised and edited new edition, giving additional data on the languages and history of China, with notices of the arts, industries, and life and science of the Chinese. "The Middle Kingdom" has too long been a standard reference work requiring introduction.

At the recent National Chautauqua Assembly, Williams gave a series of brilliant addresses on China. In his concluding picture of the China of the future, he called attention to the fact that derelict empires and hermit nations should be helped to a better state. He said that "Russia awaits an opportunity to reach China, and has already advanced across the Russian Great Britain arrived by the sea, and because the door was not open, she blew it open, and China was forced to recede a little from her cowardly policy of isolation. England's aim is trade and intercourse, Russia's aim is territory and empire. But the real lies behind these immediate facts. If Russia and China will assume the leadership of all Asia, they will sway all these obedient orientals by her own power. But Russia has not shown herself capable of a high national life. This omnivorous and voracious empire, with Asia at her beck and call, would sweep her will to the world. The part of the United States is that of defence and prevention. She should herself unalterably opposed to the occupation of more territory in China by the nations of the East, this her ally would be Japan. Let us convert our present prejudice against the Asiatic nations into out for the United States the role of 'Protector of the Pacific.'"

Without entering into the question of the doctrine, this passage has been quoted for two years. The first is that of the grave importance of the study in its bearing on the political future of the world. It is time that America began to know China. Probably America possesses a greater moral power over China than any other land, for the reason that America has not seized her territory. The book gave to the world the mariner's compass, the great library, and a definite system of education.

architecture, has a neighbor a Prof. Williams Monthly, has written H. Smith. They are "Village Life" Prof. Williams volumes to be of would be hard to markable human is kind by anything of sociology." "Chinese Characters" illustrated edition solves an education Dr. Smith was for the American Board valuable in showing public and private subject of ancestor of any virtue, filial piety," is explained. The hardship women, and the de calls, in this writer. The book has a of life, and this not convince the read Christian civilization value and cannot fail [Chinese Characters] Fifth Edition. Fleming For sale by Fowler B

Beyond the Great Wall.

Another work on China the unexampled past abilities of its future live in a small vista. The world's thought of its welfare will be so topics included in the devoted to "Village Life" One of the most important devoted to "Chinese" a practical commentary situations of China and indefatigable student and the result of the The author has stated state, in which the best as well as the the to their advance in "Village Life in China" Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, \$2. For sale by

Oriental Views.

A second edition of South and North, has a the learned pen of Dr. the Imperial Tungwen editions of the book are and their obvious defect ing native art. Dr. Peking," was a notable had also the merit of re wisdom, with a good var "A Cycle of Cathay" in 1856. In the years of the Taiping rebel graphic description, an books on the great wall of the lotus." The student meanings in the Chinese language will read the ing quality. The importance of the author, who has broad catholicity of spirit and instructive and enter and a map of China. "A Cycle of Cathay," or A. P. Martin, D.D., LL. Price, \$2. For sale by

This Side the Pacific.

Many persons are unaware of the fact that the Chinese population of the United States is estimated at 150,000 had been long been practicing is said to have over 40, distributed in Singapore, B and Japan, the Hawaiian Islands and other regions. Dr. Condit, who has worked many years, tells of his life in China and work of the mission who have been raised up the faithful servants of Christ. The book is of great interest, in showing the instruction and helped. Illustrations. The Chinaman, As We See Him. By Ira M. Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

JUVENILE.

Two-act, forty-five-minute play. May Abbott's famous

reviewer.

to told in the graphic story.
A Romance of Anti-Slavery
and. The Abbey Press, New

happy marriages, the result of
moment letters. The heroine,
ignorant woman, devoid of
tamina and restraint in her
temptation. An elopement, a
make parts of the programme
outs. The lesson taught would
training for ideal character.
daughter of a millionaire, in
atic career furnishes the theme
which a millionaire builds an
girls. The novel has analytic

then Gerard (Mme. Longford de
Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.
Los Angeles.)

EDGEWICK MINOT.

ident of the Academy of
Boston, in 1852. He is a gradu-
ate of the Institute of Technology. In
received instruction in the Uni-
versity of Wurzburg. He received
science from Harvard in 1878.
of various scientific societies,
he has made numerous reports
of doctor of science was con-
ferred Harvard University in 1879.
logical value and publications of
by this author, have received
the election to a professorship
and the unanimous choice of the
American Association for the
Prof. Minot has won the highest
ferred on an American scientific

SCIOLOGY.

have given both national and
the life of China lead the student
terful code of patriarchal tradi-
regards the Emperor as the vic-
will of heaven. Officers are ap-
er, and if found worthy remain

three Chinese religions are in-
creasing materialism, the Buddhist
essentially ethical. Yet to
ake a unity of them by synchro-
nizing ordinary ways, their lives as
forms, in sickness they call in
evil spirits, and at funeral
ents to say masses for the repose
who can read, generally prob-
erious. The worship of deities
important part in the teaching
to be far older than that of the
orthodox account of China pop-
of Marco Polo, who lived sev-
century and returned to Europe in
ame, who resided for forty-three
and a work entitled "The Middle
published son, Frederick W. W.
modern oriental history in the
revised and edited new edition
on the languages and literatures
of the arts, industries, domestic
Chinese. "The Middle Empire"
a standard reference work in

ual Chautauque Assembly, pub-
of brilliant addresses on China,
ere of the China of this time is
fact that derelict communities
ould be helped to a better life
awaiting an opportunity to com-
pelled advanced across the continent
by the sea, and, because China
blew it open, and China was
titled from her cowardly policy of
him in trade and intercourse; Re-
land empire. But the real danger
mediate facts. If Russia secured
leadership of all Asia, and all
ent orientals by her own power,
shown herself capable of evading
This cannibalous and unscrupulous
her back and call, would doom
The part of the United States
posed to the occupation of sev-
na by the nations of Europe, in
Japan. Let us convert our mis-
sionaries against the Asiatic and
states the role of "Protector of the

into the question of the Manchu
has been quoted for two years
the grave importance of oriental
the political future of this
America began to know China
comes a greater moral influ-
other land, for the reason that
her territory. The land was
the mariner's compass, the
definite system of education of

has a special claim to the interest of so
near a neighbor as America.

Prof. Williams, in the September International
Monthly, has written concerning two books by Arthur
H. Smith. They are entitled "Chinese Characteristics"
and "Village Life in China."

Prof. Williams says he considers Dr. Smith's two
volumes to be of "the highest service, and that it
would be hard to overpraise the quality of these re-
markable human documents, which are hardly equalled
in kind by anything to be found in the whole literature
of sociology."

"Chinese Characteristics" comes in an interesting
illustrated edition, whose marginal pictures are in them-
selves an education.

Dr. Smith was for twenty-two years a missionary of
the American Board in China. The work is especially
valuable in showing the traditions, superstitions and
public and private life of the Middle Kingdom. The
subject of ancestor worship, and the belief that "a de-
fect of any virtue, when traced to its root, is a lack of
that piety," is explained as the idea of respect for the
past. The hardship and contempt in the treatment of
women, and the degrading influence of Confucianism
are in this writer's estimation, for better influences.
The book has a penetrating insight into many sides
of life, and this new edition of a standard work can
not convince the reader that China needs the benefit of
Christian civilization. The book is one of peculiar
value and cannot fail to find many readers.

"Chinese Characteristics." By Arthur H. Smith, D.D.
19th Edition. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.
For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

Behind the Great Wall.

Another work on Chinese sociology calls attention to
the unexampled past of the great race, and the pos-
sibilities of its future. The Chinese village is the em-
pire in a small vista. As China is so largely a part of
the world's thought of today, the conditions that affect
it will be seen with interest. Among various
topics included in the book an interesting chapter is
devoted to "Village Temples and Chinese Societies."

One of the most important studies in the work is that
devoted to "Chinese Higher Education." The book is
a practical commentary upon the public and private in-
stitutions of China and is the work of a broad-minded
and indefatigable student. The subject affords an inter-
esting parallel between present Occidental civilization
and the result of the long isolation of the Celestials.
The author has stated his impression with a fair esti-
mate, in which the best qualities of the race are recog-
nized, as well as the tendencies which have been hos-
tile to their advance in civilization.

"Village Life in China." By Arthur H. Smith, D.D.
Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago.
For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

Model Views.

A recent edition of this delightful study of China,
both in form, has a special interest as coming from the
pen of Dr. Martin, President Emeritus of
the Imperial Tungwen College. Many of the illustra-
tions of the book are from drawings by native artists,
and their obvious defects have the interest of illustrat-
ing native art. Dr. Martin's work, "The Siege in
Peking," was a notable account of the whole affair. It
had also the merit of representing the ideas of an eye-
witness, with a good vantage ground of observation.

"A Cycle of Cathay" tells of a first glimpse of China
in 1880. In the years of Dr. Martin's remembrance oc-
curred the Taiping rebellion of 1852, of which he gives
a graphic description, and of various other chapters of
Chinese history. The book contains fascinating out-
looks on the great wall and sacred places of the land
of the lotus. The student of art will find symbolic
meanings in the Chinese decorations, and students of
languages will read the philological chapter of enter-
taining quality. The importance of Tungwen College, of
which Dr. Martin was president, is presented, where the
chief was the training of young men for public service.
A portion of the work is given to the discussion of the
necessary question.

The production is evidently a pious labor on the part
of the author, who has brought to it powers of observa-
tion and catholicity of spirit. The reader will find the
constructive and entertaining. It contains illustra-
tions and a map of China.

"A Cycle of Cathay, or China, South and North." By
E. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D. Fleming H. Revell Com-
pany. Price, \$2. For sale by Fowler Bros., Los An-
geles.]

The Side the Pacific.

Many persons are unaware that California is called
the Sun, Gold Mountain, across the Pacific. In the
year 1882, 20,000 Chinamen were allured here by reports
of abundance of gold. Twenty-five years later it was
estimated that 150,000 had entered this country. Emi-
gration has long been practiced by the Chinese. Ma-
chine is said to have over 40,000 Chinese, and the race is
distributed in Singapore, Burma, Borneo, Java, Korea
and Japan, the Hawaiian Islands, West Indies and many
other regions.

Dr. Condit, who has worked among the Chinese for
many years, tells of their life in San Francisco, and of the
sights and work of the missions there, and the noble
men who have been raised up to lead self-denying lives
in the faithful servants of Christ. The book is one of
unfailing interest, in showing the number who have
been instructed and helped. The work contains maps
and illustrations.

"The Chinaman, As We See Him, and Fifty Years'
Back for Him." By Ira M. Condit, D.D. Fleming H.
Revell Company, New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by
Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

JUVENILE.

A two-act, forty-five-minute play, adapted from
the famous story, "Little Women," has

been written. A special word states that all rights in
the play are reserved by the heirs of Louisa May Al-
cott. But permission is granted to the readers of the
Ladies' Home Journal for an amateur production of this
play, limited to one performance only. All kinds of
professional performances of this play are forbidden.

The little drama, with its representative episodes,
will receive an enthusiastic welcome from the lovers of
Miss Alcott's books. The drama is illustrated.

[The "Little Women" Play. By Elizabeth Lincoln
Gould. Little, Brown & Co., Boston; Curtis Publishing
Company, Philadelphia.]

A Companion Play.

"Little Men" has also been adapted to a play of the
same length, to be presented under the same conditions,
and also illustrated by Reginald B. Birch. The numer-
ous youthful partisans of Miss Alcott's books will find
their essential attractions in these diverting incidents
and adventures.

[The "Little Men" Play. By Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.
Little, Brown & Co., Boston; Curtis Publishing Com-
pany, Philadelphia.]

Sacred Readings.

An acceptable book for a child's Christmas gift is ar-
ranged with selections from the Bible. The book is
fully illustrated from masterpieces of art. The little
book is bound in green and gold, and the pictures of
the life of the Savior will add to the lessons.

[The Story of Jesus, for Children. Compiled and Ar-
ranged by Louise Castle Walbridge. The Abbey Press,
New York. Price, \$1.]

Fables and Fictions.

A number of fanciful tales of little charm, inter-
sprinkled with futile attempts at poetry, make this col-
lection.

[Unique Tales. By M. Z. T. H. Mith. The Abbey
Press, New York. Price, 50 cents.]

NEW MAGAZINES.

The Independent for September contains "The Presi-
dent at Work—A Character Sketch," by Albert Hal-
stead, the son of the veteran editor, Murat Halstead.
The article will have a sad interest at the present hour.
It gives "The Latest Photograph of President McKin-
ley and His Cabinet," and pays deference to the per-
sonal dignity, courteous manners and methodical busi-
ness capacity of the late-lamented President. Jeannette
L. Glider has contributed an article on "The American
Historical Novelists," and Sydney Reid tells of "The
Newest Historical Novel."

The Great Round World is on the list of magazines
of popular interest. William Chauncey Gatra, a former
publisher of the Milwaukee Sentinel, and business man-
ager of the Review of Reviews, has purchased the pub-
lication. (Gates Publishing Company, No. 150 Fifth
avenue, New York.)

The publication of William Vance Thompson's new
novel, "The Killing of the Mandarin," is announced as
an important feature of the October number of the
Criterion.

A notable work is being carried in "Publication of the
Southern History Association," which is issued bi-
monthly by the association at Washington, D. C. The
September number includes a sketch of special value
by Prof. John R. Ficklen of the Tulare University, who
is a member of the administrative council. The article,
"Was Texas Included in the Louisiana Purchase?" shows
that scholastic research for which this author has won
appreciation. The study, with illustrative map, cannot
fail to win a studious interest. Miles White, Jr., has
written "Henry Baker and Descendants," which has been a cause of peren-
nial interest, calls attention to William F. Payson's
"John Vytal," one of the publications of Harper & Bros.,
and various other popular publications. The issue con-
tains book reviews, periodical literature, and notes and
queries of historical interest.

This Literary Era for September contains a sketch of
Lawrence Gilman on "Literature in Music." Lillian
Whiting tells of "The Old Corner Bookstore," in which
was concentrated the literary atmosphere of the past.
Harold C. Hansen describes an hour "With the New
York Publishers." The usual attention is given to the
books of the day.

The Independent for September 12 contains Justin
McCarthy's "Themes of Talk in England," Poultny
Bigelow's "British Comfort at Sea," Prof. Frederick
Starr's "Among Manyon Indians," and various sketches
and book reviews of current interest. The number
deals with the subject of murderous anarchism.

Pearson's Magazine for October contains an illustrated
sketch by J. A. Middleton, "A Painter of Pretty Amer-
ican Women." "The Fate of the Firefly," by Rev. J.
M. Bacon, is one of the leading stories. "The Story of
the States," by Earl Mayo, is the number which gives an
interesting illustrated history of Wyoming.

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s announcement of the pub-
lication of William J. Stillman's "Life of Francisco
Crispien," will interest a wide number, who have con-
fidence in Mr. Stillman's equipment for the work.

McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, announce that
they have begun to print a third edition of Anthony
Hope's new novel, "Tristan of Blent."

The death of John Dimitry at New Orleans, September
7, removes from literature a man of wide and varied oc-
cupations, perfected in this country and Europe.
Mr. Dimitry was for some time connected with the ed-
itorial staff of the New York Mail and Express. He has
written numerous works of biographical and historic
value.

The souvenir catalogue of D. P. Elder and Morgan
Shepard, of San Francisco, is a production of artistic
and literary interest. The issue has special value by
reason of the number of California authors and artists
who are represented in the various departments of the

publication. A promising number of new books are
announced.

Julian Sturgis, who is known chiefly as a translator
and writer of short stories, has written a romance,
"Stephen Calmar," which is among the recent an-
nouncements of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. This
firm are the publishers of "The Life of Turner," by
Sir Walter Armstrong, director of the National Gallery
of Ireland.

Among the recent announcements of the MacMillan
Company are the works of the Rev. George Holley Gil-
bert, which include "The First Interpreters of Jesus,"
"The Revelation of Jesus," and "The Student's Life of
Paul."

Concerning a forthcoming novel the New York Times
says: "Julius Chambers, who will be remembered as
a former managing editor of the New York Herald, and
as the author of several successful books, has just pub-
lished a novel of travel that presents unique character-
istics. In search of local color, with which he sur-
rounds his American characters, Mr. Chambers ascended
the Nile to Khartoum and visited Palestine. The title
of the novel will be 'The Destiny of Doris, a Travel
Story of Three Continents.' It will carry the imprint
of the Continental Publishing Company, No. 24 Mur-
ray street, New York, and sell at 50 cents. Its plot em-
bodies a charming love romance. A young American
millionaire seeks everywhere a beautiful girl of the
highest social connections, whose family has become
impoverished, and finally wins her at the first cataract
of the Nile, not by an act of heroism, but by a coup in
love-making that is carefully described. The young
couple return to the United States at the end of the
honeymoon. 'The Destiny of Doris' will be one of the
most thoroughly illustrated novels published, contain-
ing nearly two hundred pictures in half-tone, from wash
drawings and photographs. Advance orders justify a
first edition of 10,000 copies."

The publishers of "David Harum," D. Appleton & Co.,
New York, have the pleasure of presenting the only other
story written by the lamented Edward Noyes Westcott.
"Shacklett," by Walter Barr, "A Nest of Linnets," by
F. Frankfort Moore, and various other books are on the
list of promising entertainment.

"Lincoln in Story," by Silas G. Pratt; "Mills of God,"
by Elenor McCartney Lane; "The Quiberon Touch," by
Cyrus Townsend Brady; "The Private Life of the Sul-
tan," by Georges Dorys, are among the recent an-
nouncements of D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Alfred Ayres's books, which are among the publica-
tions of D. Appleton & Co., New York, include "Some
Ill-Used Words," "The Orthoepist," "The Verbalist,"
"The Mentor," and various other publications. Mr.
Ayres has long been a careful student of good English.

Press cablegrams from Paris announce that Georges
Dorys has been condemned to death by a Turkish court
at the direction of Sultan Abdul-Hamid. This action
was taken in Constantinople, because of the publication
of M. Dorys's book, "The Private Life of the Sultan,"
which is soon to be published in America by the App'e-
tons. M. Dorys is a young Greek, his father the late Prince
of Samos, was one of the Sultan's ministers, and at
one time Governor of Crete. The Sultan promises to
take vengeance if Dorys is caught in Turkish territory.

Paul Leicester Ford, the historian and novelist, has
written a life of Cooper and an introduction to a new
publication of Cooper's novels, which are to be issued
by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and illustrated by
F. O. C. Darley's original steel engravings.

"Novel Novelties for Novelty Speaking Nobodies," by
Nymphis Nit, is among the publications of J. F. McKi-
heney, Los Angeles. Price, 30 cents. The author is a
resident of this city. The pamphlet is a collection of
short sayings and bits of advice in prose and verse.

"A Winter Pilgrimage" is the title of a new book by
H. Rider Haggard, which Longmans, Green & Co., New
York, have in press. It deals with Italy, and is the out-
come of the author's recent journeyings in the East.

McClure, Phillips & Co., have in hand the MS. of a
book to be called "Seen in Germany," written by
Stannard Baker, and illustrated by George Varian, who
were commissioned by the publishers to make a tour
of Germany for the purpose of compiling such a work,
it is to be issued in the autumn.

Modern Celtic literature will be largely represented in
the Pan-Celtic Congress, to be held in Dublin, August 10.
George Moore is said to be one of the moving spirits.

The editor of Gunton's Magazine, in the August num-
ber, writes of teaching "Economics in the Public
Schools."

"The Indian Territory Problem," in the August Amer-
ican Illustrated Methodist Magazine, is the contribution
of Dr. E. N. Wright, son of the late Gov. Wright of the
Choctaw Nation.

The Saturday Evening Post, August 3, contains among
its other entertaining articles, "Letters from a Self-
Made Merchant to His Son."

A new work, "Outlines of Political Science," is pub-
lished by D. Appleton & Co., written by George Gunton,
and Hayes Robbins.

TYPEWRITING IN ARABIC.

Selim S. Haddad has invented a typewriter that seems
to overcome most, if not all, the difficulties of printing
Arabic characters. In devising the machine he had to
consider the enormous number of characters, the spac-
ing of the letters, the necessity for printing when re-
quired above, on or below the line, and finally the junc-
tion of the letters, for which there is no uniform prin-
ciple, every character having its own joining pec-
uliarities. He reduced the number of signs from 638 to
fifty-three without sacrificing the essentials of modern
writing. He met the difficulty of the varying breadth of
letters by splitting some into two separate units. Out
of four years devoted to the work he spent eighteen
months in the United States, and his invention cost him
£1000 (\$5000.) A thorough trial of the machine has been
ordered by the sirdar, and if the test proves successful
the typewriter is likely to be adopted in the Sudan ad-
ministration offices and by the business men of Cairo
and Alexandria.—[London Morning Post.

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

Broom Corn.

ACCORDING to a Redlands paper, about two hundred and fifty acres of broom corn have been planted this year in the Hemet region. The first crop is now being harvested. The late planted corn will not be ready for harvest for a couple of months yet. The present price of broom corn is \$150 per ton, but the price sometimes reaches double that figure. The Hemet crop will all be worked up by the Hemet factory, and much will have to be imported in order to keep the factory running.

Arizona's Mineral Wealth.

ARIZONA has all kinds of mineral wealth, besides silver, gold and copper. The Tombstone Prospector recently said:

"A find of lithographic stone, made a few days ago in the mountains southeast of Prescott, another discovery of the same kind of stone near Alamogordo, N. M., and the uncovering of a fine vein of opal in the Horseshoe Mountains, in Southwestern New Mexico, have added two of the rarest of minerals to the already varied output of the earth in the Southwest.

"The lithographic stone deposit near Prescott is a small one, but that at Alamogordo is said to be of large size. Dr. E. S. Eldridge of Cleveland, O., and Charles Gibson of Trumbull county, O., are at the head of a company which is about to begin operations there on an extensive scale.

"About fifteen miles from Summit Station in the Horseshoe range, two prospectors from Illinois have just found a lot of fine opals. Their claim is near another find of the same stones made several years ago. A company has been formed to work the new claims."

Tin.

OF THE more common metals, tin comes next to gold and silver in intrinsic value. Its use is common and universal. It is one of the scarcest of metals in the United States and is found in but limited quantities in other countries.

The Temescal deposits, a few miles southeast of South Riverside, are evidence that the metal exists in California, and lead to the belief that diligent and intelligent prospecting might bring to light other and important deposits.

The world yearly uses about 56,000 tons of tin. Of this amount the Malay Peninsula and islands furnish 25,000 tons; England, 9000 tons; Austria, 6500 tons, and the rest of the world, 12,500 tons. It is a well-known fact that the Temescal mines furnished the first American tin ever marketed. The finding of a good deposit of this metal would prove more profitable to the discoverer than the richest gold discovery he might hope to make. California is rich in minerals of which but little is known and of which developments are chiefly to yet be made.

The majority of prospectors do not extend their search beyond a very few of the best-known minerals. The greater number have no knowledge of a number of minerals which are likely to be found in this State, the finding of which would prove extremely profitable to the discoverer and beneficial to the State.

Tin ores occur in two forms; the more important and common variety is either massive and of a brownish color or in clear reddish-brown crystals lining cavities. Another, a less common variety, is that known as "wood tin," which appears uncrystallized and in thin layers. The ores may consist of sulphides of tin and be associated with any of a number of minerals, such as copper, iron, zinc, bismuth, molybdenum, etc. At Cajalco, on the San Jacinto grant, the veins are formed of tourmaline and quartz in almost equal proportions. The tin oxide is distributed through the vein matter or else is found in strings and clusters. When the latter is the case, the metal is found to be almost pure. When found in connection with molybdenum and in some other instances, the metal is in a blackish form which does not, to the eye, give promise of containing any metal. In fact, like many other minerals, it occupies so many forms and is included in so many combinations that the assay is the only real discovering method. In a recent article in "Iron," Dr. J. S. C. Wells gives a formula for making a test for the metal which is simple and satisfactory. His test is here given:

"Take about one gramme of finely pulverized ore and place in a test tube with some granulated zinc and hydrochloric acid, by which the tin is reduced by the action of hydrogen generated by the reaction of the acid upon the zinc. As soon as the decomposition of the ore appears to be complete, the remaining zinc and reduced tin should be filtered to separate any undecomposed ore, and that should again be treated to determine whether any tin remains. The reduced tin and remaining zinc are then reduced to chlorides by dissolving them in hydrochloric acid, when the separation of the zinc chloride may be effected by the usual methods.

In testing rock with the blow pipe, the prospector will remember that ores that fuse contain gold, silver,

copper, or tin. If subsequent tests do not disclose the first three, there must be the latter. There may be in any case. It is worth while to test. Any rock of a steel gray color and from that to black is promising to the tin prospector.

Sugar Beets in New Mexico.

THE Oxnards are erecting beet-sugar factories in Colorado, the Santa Fe Railroad is bringing colonias from Europe to plant and cultivate sugar beets in Colorado and every aid is given to make sugar-beet culture and beet-sugar manufacture a success in Colorado. In California the beet-sugar industry is thoroughly established. A New Mexican paper, the Santa Fe Mexican, believes that there are great possibilities for beet-sugar culture in that Territory. The New Mexican says:

"It may be that New Mexico is only half-hearted thus far in meeting these people half way, it may be because sufficient water has not yet been developed in any one suitable locality to grow several thousand acres of beets and it may be only to await the final results of the experiments in Colorado and then if their success is an enduring one to erect factories in New Mexico as well as in Colorado. The beet-sugar business can hardly be overdone. Germany, which is only twice as large as New Mexico, has 443 beet-sugar factories. This country imports \$125,000,000 worth of sugar every year. Beet-sugar factories in Michigan and other Eastern States have proven a partial failure on account of periodical crop failures. Here in New Mexico there are no crop failures on irrigated lands, here better sugar beets even than in the Arkansas Valley, Colo., are raised; here enough land is still unoccupied to furnish thousands of acres of beet land if capitalists will only build the storage reservoirs for the water that flows to waste. New Mexico is destined to be a great sugar producer in the near future, and the sugar-beet industry will add handsomely to its wealth."

Laguna Beach.

LAGUNA BEACH is one of the least known of the seaside resorts of Southern California, mainly because it lies off the line of railroad, being reached by stage from El Toro, a station on the Santa Fe line, eight miles distant. The Ontario Observer recently contained the following in regard to this pretty little resort:

"Laguna Beach is one of those retired spots that has never had a boom, and is known to but comparatively few people, yet it is the most cozy little sea nook on all this western coast. For one who wishes to rest, it is the mullum in parvo resort. It is no place for any one who wants to mix in a promiscuous mob such as haunts the older coast resorts. If one cannot enjoy a summer rest without being in a rushing crowd, he had better stay away from this place. But if he wishes a spot where nature has done much, and man little, he can find it here—and here man needs to do but little to enjoy himself.

"One reaches this little spot through a rift in the shore hills, going by stage eight miles from El Toro (on the Santa Fe road). This place is literally a settlement by the sea, where one can almost stand upon the shore and place one hand upon the restless ocean, and the other upon the abiding hills that rise abruptly along the coast. Here you can rest with the hills looking down upon you, with the roar of the ocean making mighty music in your ears, and the breath of the salt air ever upon you. Here cool breezes never fail and the midsummer sun loses his power.

"Up and down, in either direction, coastwise, is a series of little beaches and jutting points of land, and all within walking distance, and each with a characteristic all its own, and presenting some new feature at every visit. Here you can swim, you can boat, you can fish, you can do as you please—do as you please, because Mrs. Grundy does not visit this summer resort. Vegetables, fruit, fish and cottage rent are plentiful and cheap—compared with other resorts. There are trees enough to give the place a woodsy effect and the naturalness and primitiveness of the whole situation are delightful. It is to be hoped the railroad or the trolley car will never find a way to the place, for in that day the spot will be overrun, and much of its restful beauty lost."

Another Water-power Scheme.

AN ENTERPRISE which is expected to furnish 50,000-horse-power for industrial purposes in Tulare county, is being worked out there. The Fresno Democrat says:

"G. F. Wakefield, who made the surveys for the company, has for three weeks been engaged in making up maps from his field notes. Photographs taken while the surveyors were locating a route for the tunnel which will convey the vast volume of water to the power-house, give one an excellent idea of the 1000 square miles of drainage shed and of the high Sierras, covered with perpetual snow, which will furnish the water to drive the machinery of a good part of the manufacturing industries of San Francisco two years hence, when the big enterprise is expected to be in operation.

"The drainage area which will furnish water for the Mammoth power line is 1000 miles in area, located mainly in Fresno, but partially in Madera county, some forty miles southeast from the Yosemite Valley. Besides this, the Big Creek watershed, 150 miles in area, gives additional area, or 1150 square miles in all. The extreme elevation is about 13,000, while the lowest point, where the intake to the tunnel is located, has an elevation of 3500 feet above sea level. Within this large drainage area are several available reservoir sites,

which can be utilized, if necessary, in any emergency to impound water. Water storage is not the business of the company, however, as the San Joaquin River and its numerous tributaries in the drainage basin most continually furnish all the water necessary for out storage.

"The drainage area culminates in what is known as the Mammoth pool, which is one and a half miles long, some 250 feet wide, and by the construction of a dam can be made thirty feet deep. From this pool the water will be taken by a series of tunnels made through the solid rock of the mountains, also through canyons and a ditch between tunnels, used for settlement purposes, to the power-house, where the water will remain until it goes on down to irrigate the thirsty plains, after having been harnessed to create a great power. The power-house is located thirty-two miles from Fresno, sixty-two from Hanford, and about one hundred and eighty-two from San Francisco.

"To convey the immense body of water from the Mammoth Pool to the power-house no pipe will be laid, but the water will course through crevices and through the solid rock. There will be forty-four miles of these tunnels, and they will vary in length from 100 to 3500 feet. The tunnels will be also fast to the rock. For the last mile the water will have a vertical fall through an inclined tunnel of 1730 feet, which will produce a pressure of 750 pounds to the square foot at the power-house. As the body of water which enters the tunnels will be 400 or 500 cubic feet per second, vast power which will have to be controlled at the power-house is hardly conceivable. From the power-house the water enters the tunnel until it reappears in the daylight but one mile of the distance, the last mile of settlement basins between tunnels.

"To carry the water under Big Creek an inverted siphon tunnel will be cut through the route of the creek. This inverted siphon and the tunnels at the end of the line of tunnels are original features. This is the largest power-developing enterprise ever undertaken in the West. The fall for the San Joaquin Electric Company power was 1400 feet; a later plant has commenced operations recently with a fall of 1500 feet, while the Mammoth will have a fall of 1730 feet. The entire route for the Mammoth power line lies in the Sierra Nevada. Mr. Wakefield is making maps of the tunnels and reservoir sites, to be used in connection with a petition to the government from the company, for a right-of-way for the tunnels and reservoirs through the Sierra forest reserve.

"It is proposed to manufacture the cement for the tunnels on the ground, using the marble which is in abundance as material for the cement, and the power, which is right at hand, to drive the drills to furnish power for the rock-crushing and the drills in tunneling.

"The Mammoth Power Company was organized at Hanford the first of this year. J. Shaw Robinson, president of the company, and E. Kammerer, H. G. Lacey and his sons, also of this city, are on the board of directors. Alexander Guthrie, of the Balfour, Guthrie & Co. of San Francisco, is a stockholder, as is also J. E. Rawlins, formerly of Hanford. The latter, now residing in England, is looking the project in London."

Manufacturing Smelters.

EL PASO promises before long to become an important manufacturing center. The El Paso Herald recently had the following in regard to a new enterprise:

"A local concern has just completed a new smelting plant for the New Mexico Lead Company, which will be shipped to the mines in the mountains near Las Cruces, in a few days. The plant is entirely constructed here and is the first smelting plant ever made in El Paso.

"The plant will be put up as soon as possible, and ores of the lead company smelted on the ground, saving many thousands of dollars in freight.

"C. B. James, manager of the company, is a smelter built in this city for the Guaymas copper mines in Mexico. This smelter will be built here. The mines are a great distance from the plant and the plant is being made in pieces so that it can be taken to the mines on the backs of burros. The plant cannot be shipped by rail yet on account of the rainy season in the mountains."

More Water for San Diego.

THE National City Record of recent date has the following:

"Orchardists throughout this section are rejoicing at the completion of the Otay pipe line to Bonita, which will bring water from the Otay dam was turned into the Land and Town Company. Everything is being done according to prearranged plans without delay. The water is allowed to flow into the registering gate, under the care of a watchman, amount which the Land and Town Company estimates at about four million gallons every four hours. With the completion of this work, famine for irrigation, such as experienced in the past, will become well-nigh impossible.

"The work of piping to San Diego will now be on with renewed energy. From the success which attended the bringing of the water to Bonita, it is anticipated in completing the scheme. Chollas reservoir, near this city, is almost full and were it not for the strike up north, which has kept up nearly every schooner engaged in the work of the trestles to carry the pipes would have been completed at this time. As soon as that work is done, Otay water will be brought to San Diego pipes and it is asserted that the water will be sufficient to carry it on University Street."

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a culminated in what is known as the "Big Creek" tunnel, which is one and a half miles long, and by the construction of a dam 100 feet deep. From this pool the water is pumped through a series of tunnels, also through one mile of open pipe, used for settlement purposes, where the water will enter the river and irrigate the thirsty plains below, and create a great power. The project is located thirty-two miles from Hanford, and about one hundred miles from San Francisco.

A massive body of water from the river will be used, and will be carried through cemented tunnels. There will be forty-five to fifty miles of tunnels, and they will vary in length from 100 to 1,000 feet. The water will be nine feet in diameter, and will have a vertical drop of 1730 feet, which will give 100 pounds to the square inch of the body of water which goes through the tunnels. The water will be controlled at the outlet by a dam, and will be conveyed by a tunnel until it reappears again, it will be one mile of the distance—the same as the distance between tunnels.

Water under Big Creek an inverted siphon and the inclined tunnel. The line of tunnels are original ideas of power-developing enterprise in the San Joaquin Electric Company. A later plant has commenced work, a fall of 1500 feet, while the first of 1730 feet. The entire water power line lies in the Sierra forest, and is making maps of the tunnel to be used in connection with the government from the company, and for the tunnels and reservoirs for forest reserve.

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throughout this section are jubilant over the Otay pipe line to Bonito. The dam was turned into the pipe line Company. Everything was arranged without delay of the pipes allowed to flow into the pipe line under the care of a watchman, and the Land and Town Company will be out four million gallons every day, the completion of this work, a success, such as experienced in the high impossible.

going to San Diego will now be completed. From the success which has been of the water to Bonito, no doubt completing the scheme. The near this city, is almost completed the strike up north, which has the pipes engaged in the lumber industry the pipes would have been in time. As soon as that last pipe is, Otay water will be turned on, and it is asserted that the project to carry it on University Heights.

CARE OF THE BODY. VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

The Case of President McKinley.

HYGIENISTS as well as physicians were naturally particularly interested in the symptoms and treatment of the late President's case, apart from the sympathy and sorrow which were felt by all right-thinking people.

The late President did not certainly lack for surgical talent. He had everything that could be asked for in this line, both in quantity and quality. Some people are inclined to say that, if he had been a poor man, he might have had a better chance of recovery, but, then, some people are cynical in regard to the medical profession. Whatever may be thought in regard to the hygiene treatment of the case of the late Chief Magistrate, there can be no doubt that he received the most experienced and skillful surgical handling, and surgery has made remarkable advances since the time of Garfield's assassination, twenty years ago.

The apparently inevitable dispute between the attending physicians broke out soon after the President's death, and promises to develop some acrimony. It is only another example of the well-known fact that doctors differ, and that medicine is not yet an exact science. The exceedingly optimistic statements that were given by the physicians shortly after the shooting, followed so shortly by a terrible relapse, and an early death, have excited much surprise and comment. An explanation given for this, by a physician in attendance, whose name is not quoted, is that one of the attending physicians in attendance on the late President, who was summoned from New York, deliberately gave out these optimistic utterances in order to prevent a panic on the stock market. This may be in accordance with medical ethics—and then, again, it may not.

President McKinley had, on his side, a good constitution, which had not been impaired by dissipation of any kind. On the other hand, he was undoubtedly worn to some extent by a constant round of public duties. It was also stated that, since he had an attack of the grip, his heart had been somewhat weak, and he was a constant smoker, that would also tend to weaken the heart. One of the dispatches stated that he had a touch of kidney disease. On the whole, however, the conditions would have been favorable for recovery from an ordinary wound, but a bullet wound in the stomach is said to be almost invariably fatal in the case of a man over 45 years of age.

In regard to the hygienic treatment of the distinguished sufferer, so far as it has been explained in the dispatches, hygienists were certainly surprised when they learned that the first nourishment administered to him, by the mouth, after a fast of several days, consisted of beef tea, coffee, whisky and toast—three of these strong stimulants. Yet, at the time, the physicians were fearing a rise in temperature. It is not surprising that such a rise soon followed the taking of such stimulants on an empty stomach. Even the pulse of a strong, hearty and well man would have been affected by such stimulants. The student of hygiene would have expected that the patient would have received some solid nourishment, like thin gruel, taken at short intervals, and increased as the powers of digestion improved, especially so, as, according to the account received, the patient was not, at that time, in a sinking condition, demanding the spur of a stimulant, but bright and cheerful, desiring to sit up and asking for the newspapers.

Shortly after this, when alarming symptoms developed, they sent up for a physician—a man who is experienced in stomach troubles. The dispatches naively explained that these in attendance on the President, up to that time, were surgeons, not physicians.

We have doubtless not heard the last of this discussion, as to the exact cause of the President's death, and as to the wisdom or otherwise of all the details of the treatment, nor shall we, probably, for some time to come. Unfortunately, however, no such discussion, how- ever prolonged, will restore to the country the great loss whose activity was wickedly brought to an end by Garfield's bullet.

Germany.

IN A RECENT address by Dr. Tschienoff, of the University of Berne, he makes a severe criticism of the quack who seem now to be gaining ground in Germany, which has hitherto been regarded as one of the most conservative and scientific countries in the world, so far as medical practice is concerned. In the course of his address, as reported in the Medical Record, Dr. Tschienoff says:

"It ought to be understood, once for all, that air, water, massage, the various forms of exercises, Swedish gymnastics, electricity, dietetics and the whole range of non-medical methods of treatment possess no mysterious virtues, hidden from the ken of licensed practitioners. And yet it is only too true that even the educated classes are often willing to follow the precepts of some ardent pretender, while neglecting the sound advice of a regular physician."

This is all very well, as far as it goes, but do the medical practitioners of the regular school sometimes reflect that they are themselves, to a great extent, responsible for this spread of irregular practice? They are, as a rule, too slow in adopting modern hygienic methods. It is only recently that they have been willing to allow fever patients fresh air and plenty of cold water. If the physicians of the regular schools would show a little more disposition to accept up-to-date methods in the line of hygienic treatment, and to attach less importance to remedies in bottles, they would have less to complain of in regard to quacks and quackery. In former days the physician would compound his

drugs, although even then he did not know what their action was—how the drugs worked on the human system—but nowadays he will too frequently buy his ready-made compound of some wholesale house that advises to send a sample bottle free to any physician who sends in his card, and the unfortunate patient is made the victim of the new experiment.

Let the physician reform himself. Let him not be afraid to depend on Mother Nature, and then he will have less cause to complain about irregular practitioners.

Loss of Form in Woman.

HERE are some observations from an exchange on a subject that will appeal to many female readers:

"After women pass middle age they lose a considerable amount of their height, not by stooping, as men do, but by actual collapse, sinking down; this is mainly to be attributed to the perishing of the muscles that support the frame in consequence of habitual and constant pressure of corsets and dependence upon the artificial support by them afforded. Every girl who wears corsets that press upon these muscles and restrict the free development of the fibers that form them, relieving them of their natural duties of supporting the spine, indeed, incapacitating them from so doing, may feel sure she is preparing herself to be a dummy woman. A great pity! Failure of health among women when the vigor of youth passes away is but too patent and too commonly caused by this practice. Let the man who admires the pieces that do duty for a human body picture to himself the wasted form and the seamed skin. Most women, from long custom of wearing the corsets, are really unaware how much they are hampered and restricted. A girl of 20, intended by Nature to be one of her finest specimens, gravely assures one that her corsets are not tight, being exactly the same size as those she was first put into, not perceiving her condemnation in the fact that she has since grown five inches in height and two in shoulder breadth. Her corsets are not too tight because the constant pressure has prevented the natural development of heart and lung space. The dainty waist of the poets is precisely that flexible slimmest that is destroyed by corsets. The form resulting from them is not slim, but a piece of pipe, and quite as inflexible."

Purifying Water.

A PHYSICIAN, writing in the Pittsburgh Dispatch, describes a new system of purifying water, which is said to be the best that has hitherto been introduced. It is generally recognized that sand filters, while the best we have had up to date, cannot fully eliminate dust germs. The new method is the introduction into the water of ozone, generated by electricity, by which means it is said that water in any quantity may be purified. A working plant at Lille, France, is said to be a complete success. Following is a description of the process from the Dispatch:

"The ozone is produced by the action of electricity. When two metal plates, separated by a layer of air, are charged electrically in such a manner that there shall be a sufficiently great difference of 'potential'—or strength of electricity—in the two plates, there is produced what is known as a 'silent discharge' of current through the air between them; and this is accompanied by the formation of ozone out of the ordinary oxygen of the air. In order to prevent arcing—a sparking or mere jumping of the current from plate to plate, instead of the steady silent discharge into the atmosphere, a non-conductor, such as a plate of glass, is usually interposed between them. Also as the plates when in active use are soon heated, they are made hollow and filled with running water. The simple ozone machine is completed by an arrangement for drawing air through the space between the plates. Now the amount of ozone in the air depends on two easily-controlled factors—the slower the flow of air, or the greater the difference of electrification of the two plates, the more ozone.

"Next the most original and ingenious part of these Freuchen's system is brought into use, the manner of bringing the ozone thoroughly in contact with every minutest particle of the water. They have adopted a form of 'absorption tower,' well known in chemistry, inside of which the water is broken into the finest mist by falling from its lofty top. The requisite amount of ozonized air is then simply introduced at the bottom of the tower, and as it rises it mixes with the mist of water from above, sterilizing it from disease germs absolutely. The water is then pumped into the reservoir. It is seen that this use of ozone is again merely a convenience for taking advantage of Nature's wholesome method for the final perfecting of her great elements, air and water.

"When the water is first sand filtered, the ozone being used only for a final complete purification, the process is so reasonable in cost and so practicable as to make itself an essential part of all real reformation of drinking water. The time will come when intelligent people will no more use water 'almost' free from disease than they would eat trichinous meat, which had been 'almost' cooked."

Music and Morbid Development.

AS LOS ANGELES is peculiarly a musical town—that is to say, a town where a great number of people have more or less of a mania for studying music, frequently irrespective of any particular ability which they may possess in that line, the following remarks on the subject of music and musical prodigies will interest many readers of The Times. They are from an editorial in the Journal of Medicine and Science:

"At the recent Paris Exposition, a Spanish boy named Pepito Rodriguez Ariola, astonished both musicians and psychologists with his wonderful musical genius, both in the fields of composition and of technique. This mere infant is only 3½ years old, small and delicate for his age, and of a marked nervous temperament. He has never taken a music lesson in his life. At the early age of 2½ years he is said to have astonished his mother by repeating, with considerable accuracy, taste and feeling

a sonata, which he had just heard her play. Since then the piano has been his favorite toy. In his concerts at the exposition he not only imitated successfully what his mother played, but he originated compositions of his own, developing melodious themes and giving them a musical interpretation. He plays and composes without notes, he improvises and retains his improvisations in his memory so that he can repeat them.

"Now, so far as is known, all these prodigies, with the single exception of Mozart, may be justly regarded as examples of degeneracy; as a proof of the assertion that they possessed a talent in one particular direction at the expense of their other intellectual development, for the lightning calculators were good for nothing else, and most of the musical prodigies have not shown any appreciable improvement as they grew older. Nothing has been heard of Josef Hoffmann for years, until recently it has been stated that, though now 18 years old, he does not play very much better than he did at 10, and there is now nothing to distinguish him from many other musicians of the same age.

"Though Mozart thus seems to be a conspicuous example of the fact that there is a real difference between genius and mere precocity, yet the disciples of Nordau overlooking the fact that however great was his ability in childhood, yet he improved as years went on, and if he had not died, would have undoubtedly been a rival of Beethoven himself for the master's crown; and declare that his early death is proof positive that he was sapped of vigor and stamina by that inordinate genius that burned with so fierce a flame as to scorch, sear and consume its own frame. . . . In this connection it can truthfully be said that persons who overcultivate any art intimately connected with the senses, so as to create a constant demand for mere sensuous pleasure, are apt, if this evil tendency is not counteracted by studies which appeal to the reason, to become the victims of dissipation and gross sensuality. We have only to read the biographies of musicians, poets and painters to catch a glimpse of this truth. Such artists are generally compassionate, generous and sympathetic, but many of them have at some time in their life so lost control of their overdeveloped passions and emotions as to become dissolute, profligate and lustful.

"Moreover, it may be said that sensuous pleasures, appealing as they do very forcibly to the emotional side of man, are capable, when overindulged in by those of an unbalanced temperament, of unduly exalting the emotional senses.

"Is there danger in the overtraining of the emotional nature by means of music?"

Vegetarian Diet.

THE following on the subject of vegetarian diet is from the Medical Record:

"Albu says that the older belief that an exclusively vegetarian diet is insufficient, owing to its poverty in albumin, is no longer tenable. He gives the results of three investigations, of which one is original, proving that vegetable proteins may entirely replace the animal albumins without interfering with metabolism. As a regular régime for the healthy, however, a purely vegetable diet is too inconvenient, owing to the large amounts that must be consumed, the quantity of undigested residue, the monotony, etc., ever to enjoy more than a limited popularity, but in many forms of disease it may advantageously be adopted. Neurasthenia and neuralgia are especially benefited, and many forms of gastric neurosis do well under it, as also membranous colitis and chronic constipation. Obesity, cardiac and kidney disease, exophthalmic goitre and many skin affections are all favorably affected. Contra-indications are anatomical disease of the stomach or intestinal tract, gastric atony and all conditions of malnutrition; many persons also exhibit idiosyncrasy which makes them bear the change badly, and in such cases it should not be persisted in."

It is rather late in the day for the able physicians to begin to arrive at the conclusion that human beings can live and be strong and healthy without the use of flesh food. The fact is that ever since the earliest days of which we have any record in history, and doubtless from the beginning of human life on the planet, a large proportion of the human race has adopted a vegetarian dietary, either in whole or in part. It is rather silly to discuss such a question as to whether a person can be healthy and do hard work without the use of flesh food. The hardest work in the world, outside of Western Europe, and the United States, is done by people who rarely and sometimes never use meat. Of course, it is necessary to exercise judgment in selecting the food to be eaten in place of meat. A man who should try, for instance to do hard and protracted work on a dietary of apples, turnips and cabbage, would not find it practicable, but by adding thereto such nourishing foods as grain and pulse and nuts he could do just as well as his flesh-eating brother, and doubtless avoid many ailments to which flesh-eaters are subject.

The reference to the "monotony" of a vegetarian diet is altogether unfounded and illogical. The list of vegetarian products is almost limitless, so that it is possible—at least in a section like Southern California—to have a different menu every day for a year, while the number of flesh foods usually available in the market at any time may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and even when we add poultry and game and fish the list is not a very long one. No one need fear to adopt a vegetarian diet on the ground of its monotony.

REUBEN WAS IN TOWN.

He was from the country and stood helplessly before the haughty young lady clerk of the downtown store.

"What do you want, please?" she demanded, icily. He gulped down his embarrassment, for he was hopelessly young and shy and awkward, and she was a most superior-looking creature.

"I want twelve yards of blue predominant," he finally said.

"What?" demanded the startled clerk.

"T-welve yards of b-b-blue predominant," he stammered again.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," said the clerk. Then, womanly kindness and intuition getting the better of her hauteur, she said: "Tell me just what it was your mother or your sister told you to bring."

"They wanted some wash goods for my little sister's dress. They said they were not so particular as to quality and color, just so I got the blue predominant. Can't I get it here?"—[Memphis Scimitar.]

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

OUR CRANES AND HERONS.

SHY AND PECULIAR FELLOWS WHO ARE NEVERTHELESS INTERESTING BIRDS.

From a Special Correspondent.

IN MY last Sunday's bird story I mentioned another group of birds closely allied to the "stilt walkers" and also residents of the same general localities. These are the cranes and herons, shy, peculiar fellows, ever watchful and alert, both for food and for enemies (for their foes are many,) but found usually in quite different surroundings from the habitat of the various plover, snipe, etc., mentioned in my previous paper. As I said before, these latter frequent more open country than the herons, whose known propensity for deserted marshes has made their name well nigh synonymous with desolation. In the order known as paludicolae (cranes, etc.) we must, however, make one exception to the above statement. As all of us know who have lived, or whose fathers have lived, in the North Mississippi Valley, the great cranes frequent dry fields and bare marshes rather than rushes or dense cat-tail flats. The crane family embraces the largest members of the whole order of waders found in North America, and of



GREAT BLUE HERON.

its three members we have the sandhill crane only on our list and then only as a winter visitor. On clear, moonlit nights during the months of the migrations we may hear the melodious call of these long-legged fellows as they wing their way north or south, as the case may be, and, with eyes that see but dimly, we catch glimpses of a V-shaped cortege passing on rushing pinions betwixt us and the stars.

The sandhill crane often attains a height of four and one-half feet and is, for a bird, remarkably muscular. It is exceedingly wary and admittedly one of the most difficult birds to "still-hunt" known, though, for my part I cannot see why any one should kill so rare and interesting a creation unless it be to demonstrate



SANDHILL CRANE.

that, for a brief period, at least, man's power to destroy is greater than that of omnipotence to create.

But I am preaching, which isn't my business, so I will proceed to the true herons, egrets, etc., whence come your mother's and sisters' hat feathers, each bought at the cost of life. The ibises—the white-faced glossy ibis and the wood ibis—two rather uncommon stragglers over our winter swamps and fields, are the first members of the Herodias group. Let us pass them over as rarities (consult—if you wish to know them better—"Ridgway's Manual of North American Birds" in the Public Library), and proceed to the well-known bittern, long sung by poets and cursed by sages the world over; a silent, taciturn bird, never so happy as when well hidden in some impenetrable morass, this

species is very little known even where plentiful. Perhaps some of my readers may not know this bird by the above name, as it is called in many localities by such uncouth names as Indian hen, stake driver, bog-bull and thunder pumper, all such sobriquets being called forth by some peculiarity of voice or action of this bird. This bird does not mingle with others even of its own kind and selects the most inaccessible part of the marsh for its nest, depositing therein three or four brownish drab eggs, equal ended, and unlike those of any other members of its family. The "least bittern," another of our residents, is as may be imagined, a "pocket edition" of the bird just mentioned, though its voice is scarcely of the caliber of that of the larger "stake driver."

By far our most common bird of this group, however, is the great blue heron. This is the large, long-legged fellow seen in the fall and spring standing motionless by some ditch or isolated pond. He is always careful so to place himself that he sees you a long time before you are aware of his presence, so that opera glasses and camera are welcome additions to his study. This bird is commonly called the blue crane and frequently mistaken for the sandhill, but it is the true heron, nevertheless, and is found throughout the United States, nesting among the branches of trees in deep swamps. Several such colonies exist along the coastline of Los Angeles and Orange counties, and I sincerely hope that these may be spared to increase and enliven our barren swamps. The eggs of this bird are about the size of those of a tame goose and are plain bluish green in color, unmarked and three or four in number.

Plume hunters have raised sad havoc with our egrets and other plume bearers, but still now and then a band of beautiful American egrets alight on the sedgy border of some hidden pool, there to feed and rest them-



NEST OF GREEN HERON.

selves until such time as the promptings of nature send them forth on their migrations. The eggs of this bird, like those of all the herons, are plain bluish green, unmarked, three or four in number and laid in a fragile nest in the most impenetrable swamp. As I said before, this egret is only a winter visitant and in common with the snowy heron, Anthony's green heron, and the black-crowned night heron, disappears with the coming of spring.

HARRY H. DUNN.

WHY BEARS GO ON ALL FOURS.

BROTHER RABBIT ONCE GOT JUDGE BEAR CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

By a Special Contributor.

One day as Judge Bear was going home with a large pail of honey he had got from a bee tree in the woods, he met Brother Rabbit, who asked him what he had that smelled so good in the pail. "Honey," replied Judge Bear; "and a mighty long walk I've had for such a little bit, too. The pail is only half full."

"Why do you go so far for it when there is some right near your house?" asked Brother Rabbit. Judge Bear replied that he was not fond of walking, but that he had cleaned out every bee tree within five miles of his house. As they walked along together, Brother Rabbit offered to show him a place where he could fill his pail quite easily and still have plenty for another time. At last they came to a large rock which was split from top to bottom, and through the crack thus formed they could see hundreds of bees going in and out. They came along laden with honey, and went into the crack which led down to the bottom of the rock, where they disappeared from sight.

"I have often seen this place," said Judge Bear, "but these are Bumble Bees and not Honey Bees; and besides, they sting dreadfully."

But when Bumble Bees live under a rock they make the finest kind of honey," said Brother Rabbit, "and a bee can never sting when you get him under ground. Have you ever got a bee under ground?" Judge Bear confessed that he had not, and became at once very anxious to secure the honey.

"The rock is too heavy to move," he said, "and I don't see any way of getting under it."

"You must go over to 'Squire Ox's house across the field, and borrow a pick and shovel," said Brother Rabbit, "and we'll dig a hole down to where the honey is

stored. I will stay here and watch your pail while you come back."

So Judge Bear started across the field to 'Squire Ox's house, and soon as he was out of sight of Brother Rabbit took the pail of honey and ran up the road as fast as he could go. He met 'Squire Ox, who was coming from market. "Run to your house, Judge Bear," said Brother Rabbit. "Judge Bear has just gone to the house, while Brother Rabbit ran as fast as he could with the pail of honey."

"Get away from my house," cried 'Squire Ox, who caught up to Judge Bear, who was quite tired. "This is a nice business for a respectable bear to be doing, to come swooping around in this way. I'll tell Brother Rabbit to get you out of here."

"I only wanted to get a pick and shovel," said Judge Bear.

"Then why don't you get one of your own, sneaking around after your neighbor's?" said 'Squire Ox; "go away before I hook you." Judge Bear took a word to say, and he went away very angry. He reached the rock and found Brother Rabbit gone with the pail of honey he was furious. He looked everywhere for the thief, but could find no trace of him, and at last went home and scolded his wife and cuffed the cub.

The next day he was picking blueberries, when he came across Brother Rabbit, fast asleep in the berry patch, and beside him the very pail he had held Judge Bear's honey, full of blueberries. Brother Rabbit was awakened by two huge paws, and he almost to death, and looked up to see Judge Bear licking his chops over him. "I was just taking your pail," cried Brother Rabbit, frightened to death. "Just as you left me, 'Squire Ox came and tried to steal your honey, and I had to run to save it. I ran so fast that I spilled all the honey, and I started to bring it back today and found all these nice blueberries for you."

Judge Bear growled and showed his great teeth. The shivers ran up and down Brother Rabbit so fast that he shook all over. "You can't get away from me," said Judge Bear. "I'm going to put a stop to this right now. You are going to furnish a new pail for the cub. How would you like to be cooked?"

"Will you grant my request?" asked Brother Rabbit with tears in his eyes. Judge Bear said that he would think about it. "Then cook me in honey," said Brother Rabbit.

"That would be delicious," said Judge Bear, "but I haven't any honey."

"Take me down to the split rock," begged Brother Rabbit, "and I will get the honey for you." Judge Bear took him by the neck and went down to the split rock, just where they had found the Bumble Bees the day before.

"We must pry the rock apart," said Judge Bear. "Help me get a long pole." So they got a long pole and put one end in the crack of the rock. Judge Bear stood on top and Judge Bear pried it apart. Brother Rabbit put in wedges of stones to keep it springing back. They worked and worked, and they got the rock pried open about a foot. The pole broke all to pieces and they could not pry it any more. "We have it going!" cried Brother Rabbit. Judge Bear. "It is almost ready to break apart. Put your hands and feet in the crack and pull, while I put in more wedges and we shall have the finest honey you ever tasted."

So Judge Bear put his hands and feet in the crack and pushed and pulled, and when he was pulling his hardest Brother Rabbit knelt down and stone wedges, the rock flew shut and then Judge Bear caught fast by the hands and feet. The Bumble Bees came flying out and stung him. "Good-by, old honey chops," cried Brother Rabbit. "Be sure and have me served in honey sauce when you cook me for the cub's dinner," and he took his pail of blueberries and went home.

When he found he could not escape Judge Bear and cried, but no one came. For hours he was on his back bent in a regular bow, until he got a crick in his back, and everybody knows that cricks get cricks in their backs from being bent. He can never straighten up again for any length of time. So finally, when, hours later, Mr. Wolf heard Judge Bear's cries and pried the rock apart, Judge Bear found he could not straighten up, and he was on all fours. He was so angry at this that he made Mrs. Bear and the cubs walk on all fours. All bears walk that way to this day.

RAYMOND FULLER.

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TWIN CAMERAS.

THE EYES ARE REALLY WONDERFUL INSTRUMENTS FOR TAKING SNAPSHOTS.

By a Special Contributor.

The eye is really a very much improved camera, and our little friends who have been longing for cameras, in order to take pictures of many things that interest and amuse them, are really comforted by the thought that they have a camera in their own head that is better than the weak imitations that are for sale. It is a combination of parts so beautifully arranged that it is impossible for men to ever hope to equal the graphic power of sight. Its parts can be seen

understood by one of a camera, which is imperfect when compared with the eye.

The entire eye is almost round with a slight bump, a smaller ball had ten times as large, the same purpose, rest of the eyeball frame work and parts within, just as a camera. It is made tough, firm and "white of the eye," shape, and to it is the eye from side something like a green brown cells. These light, which enter clear view by dazling purpose as the black front of the eye this of the eye, sometimes and performs the same camera.

In the center of the pupil, which looks color; but in looking the pupil into the dark look through the iris appears to be black. lens, and it brings that enter through the The third coat, inside which is really a spiral optic nerve, leading and just behind the is shaped exactly like the rays of light point, or focus, on the is called the crystalline inch thick.

Just behind this is a parent jelly-like matter coat or retina. This is side coats and to support the very delicate part of the retina is a camera. Rays of light the different lenses are forming a picture, just look through the back ground glass plate that come through the a picture as is made of the retina.

As the retina is really, it is flashed straightened, and we are told nerve should be cut the to the brain, and we pictures would be on would be just as if a camera by itself, with no one to take on the sensitive plate of a picture it was. If injured there would be a brain, the brain would, you would think you saw what you really did see. ing. "There is Frank G. brain might say, "Good! Stickle's barn sliding cart!"

The optic nerves leading to the brain as one nerve have the same picture of selves the picture double.

TRUE STORIES.

ANECDOTES OF REAL WHO DISGUISE.

By a Special Contributor.

Beyond a doubt dogs are they have almost human tastes. At least two dogs writer, grew so fond of to hunt them. Both were erty of a tobacco grower, their owners into the tobacco they were pulled from the ground. Pretty soon they from that to working on the caught only the big fellows. But such was their eagerness they often broke down the fore paws on them, as the white coats with liver spots impossible to tell the spots thick viscid gum, brownish fouling whatever touches it covered with it from nose to mind it.

One at least of these dogs, criminate. It was her prime her owner's heels, but after half a dozen times from the staid behind unbidden, start that way. A little later she was there and busy, she she could leg it. Once in him, and slipped her nose him the while, as though she were, what are you going to Dogs show mighty different deep. Curs, mongrels and

Girls.

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 met Squire Ox, who was just com-
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 and the cuba walk on all four, he
 at way to this day.

RAYMOND FULLER AYER

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WIN CAMERAS.

REALLY WONDERFUL INSTRUMENTS

FOR TAKING SNAPSHOTS.

a Special Contributor.

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little friends who have been

us, in order to take photographs

interest and amuse them, can be

understood by comparing them with the different parts

of a camera, which is really a mechanical eye, but very

imperfect when compared to your own.

The entire eye is generally known as the eyeball. This is almost round, about an inch in diameter, but with a slight bump in front, much as if a little slice of a smaller ball had been pasted onto the side of a ball ten times as large. This bump is transparent, and serves the same purpose as the outer lens of a camera. The rest of the eyeball is not transparent, and serves as a frame work and to keep out light from the sensitive parts within, just as does the outside "box" part of a camera. It is made of three coats. The outer coat is tough, firm and white, and is generally called the "white of the eye." It keeps the eye in its proper round shape, and to it are fastened the muscles which move the eye from side to side. The middle coat is dark, something like a grape skin, and is lined with flat, dark brown cells. These cells absorb very strong rays of light, which enter the eye, and would interfere with a clear view by dazzling the sight, and serves the same purpose as the black inside lining of a camera. In the front of the eye this coat forms the iris, the colored part of the eye, sometimes blue, gray, hazel, brown or black, and performs the same duties as the shutters of a camera.

In the center of this is a transparent dot called the pupil, which looks black, but is really without any color; but in looking at any one's eye we look through the pupil into the dark chamber behind it, just as we look through the inner lens of a camera, which also appears to be black. It serves the purpose of a second lens, and it brings closer to a point the rays of light that enter through the outside lens of the little bump.

The third coat, inside of the other two, is the retina, which is really a spread-out end of a nerve called the optic nerve, leading directly to the brain. Inside of this and just behind the iris is a jelly-like substance that is shaped exactly like a magnifying glass. Its use is to bring the rays of light that enter the eye to a sharp point, or focus, on the back part of the retina. This is called the crystalline lens, and is one-quarter of an inch thick.

Just behind this lens is a mass of perfectly transparent jelly-like matter, which completely fills the third coat or retina. This is to act as a support for the outside coats and to support the crystalline lens in front and the very delicate part of the retina behind. This part of the retina is just like the sensitive plate of the camera. Rays of light coming into the eye through the different lenses are brought to a point on the retina, forming a picture, just as they do in a camera. If you look through the back of a camera you will see on the ground glass plate the picture made by the rays of light that come through the lens in front. This is just such a picture as is made on the sensitive plate of the eye, the retina.

As the retina is really the end of the nerve, these pictures are flashed straight to the brain, where they are labeled, and we are told what they are. If the optic nerve should be cut there would be no impression taken in the brain, and we could not see, even although the pictures would be on the retina just the same; that would be just as if a camera tried to take a picture all by itself, with no one to help it. There would be a picture on the sensitive plate, but no one to tell what kind of a picture it was. If the optic nerve were bruised or injured there would be a picture on the retina as usual, but the nerve would carry a wrong impression to the brain, the brain would, of course, label it wrong, and you would think you saw something very different from what you really did see. For instance, instead of saying, "There is Frank Gustert's bob-tailed bull pup," the brain might say, "Goodness gracious! There is Mr. Stickles's barn sliding down hill on Mr. Tuck's ox-cart!"

The optic nerves leading from both eyes join and go to the brain as one nerve. In this way, as both eyes have the same picture on their retinas, the brain receives the picture doubled in strength and clearness.

TRUE STORIES OF DOGS.

ANECDOTES OF REASON AND REVENGE—DOG WHO DISGUISED HIMSELF.

By a Special Contributor.

Beyond a doubt dogs are reasoning beings; further they have almost human aptness in acquiring strange habits. At least two dogs within the knowledge of this writer, grew so fond of tobacco worms they went a-field to hunt them. Both were pointers, and each the property of a tobacco grower. As puppies both followed their owners into the tobacco fields, and at first sportively nosed and tumbled about the fat green worms, as they were pulled from the big plants, and flung on the ground. Pretty soon they got to eating the worms, and from that to worming on their account. Of course they caught only the big fellows, as thick as the little finger. But such was their eagerness for these choice morsels, they often broke down the upper leaves, resting the fore paws on them, as they smelled about. Both had white coats with liver spots, but in tobacco time it was impossible to tell the spots. Green tobacco exudes a thick viscid gum, brownish and strong-smelling, and coating whatever touches it. The worming dogs were covered with it from nose to tail tip, but never seemed to mind it.

One of these dogs, could both reason and dis-criminate. It was her prime delight to run always at her owner's heels, but after she had been sent back half a dozen times from the road to the tobacco field, she staid behind unbidden, when she saw her master start that way. A little later, by the time she thought he was there and busy, she set out on his track, as hard as she could leg it. Once in the field, she ran straight to him, and slipped her nose in his hand, looking up at him the while, as though asking: "Now you see me here, what are you going to do about it?" Days show mighty differences in their ways of killing sheep. Cows, mongrels and fies have so little diplo-

macy, they had as soon run sheep-in the home fields as in any others. With bird dogs and hounds, it is far otherwise. They will occasionally go so far as to defend the home flocks, then slip five or ten miles off, and kill sheep all night long. Tradition tells of one celebrated sheep thief, a big white pointer with black ears, that was shrewd enough to disguise himself by rolling in wet clay until his white coat was a red one. Then before going home, he would hunt water, and wash off the mud. But justice at last overtook the sly rascal. He was peppered with bird shot as he leaped the pasture fence, and came home wet, limping and bleeding unaccountably, thereby disclosing his guilt.

In days before matches, when lighting a fire was a matter of flint and steel, one Carolina planter trained his dog, Button, to fetch him light for his pipe when he was far out in the fields. Button was small and black, but quick as lightning to learn and to do. When he was told "Fetch fire," he ran to the house, but not too quickly, found his mistress, or her eldest daughter, got upon his hind legs, and gave one short bark. They knew what that meant, and at once put a live coal in the split end of a small stick, which Button seized by the unsplit end, and dashed off with it at top speed. He seemed to know the need of haste—if he was slow the coal would die. Once by the way of trick Button was given a stick afire at one end—colloquially "a chunk of fire." The sap driving through it, made the unlighted end too hot to hold in comfort. Button ran with it as long as he could, then dropped it, let it cool, picked it up, ran on, dropped it again, and thus at last brought it still smoldering to his master, with no more damage to himself than a slightly-scoured muzzle.

Here is a story of premeditation. Along about 1896, a Virginia planter imported a bull bitch, of a strain noted for staunchness, and kept her in his stable yard by way of guard. She was fierce, vigilant, and fruitful, but of her many pups few came to maturity. A black stallion, the king of the stable yard, delighted to trample the pups, killing or maiming them. But in some way two escaped him, grew up into weanlings, and were given away. A year afterward, the black fellow kicked the bitch, breaking two of her ribs, and laming her badly. When she was again on her feet, it was observed that she kept out of the stallion's way—so much so that all said she had been taught a hard lesson. As fall came on, the stallion was let out to grass several hours each day. His paddock was stoutly fenced—so stoutly there was no jumping out of it. The groom led him out into it, one October morning. When he came again, at mid-afternoon, the stallion lay dying in the paddock's farthest corner, with the two bull pups at his throat, and their mother hanging to his muzzle. How or when she had summoned her children to avenge her, nobody knew, but the fact that she had so summoned them was beyond dispute. Their home was two miles off, and they had never before been known to leave it, except at the master's heels. But they had answered her call, and taken up her quarrel, as though it had been their own.

MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

LIFE OF THE GYPSY CHILDREN.

THEIR DAYS ARE BY NO MEANS IDLE AND THEY HAVE MANY CHORES TO DO.

By a Special Contributor.

Wherever there is a trail over which a wagon may pass there the gypsy travels and with him goes his family in which children, horses and dogs are about equally numerous. They are the most traveled children in the world, these youngsters of the snug and gaudy wagons and that region through which they once go they intimately know, not as most fortunate children know it from guide books or the lips of others, but from varied and perhaps bitter experience of its ups and downs, its fair and foul weather, and its unfriendly folk. In the wilds of the sharp-ridged Alleghanies or on the sun-beaten trails of the great prairies, they are as much at home as in camp on the outskirts of New York, Chicago or St. Louis.

It is a wild and varied life they lead, but by no means an idle one. Except among the lowest class of gypsies, the children are carefully trained to the hardy life they must lead. Only "the ambulanters" (as the gypsies contemptuously call a class of wagon-wanderers upon whom even the tramps look down,) let their little ones grow up with no more training or instruction than if they were animals. In a representative gypsy caravan out on the trail every human being more than four years old has his or her allotted work. Often the tasks of the children are harder than those of their elders. At sun-up they are astir, for the true gypsy starts early to make half his day's distance before the overhead sun makes travel too irksome. Out of the wagon, or perhaps from under it if the night has been warm and fair, tumble the boys and scatter through the dew-beaded grass; this one to look to the horses; that one to gather dry wood for the breakfast, another to gather whatever seasonable wild fruits are to be found; a fourth to bring buckets of water. If the water near which the camp is pitched is fish-inhabited, there is a joyous morning's task in catching the speckled trout and the gamy bass, or if not these, at least the hungry and gray-hued little sunfish.

Meantime there is plenty to occupy their sisters. Breakfast things must be got out and in order; shawls, curtains and bedding must be spread in the sun, and the wagon put to order just as if it were a house instead of a household on wheels. The true gypsy is not a slovenly person. He takes pride in the neatness of his wagon and his fellow-gypsies judge him from it; so his wife trains the children to be good housekeepers. After breakfast is over and the things cleared up, the family takes the road. This is the part that the gypsy boy enjoys, for there are usually several spare horses and he has the glory of riding one of them. And early he develops into an expert horseman, and if the truth be told, an unscrupulous horse-trader. It is no unusual thing to see a twelve-year-old boy chaffering with some sharp-faced mountaineer, old enough to be his grand-

father, over a proposed "swap" of a more or less broken-down horse for a sturdy native trotting mule. If the boy gets the best of the trade, as usually happens, all is well. If it goes the other way the young trader comes in for a severe beating from his father.

While the boys are riding in advance, the girls of the family are in the wagon learning the special arts of gypsy womanhood. Some of them get to be artistic designers of beadwork or reed-weaving. All of them learn something of fortune telling and palm reading to win the money of the easily-befooled country folk. A few learn that curious musical accomplishment which you may witness in many a gypsy camp for a penny and nowhere else at any price the performance of a tune, castanet-wise by clicking the teeth with one thumb hooked under the chin and the extended fingers clenched to the other hand which furnishes the motive power. Sometimes the older girls are sent forth to bargain for vegetables or a chicken. Good-eating when on the trail is the rule of gypsedom. They know the best and will have it if it is obtainable. Sharper bargainers than these gay gypsy girls do not live. Money has no part in their operations. Sometimes they will exchange a bit of bead work or a woven basket for the provisions they want, but more often they wheedle the farmer's wife by telling her fortune or reading the future in her hand. Occasionally they will do some real service in exchange for a gift, such as treating a sick or injured cat or dog with herbs, for many of them are wise in the properties of healing plants which they gather in the woods. There are not wanting cases where some of the gypsy women have been too wise in the uses of the field-grown poisons.

When the wandering wagon settles on the outskirts of some city for a long stay then come hated times for the children if the head of the family be of progressive tendencies. To school they must go, and they hate it as only those can hate enforced confinement who have been long accustomed to the freedom of a wide horizon. Nevertheless they usually become apt students, keen to learn and of tenacious memory. Few of them leave the ranks of gypsedom, except to sink lower, and become the scum of the great cities. A few settle and become useful citizens, but the gypsy blood is strong, even where there is but a slight mixture of it, and those children who have tasted the freedom of the wandering wagon life are little likely ever to settle down permanently to a quiet routine existence.

MINT MARKS.

INTERESTING FACTS YOU CAN PROVE BY EXAMINING YOUR COINS.

By a Special Contributor.

"All coins of the same denomination look alike to me," says the average person, who handles that form of specie. Yet every coin of the United States, of twenty-five-cent piece and over, shows distinctly what mint it comes from. There are only four places of coinage in the entire country. These are situated at Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans and Carson City. The first mint was established at Philadelphia; and as the founding of other places of coinage was then unforseen, there was no necessity for putting a mark on coins which came from that city. But as the country grew in territory, population and wealth; and as the mines in the West were developed more and more each year, it became necessary to establish other mints whereby the government could keep track of the output from each place, and, if an error should occur in the coinage, could at once locate the mint from which the defective coin had come.

All coins are supposed to weigh exactly the same as others of the same denomination. While on the one hand, but little attention is paid to the differences in weight that every day wear and tear occasions in silver pieces, on the other hand, the slightest deviation from the fixed standard in a gold coin necessitates the trouble of recoining that piece. For these reasons, small marks were put on coins which came from mints other than that located at Philadelphia.

To find the marks, turn the coin so as to observe the tail side. Then look directly below either the eagle, or the bunch of arrows. If there be a letter in the place designated, it will be either a small s, o, or the two double letters cc. Those bearing the letter s are from the mint at San Francisco. Others having the letter o are from New Orleans, while those bearing the letters cc are from Carson City. If you do not find any letter on the coin at all, it is an indication that the coin came from the city of "Brotherly Love."

HER REVENGE.

This amusing story is told by the president of a New Bedford bank, and if it has seen the light of print I don't know it. One day not long ago he and other officers and directors were engaged in a business meeting, held in the directors' room of the bank, and as they believed themselves secure from intrusion, were much surprised to see a poor little waif enter the room, something which a man of business affairs would not dare to do under such conditions. The little girl, shabbily clothed and pinched looking, had all unconsciously entered the forbidden ground, but this she didn't realize, and at once went to the men seated about the big table, offering them small cakes of soap for sale. The very first director she approached shook his head, impatient at the interruption of business, and said sharply, "I never use it." The tiny peddler, unabashed, went from man to man, all the others, out of pity for her wan little figure buying of her. As she started to leave the room, after thanking each purchaser, the girl hesitated a moment in front of the director who never used soap, according to his own declaration, and, looking him over from head to foot, said, disdainfully, "We'll yer look it!" and then swept out like a duchess.—[Boston Herald.]



Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

GOWNS FOR AMERICAN QUEENS.

STIFF TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES ARE YIELDING TO MORE GRACEFUL EFFECTS.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—To faithfully reflect the glaze of fashion this season it is plain to be seen that the smart gown must be more than ever clinging in effect. Street models from Paris show a snug and sweeping grace of skirt, while bodices are so cunningly managed as to insure as much comfort as style. The tailor gown on the stiff riding habit principle, always in favor in England, will never be adopted by the tasteful Parisienne. Even when she wears a so-called tailor frock it always trails slightly, and the corsage reveals becoming treatments in the way of contrasting revers, soft vests and the introduction of some scrap of vivid color. These exquisite gowns on their native heath are not such expensive luxuries; but in their imported shapes, with the high custom duties of the day to be considered, they are possessions that only the lucky few may own. For this reason only a limited number are brought over, and these, in the main, serve as models for domestic manufacture, the American gown selling for perhaps a third of the cost of the French pattern.

Three charming toilettes, fashioned after late Paris models, have been supplied by a leading dressmaker as illustration of this widespread practice. In each may be observed the art with which the French couturiere blends materials, all sorts of odd combinations being used to obtain original and stylish results. The first example, the gown at the left of the group picture, shows black, white and coral pink, and five distinct materials. An odd princess model, buttoning at the back, is chosen for the quiet material, which is a mottled wool in black and white. The circular skirt is slashed over black taffeta, the graduated openings being edged with a bias of white cloth stitched with black. This also borders the edge of the skirt, the curved lines of the tablier, and the edge of the bolero jacket, which falls loosely over the corset-like top of the jupe. The princess waist portion, which is unsupported by any connection with the bodice, is heavily boned at the lining to make it stand up trimly. Its outside material is cut bias and stretched tightly, two under-arm seams doing the fitting for the waist and hips.

The jacket is made very effective by a repetition of the skirt slashings in shorter lengths over the black taffeta, which likewise forms the puffed undersleeves and the scarf decoration of the square neck. The collar and front, which are fastened to a fitted underlining, are made of white satin appliqued with flowers of coral cloth. Gold and black embroidery richly tone these at edges.

And here let us touch upon the endless possibilities

which collars and fronts supply for the using up of scraps of gold bullion, bits of lace and gay velvet, jeweled buttons, etc. A rich button or a morsel of any one of these materials will prove treasure trove to the shipwrecked, for nowadays, as I have intimated elsewhere, all is grist that comes to the mill of fashion. For example, one clever woman, who knows the tricks of the French dressmaker, found herself the owner of a quarter of a yard of gold braid—big lotus flowers, raised high upon tinsel net—a scrap of turquoise velvet and a fragment of white cloth. The fashion angels whispering their mission in her ear, she set to work to resolve them into a "front," whose ground principle should be the white cloth. This she covered with the cut out gold flowers, behind whose not centers she had before placed discs of the blue; then all the edges were fastened down with a wide buttonhole stitch of the tur-



DAINTY CHILD'S FROCK.

quoise. Only a gold edge showed on the high curved collar, which was swathed with the panne and fastened at the back with three turquoise studs. At the front was placed the best brooch, a pale oval of the same stone, rimmed with gem-eyed serpents in rose-finished gold; and the home-made splendor gave quite a French air to a black cloth gown that had sprung into being under the same capable fingers.

It only needs a little taste and a quota of wisdom to dress well these times, for everything tends to make the cares of the home dressmaker less heavy than of yore. The patterns out to order insure almost perfect

fit, and the various elegant details that no toilette, undersleeves, vests, revers, etc., can be bought ready to put on. It only needs, as I intimated, aicum of taste—and, I may add, a bushel of patience—a hopeful nature that will stand by you when things seem to go wrong. For, of course, every woman can sew.

Coming to the second frock of the illustration, the princess model is seen, which shows that French designers still continue to hold this style in favor of slight young figures. The material is black velvet, cloth, ornamented with a stitching in some green which holds down two curving tucks of the skirt to its borders its edge. The sleeveless bolero covers the complete bodice of the cloth, and is of panne velvet in green, with incrustations of white and black lace.

The third gown is the most ideally Parisian of the three, the best-dressed ladies of this elegant city are not over lavish in the matter of trimming their clothes, but depending on one or two striking details and perfectly appointed details to produce the ensemble for which they are justly renowned. The material of this costume is novelty wool, in a soft violet. The trimming, which on the skirt takes the form of a curious swirling band, highly ornamented of black velvet and bias plum silk covered by a scrap of black. A novel vest of the black character is worn off the blouse front of the becoming bolero. The back it has habit tails, under which a velvet skirt to show at sides and slip through a dall silver chain. The front. Knob buttons, also in silver, fasten the pieces, and the chemisette is of white silk with black lace.

All of the figures wear hats in the prevailing style, and those in search of reasonable headgear will find the two outside ones effects not only exceptional in coming, but in the best taste. But aside from these gems, and a few others, the first hats are not coming.

The suit the little girl wears is one design as the children's outfitters are showing for girls from 4 to 12 is in two pieces, of dark red cashmere, a skirt and a jacket with ornamental stitchings and a braided belt, which may be in black, white or the color of the suit. This model is seen in several soft wool materials, red, blue, brown and tan.

MARY H.

JUVENILE SHOPPERS.

WOES OF LITTLE FOLKS WHILE THE MOTHERS ARE BARGAIN HUNTING.

From a Special Contributor.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—"Now, be good children, mama'll be back in a few minutes."

The woman with a Boston bag and a shopping bag hurried off in the direction of a sign reading, "Today Only—49 Cents." The small boy and girl fell upon their foaming glasses of ice cream while the girl who had waited upon them grimly to the next customer:

"Humph! She won't be back in any few minutes. It'll be near an hour. That's one of their tricks, trying rid of the kids while they shop."

And so it proved. For nearly an hour the children lingered about the fountain, counting the apples, waiting as to why the soda fazed, roaming to the counters, investing their small change in licorice candy, and looking generally forlorn. When the mother finally reappeared, her bag bulging with purchases, her list criss-crossed and crumpled in her hand, the clerk was plainly relieved.

"If she hadn't come pretty soon I'd sent her to the nursery. Nursery! Of course you know I'd like to know what would become of the children who come shopping with their mothers. I didn't look after 'em. It's funny how some mothers who could just as well leave the children at home, and then wish they hadn't, let their youngsters get the worst of the deal."

The truth of the clerk's statement is proven every day in the large retail stores. Two or three hours in the fetid air of a great department store, the strain of standing first on one foot, then on the other, and the jostling of careless, hurried customers, enough to exhaust the most robust children. They become nervous and peevish, and the mother, who is children, who are really to be pitied. These are poor from tenement districts, but the children are comparatively well-to-do parents.

There are various points of interest in a shopping trip, and mothers sometimes avail themselves of the opportunity of temporarily disposing of their tired children. The soda fountain leads in popularity. The toy store comes second, and the long settees in the department store furnish a resting place when the children's attractions have been exhausted. Clerks and saleswomen are wonderfully good under such circumstances and wait patiently an hour at a time for their impatient mothers. They do not meddle with the children, seem content to study the glittering array of goods on the people.

The clerks, too, as a rule, are uniformly good to the little folks. When business is dull in the store, it is no unusual thing to see these men and misjudged employees kindly entertaining a boy or girl "waiting for mama to come." No trouble arises they will invariably side with the child against the mother.

One small boy, whose mother was occupied with a shopping list, found entertainment in watching the clerk's stool close to her side. The stool was



ELEGANT TRINITY OF FASHIONABLES.

and the mother's the little martyr's the clerks glared at During a widely-excited mother, heard a weak cry at had quite forgotten literally crushed out the nursery, where is the first place, a sense of the firm, a disaster.

Nearly every up nursery in connection feature is not widely because a certain class, leaving their children while they shop at the seen by the clerks to wandering round the and bravely forcing a blessed refuge, where there are cunning children and white-aproned attendants water from the spark!

Even the large and potted to face the "b" side entrance is devoted the vigilance of the of the babies also, "I shan't wake up."

But the attendant will go on a special mission with its mama.

At a conservative, up attendant to assist women carriages, that dignified following complaint with "I was hired to look after the buggies. If that front view checking buggies with look after 'em, I don't investigation proved a section of the vestibule buggies, holding a did not sleep, and the mother's sheer pity for the children by joggling fretful.

The buggies were taken and two young girls were charged. But even they The very first day of prices, dropped their parcels containing a sleeping presently a third woman carriage of exactly the same to learn whether its contents were starting out. She internal mail split the air, hour passed before the carriage was restored at the Co. But the manager

of checks in handling babies. If it is absolutely necessary shopping district, mother's earliest hour possible, and nursery, where the attendants do not stray away. A still better plan is to prevent to leave the children neighbor's daughter, old ally, can be secured for them in the mother's absence devote her time to the children are happy in another's hand-bag is sure to shop, and neither mother have them.

ROYAL DECORATIONS.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S CROWN LAND CONFERS

By a Special Contributor.

When the beautiful Princess Alexandra, about to leave that country Prince of Wales, her father, of what is known as the greatest reverence in the world, which now reposes in the city of Copenhagen.

This cross contains a splinter of the cross which fastens the two pieces of the cavity between being a splinter. This cross is the only one of its kind in the world. It is of gold, and is long by one inch broad by one inch high.

On the cross; on the left, in the center, of St. Mary and St. John, the good Queen Dagmar, who died in 1212, the cross was taken away and placed in the hands of crowds of admiring people. The beautiful Queen, who was a broad acres, or stones of the people.

asked her lord, Valdemar, to take her away from a heavy tax on their fethers." It is said that she committed no greater sin than to be small" on a Sunday. The Dagmar cross given to the Queen by her father, was taken away by the court jeweler at the time of the Queen's most treasured other "jewel" which the

hters.



...ant details that so enhance
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MARY DRAY.

ENILE SHOPPERS.

FOLKS WHILE THE MOTHER
BARGAIN HUNTING.

By a Special Contributor.

At 10.—"Now, be good children, at
a few minutes."

A Boston bag and a shopping in
direction of a sign reading, "Speci-
als." The small boy and his
sister, holding glasses of ice cream
and had waited upon them. Their
customer:

"Won't be back in any few min-
utes. That's one of their tricks for
while they shop."

For nearly an hour the child
fountain, counting the spigots, and
the soda fished, roaming to see
their small change in lily-white
generally forlorn. When the
her bag bulging with parcels
and crumpled in her hand
relieved.

Some pretty soon I'd sent them
Nursery? Of course we have
what would become of the poor
shopping with their mothers if
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usual thing to see these much-
employees kindly entertaining the
ing for mama to come. And
they will invariably side with the

whose mother was occupied with
and entertainment in twirling
to her side. The stool needed

and the mother's nerves needed a tonic. She slapped
the little martyr's hands smartly, then resented it when
the clerks glared at her and made audible comments.
During a widely-advertised silk sale of recent date,
an excited mother, pulling over the gay remnants,
heard a weak cry at her side. Her little girl, whom she
had quite forgotten, dropped in a faint, her breath
literally crushed out by the press of excited women. In
the nursery, where the child should have been taken
in the first place, a physician was summoned at the ex-
pense of the firm, who spared no pains to remedy the
disorder.

Nearly every up-to-date department store has its
nursery in connection with the ladies' parlor. This
feature is not widely advertised by the average firm,
because a certain class of women will abuse the priv-
ilege, leaving their children by the half day or more,
while they shop at other stores. But when children are
sent by the clerks to be utterly worn out, or are found
wandering round the store aimlessly looking for "mama"
and bravely forcing back the tears, they are sent to the
blissful refuge, where the air is pure and sweet, where
there are cunning chairs for little people, a couch or two,
and white-aproned attendants who draw unlimited ice
water from the sparkling coolers.

From the large and most fashionable shops are com-
pelled to face the "baby buggy problem." Usually a
entrance is devoted to checking buggies, and only
the vigilance of the attendants prevents the checking
of the babies also. "Why," exclaims the mother in an
angry tone, "I shan't be ten minutes, and I know he
won't wake up."

But the attendant knows just how far ten minutes
will go on a special sale day, and he is obdurate. Baby
goes with its mama.

At a conservative, uptown store, which has a liveried
attendant to assist women from their cabs and summon
carriages, that dignified factotum recently entered the
following complaint with the firm:

"I was hired to look after carriages, but not baby bug-
gies. If that front vestibule is going to be used for
checking buggies with babies, in 'em, and only me to
look after 'em, I don't want the job."

Investigation proved that at certain hours of the day
a section of the vestibule was literally packed with
baby buggies, holding sleeping infants, and some that
did not sleep, and the man had actually been compelled
to sheer pity for the children to vary his sidewalk
duties by joggling fretful babies.

The buggies were transferred to the rear entrance
and two young girls were detailed to watch the wee
creatures. But even they were powerless to prevent trou-
ble. The very first day two women, excitedly discuss-
ing, dropped their packages into a buggy, presum-
ably containing a sleeping baby, and hurried down street.
Presently a third woman, also with bundles, claimed a
carriage of exactly the same style, but she determined
to learn whether its occupant was sleeping peacefully
before starting out. She raised the parasol and a ma-
jority wall split the air. It was not her baby. An
hour passed before the other baby was returned and
home was restored at the rear entrance of Smith, Brown
& Co. But the manager now enforces a rigid system
of checks in handling babies.

If it is absolutely necessary to take children into the
shopping district, mothers should try to select the
quietest hour possible, and put them at once into the
nursery, where the attendants will see that the little
people do not stray away or suffer.

A still better plan is to make some special arrange-
ment to leave the children home. If no servant is kept,
a neighbor's daughter, old enough to assume responsi-
bility, can be secured for a trifling sum to look after
them in the mother's absence. The latter is then free
to devote her time to the business at hand, and the
children are happy in anticipation of the treat which
mother's hand-bag is sure to contain. Children do not
like to shop, and neither merchants nor customers like
to have them.

ANNA S. RICHARDSON.

ROYAL DECORATIONS.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S CROSS OF DAGMAR—ENG-
LAND CONFERS THREE ORDERS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE beautiful Princess Alexandra of Denmark
about to leave that country to become the bride of
Prince of Wales, her father gave her as a keepsake
a cross of what is known as Dagmar's Cross, a relic held
in the greatest reverence by the Danish people, and
which now reposes in the Museum of Northern Anti-
quities at Copenhagen.

This cross contains a splinter of the true cross. Gol-
den rings fasten the two parts of the cross together,
the middle between being the resting place of the
splinter. This cross is of great artistic value,
and it is the only enameled model known to be older
than 1212. It is of gold, and measures one and one-half
inches long by one inch broad, and is covered on either
side with figures in enamel. On the front Christ is de-
picted on the cross; on the back are the figures of
St. Mary and St. John, the Evangelist.

When good Queen Dagmar, the "darling Queen" of the
Danish, died in 1212, the cross was laid upon her breast.
At the time of Charles V the tomb was opened and the
bones taken away and placed in the museum. It is daily
visited by crowds of admiring Danes, that talk lovingly
of the beautiful Queen, who "asked neither goods nor
gold, bread, acres, or stones of price as a morning gift,
but asked her lord, Valdemar the Victorious, to free
them from slavery by a heavy tax, and the poor prisoners
were committed to no greater sin than the "lacing of her
sleeves small" on a Sunday morning.

The Dagmar cross given to Princess, now Queen
Alexandra, by her father, was copied faithfully in every
detail by the court jeweler at Copenhagen, and is one
of the Queen's most treasured possessions.

Another "jewel" which the Queen values is that be-

stowed upon her as a member of the Order of the Royal
Red Cross, one of the three honorary titles which in
England can be conferred upon women. The other two
are the Crown of India and the Royal Order of Victoria
and Albert. The Queen heads the list of the first-class
of the latter order, only sovereigns and princesses of
the highest rank being eligible to membership, which
now numbers twenty-three royal ladies.

The latest member is Holland's young Queen. The
coveted order of Holland is the Lion of the Netherlands.
The first time the cross of the order was conferred upon
a woman was when Queen Wilhelmina recently be-
stowed it upon the Mother Superior of the Sisters of
Mercy.

Since the death of the Empress of Austria the Em-
peror has founded a new order in her memory and
named it St. Elizabeth. The cross of the order bears an
enameled picture of St. Elizabeth of Thuringia and is
conferred upon women who merit distinction in the
various vocations of life, or in special religious, hu-
manitarian and philanthropic works. The first recipient
of the order was the Countess Szapary, upon whom it
was bestowed in recognition of her devoted services to
the dead Empress in her last hours. The Austrian Star
Cross Order is the oldest of the eleven orders designed
for women in various parts of the world. Even the Sul-
tan of Turkey, about twenty years ago, instituted an
order for women. The Shah of Persia has done the
same.

The only woman who ever had conferred upon her
the order of St. George of Russia is the ex-Queen of
Naples. She behaved with such gallantry at the siege
of Gaeta that the Czar made an exception in her favor
and sent her the cross of the order. The first woman to
win the distinction of the decoration for Arts and
Science is Carmen Sylva, who has had it bestowed upon
her by the Emperor of Austria.

In recognition of the efforts of his sister, the Crown
Princess of Greece, to relieve the wounded of the Turko-
Greek war, the Emperor of Germany conferred upon her
the Louise Order, with the Red Cross engraved on the
medal.

Appropos of the Kaiser's own decoration he has in all
over 200 crosses, stars, badges and other insignia. A
curious fact in connection with the golden fleece collar,
a superbly-jeweled affair of high intrinsic value, is that
Spain only loans it to highly-favored individuals. For
example, the order bestowed upon President Faure of
France a short time before his death, by the Queen of
Spain, had to be returned.

An honor obtained by few ladies outside of Portugal
is the decoration of St. Isabel, or the Royal Order of
Saint Isabel. Queen Alexandra of England is a member
of the order. It was instituted in 1801 by John VI of
Portugal, at the suggestion of his wife, Queen Carota
Joquina, who chose the decorations, the number of
ladies and their duties, which are clearly defined. Not
counting the royal family of Portugal and foreign royal
ladies, the order must contain twenty-six ladies of title,
each 26 years of age or married. Each one is bound to
visit in turn every week the Foundling Hospital; on
the feast of St. Isabel, on July 4, each member must at-
tend church, except when prevented by illness or ab-
sence from the kingdom, and afterward go with the
Queen to the Foundling Hospital.

The ceremony of entrance to the order is as follows:
The candidate remains in an ante-chamber to the room
where all the members are assembled in rows on each
side of the Queen, the eldest lady being nearest the
Queen on the right hand. When the new member is
conducted into the room she makes three courtesies,
and then kneels before the Queen, who places the sash
with the insignia across the lady's shoulder, saying, "I
receive you into the Order of St. Isabel, and desire that
you will always remember the respect you owe to the
order." The lady then kisses the Queen's hand and
those of all the ladies present.

OLD AND NEW MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

TWENTIETH CENTURY RITES ALL BORROWED
FROM ANTIQUITY.

By a Special Contributor.

How little the fashionable bride in the smart set to-
day realizes that all of the wedding customs of the pre-
sent are rooted in the pagan past. The barbaric bride-
groom procured his mate by one of two methods—cap-
ture or purchase. We speak always now of "capturing"
a bride, and "purchase" is not wholly unknown. In the
former the groom started upon the warpath with some
chosen companion, who assisted him in seizing the
woman; whence cometh the custom of having a "best
man."

The dainty gold ring of today is a relic of the fetter
by which the bride was bound, while the jocose slipper
is a remnant of the missiles hurled by the angry par-
ents.

The orange blossoms came in a more civilized age,
though not Christian, and augured great fertility for the
woman. The veil, as still in modern Oriental countries,
typifies exclusive possession by one man.

Even the honeymoon is but the symbol of the interval
which elapsed before the victor brought his bride from
hiding, and sought peace with her wrathful kinsmen.
Elopements are the evolution of the running away, in
which an intermediate step is seen in the pretense at
capture still in vogue among the Irish mountaineers.

In Cardiganshire, Wales, a wedding is very tame un-
less the groom captures the bride after a thrilling
pseudo-skirmish. The relatives offer mock resistance,
and much scuffling and horse-play ensue. A dialogue
in verse—old ballad style—being finished, the groom is
admitted and seeks the bride, who is disguised as an old
woman, often with a male infant in her arms, the symbol
of sons and heirs. At the church the bride is snatched
by her relatives, and the groom's party pursue on horse-
back. At last she is tossed back, and whoever receives
her will be wed within one year. (Similar to our throw-
ing of the bride's bouquet.)

Purchase gradually superseded capture. The father's
wrath was mitigated by base coin. Occasionally the

bridegroom offered his own sister, in lieu of cash!
But literal capture is still prevalent in barbarous coun-
tries, and purchase in semi-civilized ones, such as China
and Mohammedan sections.

Arabian fathers sometimes present their daughter
with a sword, signifying freedom. For one blessed
moment she belongs to no man—then she presents it to
her husband, and thenceforth is in his power.

Babylonians and Assyrians purchased their wives.
All girls of age stood before the temple twice a year,
and were sold at auction! Handsome girls commanded
high prices, but their purchase money was presented
to the homely ones, to increase their attractions. Our
Anglo-Saxon ancestors were still purchasing wives
when Christianity claimed them. Every woman had a
guardian—if not father, the king. It is interesting to
learn that widows were sold at half price!

Not until the tenth century did Anglo-Saxon women
have any right of choice. Betrothed as children, the
groom's pledge was called a wed; whence our word.

The primitive Anglo-Saxon ceremonies contained these
promises: "For the fairer or fouler, for better, for
worse, for richer or poorer." Then the man put the
ring on each of his wife's fingers, saying: (1) "In the
name of the Father; (2) Of the Son; (3) Of Holy Ghost;
(4) Amen. The father gave the husband an old shoe,
with which he tapped his wife on the head, as a sign of
authority.

Welsh law permitted only moderate wife beating.
Three blows were deemed sufficient, "with stick no
longer than an arm!"

Long after the advent of Christianity marriage was
purely secular. In 1563 the Council of Trent made the
ecclesiastical ceremony binding. There was, however,
a custom of priests being called in to bless the marriage
bed.

In Nottinghamshire there is a doggerel informing
the public of the times when the church permitted
weddings:

"Advent marriage doth deny,
But Hilary gives thee liberty.
Septuagesima says thee nay,
Eight days from Easter says you may.
Rogation bids thee to contain,
But Trinity sets thee free again."

The Greek church has the most elaborate rituals.
We are familiar with the Russian wedding feasts. In
Slavonic ritual the wine drunk by the new couple is
called the "cup of bitterness." Champagne is served in
the Czar's land, and guests are given souvenir initial
boxes of cake.

Yet twentieth century Americans believe their mar-
riage customs original!

In Brazil drinking brandy together may constitute a
marriage; in Japan the same with wine. To join hands,
to sit together and receive congratulations are odd
binding customs; also to be smeared with each other's
blood; or for the woman to tie a rope of grass around
the man's waist.

The Australian woman carries fire to a man's tent;
the Loango negress cooks two dishes for him in his hut.

The Croatian bridegroom boxes the bride's ears, while
now, in Hungary, the groom gives his bride a kick, to
indicate her subjection.

The Jewish bridegroom crushes the wine glass to
atoms with his foot, to obliterate the past.

In China the maiden steps over a fire at the threshold;
Gypsies "hop the broomstick."

All these superstitions of the past have come to us in
modified form, but the love of tradition and tendency
toward imitation makes us slow to part with them.

Endless jests have been made upon the word "obey,"
and women largely repudiate it, yet the great orthodox
churches still require it. Denmark has recently abol-
ished the word legally.

The entire conception of the functions of women in
social and domestic life has so altered and broadened
that it seems singular that so many of the old marriage
customs are still preserved—customs which, although
amusing when traced to their source, are really typical
of a debased womanhood in barbaric times and coun-
tries, and certainly not worthy of emulation by twen-
tieth century progress.

WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY.

According to advices from Kiel, the new High School
there for the teaching of shipbuilding and construction
of machinery will be opened in 1903. The school will
be wholly in the hands of the state, but the cost will
only in part be borne by the state, the town of Kiel con-
tributing \$15,000. There will be one department for
the learning of shipbuilding, each course lasting one
year, and another department for machinery, the course
of instruction being divided into four quarters of the
year, classes being held in the evenings and on Sundays
for shipwrights, locksmiths and smiths. The Krupp
Germania Wharf has already promised as much as \$1250
annually for the next ten years toward the expense.
—[London Express.]



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THEY SAVE BATHERS.

TRAINED ST. BERNARDS ON THE BEACH
AT CONEY ISLAND.

From the Kansas City Star.

CAPT. THOMAS CLARK was furious. Well he might be. All his life he has been a lover of dogs, and for fifteen years a trainer of them for life-saving purposes. He treats his dogs as well-bred people treat their children—not with blows and brutality, but with infinite patience and kindness. When he sees a man abuse a faithful animal the captain's blood boils. It was boiling when I called upon him at his quarters at Coney Island.

"You see, it was this way," said the commander of the Coney Island Life Saving corps, seating himself beside one of his huge St. Bernards and drawing his big bronze arms about the animal's neck affectionately. "I have trained these dogs with the greatest of care. They know the cry of distress as well as any human—perhaps better, for they are taught to be ever alert, like horses in an engine-house. Well, about a week ago I was busy in another part of the pavilion for a few moments, when some one came running to summon me.

"I hurried to the surf and saw far out a big, brawny scoundrel ducking my dog time after time in the deep water, every time the animal came up pushing him down again. It seems the man had shrieked out to the dog in great apparent distress, and the dog had plunged in after him with a life preserver in his mouth. When he got to the pretended drowning man the latter turned upon him with vicious deviltry and ducked him till the poor beast lay flat and helpless in the water.

"Well, you may be sure that if ever there was fury in my heart it was then. I struck out for that heartless scoundrel, and without a word I landed straight from the shoulder with all the force a man can muster when in twenty feet of water. It nearly put the fool out of the deviltry business, but he soon struck out for the shore with all speed, while I dragged my poor dog out of the surf and up on the beach. There I worked over him for three hard hours.

"I thought that was one life I was not able to save, at any rate, but I finally succeeded. Well, for five days that was the sickest dog in Christendom, but that was not the worst. Do you know that merciless scoundrel undid in three minutes all the hard training of years? After that frightful experience the poor animal will not be coaxed, baited or carried into the surf. He is ruined as far as life saving is concerned. If he had been killed outright I could have felt no worse. I am still looking for that merciless joker. When I find him you may be sure that there will be an interesting note in the next morning's papers. It makes a dog worth \$2000 to train him like that, and besides one becomes so attached to an animal that such brutality seems as bad as wife beating or any other crime beneath the dignity of man.

"Dogs that are natural life savers are scarce. I may train half a dozen in order to find one worth keeping right by me at all times. Some are even too sensitive to cries of the bathers, and cannot differentiate between screams of delight and those of real distress. Only last month I had to send away a fine dog who seemed to think that every shrill cry was one of suffering. In consequence, he would leap into the surf and try to drag out the children against their will, and, as he was a very powerful dog, he managed to do it. People began to think this sort of life saving was monotonous, so I had to send the poor fellow away because of his lack of discrimination. You observe there are many things to be taken into consideration in training dogs for this difficult work.

"One thing is essential, and that is staying power. Some dogs swim easily—that one yonder, for instance. She has amazing endurance in the water, is capable of a twenty-mile swim under ordinary conditions, moving with perfect ease and as much at home in the water as on land. Another thing most essential is the ability to obey orders in the water just as well as on land. You see, it requires an animal of extraordinary sagacity to serve well in this difficult capacity, and few indeed are worth the training.

"I began life saving by accident. At Atlantic City some years ago I happened to be near the surf and heard a woman scream for help. I divested myself of my outer garments as quickly as I could, plunged in and began to grapple with the woman. My science was then in the infant stage. As she was a very large woman and I a lad of 17, the manner in which she clawed me in frantic efforts to be saved proved to me in the twinkling of an eye that she was going down, and, moreover, was going to take me with her. I handled her rather roughly, I must admit, as much for her own salvation as my own, and brought her to shore in a state of semi-collapse.

"My reward was unexpected. A thousand dollars? Oh, no. Although she was a woman of wealth, as soon as she recovered she had me arrested for assault. I was acquitted with honors, but my pride was piqued, and I resolved that the next time I heard a woman screaming for help as she was going down for the last time, I would scurry around for a letter of introduction and ask the privilege of escorting her to shore in true cotton style.

"But subsequent experience proved to me that all people are not of this stamp, that there were rewards in life saving as a profession, and every man to his taste. I went in for the scientific methods and studied those of all the great life savers of the coast, traveling much to that end. I took honors in swimming contests, and made myself as much at home in the water as on shore, more than ever making a study of human nature.

"And right here let me state an axiom of the profession—namely, that no two persons act just alike under terror of drowning. I have encountered hundreds, and

it seems to me that every experience differs from its predecessor. Some are perfectly docile and trusting when I approach them, and others begin a fight that threatens both our lives. When I see that insane glare in the drowning man's or woman's eyes I generally know what it means. Once let them get a hold on you there is no cable grip to compare to it.

"Many a time I have made my man unconscious, seeing that otherwise we should both go down, then dragged him to safety, where I began the work of resuscitation, emptying the water out of his stomach and lungs and starting the respiratory organs. Sometimes I drag my man in by his garments, sometimes seize him from behind and push him before me. If he is conscious and still has confidence in me, I can handle him with perfect ease. The only trouble is that people lose their heads in the water, and there is no arguing with the victim of a maddening terror. They have to be handled by swift and sometimes even heroic stratagem, with apologies afterward if need be. With human life hanging by a hair, and every second as precious as life itself, there is scant room for drawing-room ceremony.

"My dogs are of immense service to me in saving life, particularly if there are several calling for help at once. It often happens that reckless people will dare one another to some foolhardy feat, and all come to grief together. It is a lively time for us then, I can tell you.

"The dogs seize life preservers and away they go, usually arriving at the scene ahead of me, for they swim with wonderful speed, even against adverse conditions. It is then a more or less difficult task to get the sinking people calmed down to a point where they will listen to reason and obey orders, and with each dog and each life preserver bearing up a victim, I myself take one and sometimes two of the more helpless and start the difficult shoreward voyage.

"The landing is sometimes made with myself no less exhausted than the bathers. These experiences almost always come of attempting foolhardy tricks which, in spite of all printed warnings and reprimands from shore—for I am always about watching the bathers—men and sometimes women will indulge in to their sorrow. If people would only realize their limitations and the conditions of the surf under various caprices of wind and tide, there would be fewer records of accidents by drowning, for surf bathing is at once the most delightful, healthful and altogether safe of the many sports open to the rich and poor alike. My final caution therefore is, 'Mind the life guard and there will be no need to call upon his services.'

A THIEF IN ANIMAL LAND.

ALL EFFORTS TO CAPTURE MR. CROW PROVED UNAVAILING.

By a Special Contributor.

Mr. Crow was a great thief, and had annoyed the people of Animal Land for a long time. He would steal a thing, whether it was of any use to him or not, and he loved to make all kinds of mischief, such as at the time he stole Mrs. Goose's clothe-line and tied it around Mr. Fox's house, so that the Foxes could not get their doors open when they wanted to go out. At last some of the animals decided to make it a point to catch Mr. Crow and punish him for his bad behavior. Judge Bear was the first one to try it. He filled a large earthenware pot with honey mixed with glue and placed it on his back porch, after telling the cubs not to touch it. He felt sure that Mr. Crow would come along soon, and in trying to eat it get stuck fast by the glue, so he went to his work in an easy state of mind. When he returned in the evening the pot was just as he had left it, and so, after supper, he went to bed, feeling sure that something would happen during the night. Sure enough, about midnight he heard a fearful racket on the back porch, and, putting on his slippers, he ran downstairs. It was pitch dark on the porch, but, as the pot was white, Judge Bear could see it bouncing around at a great rate. He knew it could not be jumping around like that all by itself, so he sprang at it and made a grab where the top of the pot should be. He did not catch Mr. Crow, as he expected, but nabbed Mr. Porcupine, who was stuck fast by the head. Mr. Porcupine felt sure that whoever had caught him was responsible for his being stuck up with honey and glue, so he gave himself a shake, and a lot of sharp, pointed quills flew into Judge Bear's face, sticking fast and hurting like a thousand needle pricks. Judge Bear gave a howl that awoke every one in Animal Land except Mr. Adder, who was deaf; then he ran in the kitchen, fell over the stove and jammed his face in a pan of bread dough that Mrs. Bear had rising by the fire.

Mrs. Bear was frightened almost to death by the racket that Mr. Bear made, but she came downstairs and, after a great deal of trouble, got the quills out of Mr. Bear's face. In the meantime, Mr. Porcupine had smashed the pot against the stone doorstep and gone home thinking very hard.

Mrs. Goat had lost several things through Mr. Crow's tricks, so she bought a steel trap and set it on her front doorstep one night, so that if Mr. Crow came down to steal any more he would step into it and get caught. She watched out of the window for a long time, and at last she began to nod. Before long she was sound asleep. Just about this time Miss Cow came up the road on her way to Mrs. Goat's house to borrow some tea and, seeing Mr. Goat at the window, she went to the front door, instead of the back door, as she usually did. She was just about to knock when something caught her by the tail, and she was so frightened that she ran for twenty-seven miles without stopping, with the trap fast to her tail and hurting awfully. At last she lost her breath and had to stop; then she found the steel trap on her tail, and she thought that one of the little Goats must have snapped it fast there when she was not looking, so she threw the trap into the bushes and went home very angry at the whole Goat family.

Mrs. Goat had been awakened by the noise Miss Cow made when the trap caught her by the tail, and she went down to see about it at once, only to find the trap gone.

The next day she told everyone that her

stolen it. Mr. Fox had been one of the sufferers from the depredations, so he went to a place in the neighborhood where he knew Mr. Crow often stayed, and set a trap. It is made by bending down a young tree and pulling the top close to the ground with a running rope, like a lasso spread around on the ground and fastened to a tree. The bait is placed in the center of the noose, so that when any one touches it the rope springs up again, and they are caught by the neck in the air. Mr. Fox went home feeling certain to catch Mr. Crow, and thinking how much money he did not dare go back during the day, for he was in the neighborhood and not yet caught. He was sure to become suspicious, and not to go out at all. It was late at night when Mr. Fox went to the trap to see if he had caught Mr. Crow. He was dark he could hardly find the way. At length he found the place and looked about for the snare. "It must be it was right here," he said, "but it is so dark I hardly tell one tree from another." He made a forward and—swish! went something behind him, minute he felt something catch his left hind leg, there he was, swinging in the air and holding on with one leg, caught in his own snare. He squirmed and tried to reach something with his hands, but trees and bushes were too far away. He howled, but no one came until the next day. Brother Rabbit happened along, and, seeing Mr. Fox in that very uncomfortable position, he called out. After that the animals gave up trying to catch Mr. Crow, who all this time had been on a visit to his step-uncle, Mr. Turkey Buzzard.

RAYMOND FULLER

(Copyright, 1901, by N. H. Russell.)

PLAYING THE LIMIT.

"It puzzled me for some time," said the party, "but the explanation was simple enough from the point of view of my wife. During the trying hot weather had in July she visited a sister who lives in the part of the State. When she left I told her to go when she got to her destination so that I would not be troubled by her. I said that the weather would be all that was necessary, and I went from that all was well. In due time I received a telegram from her which read: 'Arrived, the big heat and the big black bear.'

"I sat and looked at the telegram in blank amazement, trying to figure out what she meant. I was so last that the message had been mixed up, so I went to the telegraph office and had it repeated. The answer came back that it was correct and that the copy that had been filed. Fearing that I had effected my wife's head I boarded the train and imagined all sorts of dire things that might have happened to her.

"'Goodness,' she gasped, when I appeared at the scene, 'what has brought you here?'

"This telegram," said I, breathing a sigh of relief, "perhaps you will be kind enough to explain to me what it means by such a fool jumble of words."

"Why," said she, "the clerk said it would be more to send ten words than it would to send one decided to have my money's worth!"

"Well," said I, "it seems to me that you have picked out a less idiotic combination."

"Why, you see," she answered, "that is what wheels said all the way out here, so I just said 'fill out!'"—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

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Where Shall I
Editorial
In the Heart
Their Name
Anarchy's C
Mexico's Lou
Castro's Stre
Fight for Fre
A Mash: r De
The Poor of M
Mariana's Jose
Stories of the F
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CHILD

THE IRISH P
Y

By a S

THE heart of the
his children. He
ernment's policy
mood over the decision
the talk leads to the
insufficiency.

"Aw, it's th' child
gows, but it's me an'
there's only tin, but t'
all Ireland."

When the first born
dead, but it is only w
fingers on both hands
vanity becomes a mat
Then it is that he ass
affairs of the townland
undignified appellation
in the deserved title of

One of the most popul
the west of Ireland, wh
observed the number of
"Aw, ye haven't seen
Wait a bit."

Pat opened the "front
ordered the children out
floor so that no one co
jumping the baskets. V
ranged to his satisfaction
come in th' front dure,
jump out agin over ta' c'

The jumping began, an
appeared from the "back
ingly into view. Five, te
and still the procession c
ticed, that several of th
closed the back door, and
circled the house and lea
was manifest.

"Well, Pat, that's a ne
"Troth, an' yer riverine
only givin' ye a notion o
nature!"

At a christening on a
when the name "Patrick
the latter remarked
called "Emmet?"

"Sure, aye, there is," a
"An' the other, they've run out
over agin."

The Irish boy has a hard
very essence of fun and
day at first acquaintance, b
been partly forgotten he is
will tell you all about
"home growin' weather it is
the prevailing low prices for
me father has to git al
spens, however, this line of
and the lad will tell, with a
down there, with the b
"th' bog where th' bist t
men," and recite with growin'
moons stole all th' apples

Irish boys and girls are es
store their parents put in an
the turf fire will be blasing
"about" boiling furiously
ats milked, and everything
ot to "wee th' tay in th' b
all ceremony connected wit
tells the members of the fa
"uppin' th' stir-about." The
aten which are carried off
sirs or else neatly balanced
meal is followed by half
of home-baked flour bre
of potatoes, buttermilk,
Tea and bread come

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CHILDREN OF ERIN.

THE IRISH PEASANT'S LOVE FOR HIS YOUNGSTERS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE heart of the Irish peasant is given entirely to his children. He will debate for hours on the government's policy and work himself into a fighting mood over the decisions of the county council, but when the talk leads to the "ones at home" politics pale into insignificance.

"Aw, it's th' childer, is it? God bless their little souls, but it's me an' Mary is th' proud pair! Shure, there's only tin, but th' beatin' of thim ye can't find in all Ireland."

When the first born arrives Pat is a proud man, indeed, but it is only when he has to turn down the pages on both hands to enumerate them that his really becomes a matter of anxiety to his friends. Then it is that he assumes a new importance in the eyes of the townland. He is old enough to lose the undignified appellation of "b-hoy," and swells his chest in the honored title of "man, begob."

One of the most popular Roman Catholic clergymen in the west of Ireland, when visiting a peasant, jokingly observed the number of children in the family.

"Aw, ye haven't seen half of thim yet, yer riverence. Wait a bit."

Pat opened the "front an' back dures" of the kitchen, ordered the children outside, and placed "creels" on the floor so that no one could pass in or out without first jumping the baskets. When everything had been arranged to his satisfaction he called to the children "to come in th' front dure, chase 'cross th' sure, an' thim jump out agin over th' 'creel' in th' back dure."

The jumping began, and as fast as one "gomoon" disappeared from the "back dure" another hopped smilingly into view. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty were counted, and still the procession continued. Then the priest noticed that several of the faces seemed familiar. He closed the back door, and when eight little urchins had circled the house and leaped into the kitchen the fraud was manifest.

"Well, Pat, that's a neat trick," said the priest. "Troth, an' yer riverence, it's no thirick at all. I was only givin' ye a notion of me intentions regardin' th' lot!"

At a christening on another occasion it is told that the name "Patrick Emmet" was repeated to the father remarked: "Is not one of the family called Emmet?"

"There, aye, there is," said a bystander. "But what matter, they've run out of names an' have to begin agin."

The Irish boy has a hard lot, but in spite of all is the essence of fun and mischief. He is exceedingly fond of first acquaintance, but as soon as his reserve has been partly forgotten he is an interesting little person. He will tell you all about the "praty" crop, and the "thin grovin' weather it is," not forgetting to lament the prevailing low prices for farm produce an' th' trouble his father has to get along. As the acquaintance grows, however, this line of thought will be abandoned and the lad will tell, with glowing eyes of the "fishin' hole, down there, with the biggest roaches in it," point out "th' bog where th' bist turf cloddin' match was iver run," and recite with growing enthusiasm the way "us peasants stole all th' apples out of coud Kitty's orchard."

Irish boys and girls are early risers. Likely enough before their parents put in an appearance in the kitchen the first fire will be blazing on the hearth, the oatmeal "stir-about" boiling furiously in the little "skillet," the milk milked, and everything ready for breakfast, except "th' tay in th' brown taptot." There is small ceremony connected with breakfast. On stools and chairs the members of the family sit around the kitchen "stir-about." The oatmeal is served on plates which are carried off and laid on the corners of the table or else neatly balanced on the ends of stools. The meal is followed by half a cup of tea and a thick slice of home-baked flour bread. Dinner usually consists of potatoes, buttermilk and a slice of American ham. Tea and bread come at five o'clock, and if the

family grows its own oats, oatmeal is again in order before retiring for the night. The food is wholesome, it lacking in variety, and it is a question if in all the world healthier children are found. Their feet are bare and tanned from long exposure to the weather; their clothing is scant, except on Sundays when they go to "mass." Their hands are taught to labor at a tender age, and yet their faces bear the stamp of health and their red cheeks are a revelation to the tourist.

"Where did you get those nice red cheeks, my little man?" asked a traveler of a barefooted, bareheaded lad of fourteen.

"Git them! I niver got them; I just alwis had thim."

It is really pathetic to witness the sacrifices the peasants make to give their children some kind of an education. Although the parents themselves may be illiterate, they spare neither time nor money in "givin' th' childer good larnin'." Compulsory education has lately been introduced, but it has been found necessary to enforce the law only in instances of absence from school because of an insufficiency of clothing for the children. School is over at three o'clock, when the boys must hurry home to work on the farm, the girls meanwhile helping around the home. If the peat harvest has been a success the donkey will be harnessed, and one of the "gossoms" sent to "town" to find a purchaser for a load of turf.

More than likely this boy has an old clay pipe secreted about his person, and when evening comes he will, no doubt, be found lying behind a whitethorn bush with several conspirators, whittling a piece of "thwist" tobacco, rolling it between his palms, and quarreling for the privilege of the first "draw." The smoking is done in secret until the eventful day comes when his father "wipes his own clay 'dauber' on his coat sleeve an' asks him to take a pull."

The father will probably pass sly remarks at the experienced way in which the lad takes his supposedly first smoke, but there is not the genuine ring in his voice—he was a boy himself once, and he does not forget it.

WILLIAM BULLOCK.

HUNTS CRESTS FOR A LIVING.

WOMAN WHO FINDS ARMORIAL BEARINGS FOR AMERICAN FAMILIES.

[Brooklyn Eagle:] Interesting studies are neither few nor difficult to find in the borough of Brooklyn, but it is doubtful whether among them there is any more unique than one that is to be found on an upper floor of the building at 467 Fulton street, where a white placard, fastened on a door, bears the legend, "Miss Adelaide Tukey. Studio. Heraldry."

If the visitor makes bold to knock the door is opened by a little, white-haired woman with blue eyes. This is Miss Tukey herself, who, as the visitor will soon learn, is not a whit less interesting than her studio.

Miss Tukey is 65 years of age, and is the daughter of a Boston lawyer, whose name was well known in his profession in the '40s. With the death of her father, Miss Tukey was confronted with the necessity of earning a livelihood, and accordingly she became a teacher of painting on china. Several years ago she began to find it difficult to compete with younger teachers and their more modern methods, and Miss Tukey, who had always been interested in the study of heraldry, resolved to make her knowledge of this art supplement her small income. In this she has attained a remarkable degree of success.

Miss Tukey's studio consists of a large, square room, whose walls are covered with faded paper. On one of the walls is draped a large American flag, and artistically arranged on shelves, tables and walls are books, decorated china, handsome paintings and a vast assortment of colored plates, showing coats of arms and other heraldic devices.

Miss Tukey is authority for the statement that coats of arms are coming more and more into favor with American families.

"It is only natural, after all, that this should be so," explained Miss Tukey to a reporter for the Eagle. "Many of the best American families have always felt a pride in their escutcheons. And why not? They constituted a part of our ancestral heritage. Washington used his crest, and so, too, did Benjamin Franklin and Peter Panell, of Boston. President Adams had a crest also, although many persons believe that he designed it himself, but that is not so. I discovered the genuine escutcheon of the Adams family, emblazoned on a window in an ancient church that still stands in the town of

Chapin, in the North of England. It was formerly a Welsh town and the family name was Ap-Adam, which is really 'son of Adam.' The 's' is a modern annexation."

WHEN IDA PUTS HER ARMOR ON

When Ida puts her armor on
And draws her trusty blade
The turnips in the bin turn pale.
The apples are afraid,
The quiet kitchen city wakes
And consternation feels,
And quick the tocsin pealth forth
In long potato peels.

When Ida puts her armor on
The pots and pans succumb.
A wooden spoon her drum-stick is,
A mixing pan her drum;
She charges on the kitchen folk
With silver, tin and steel.
She beats the eggs, she whips the cream,
The victory is a meal.

When Ida puts her apron on
Her breast-plate is of blue.
(Checked gingham ruffled top and sides)
Her gauntlets gingham, too;
And thus protected from assault
Of batter, stain and flour
She wars with vegetable foes
An conquers in an hour.

When Ida puts her armor on
She is so fair to see
Her battle with the kitchen folk
Is reproduced in me;
So sweet is she, armed cap-a-pie,
So good her kitchen art
I hardly know which loves her best
My palate or my heart.

—[Ellis Parker Butler in The National Magazine.]

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The conference between th
Dist. Atty. Penney and Asst
treat Attorney Frederick Ha
will assist in the prosecution
till late this evening. At

